POEMS

BY THE MOST

EMINENT LADIES

OF

GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PARTICULARLY,

Mrs. BARBER,
Mrs. BEHN,
Miſs CARTER,
Lady CHUDLEIGH,
Mrs. COCKBURN,
Mrs. GRIERSON,
Mrs. JONES,
Mrs. KILLIGREW,
Mrs. LEAPOR,
Mrs. MADAN,
Mrs. MASTERS,
Lady M. W. MONTAGUE,
Mrs. MONK,
Dutcheſs of NEWCASTLE,
Mrs. K. PHILIPS,
Mrs. PILKINGTON,
Mrs. ROWE,
Lady WINCHELSEA.

Selected, with an Account of the Writers, by

G. COLMAN and B. THORNTON, Eſqrs.

We allow'd you Beauty, and we did ſubmit
To all the Tyrannies of it.
Ah, cruel Sex! will you depoſe us too in Wit?

COWLEY.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. BECKET AND CO. AND T. EVANS, AT NO. 50, NEAR YORK-BUILDINGS, STRAND.
M DCC LXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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POEMS

BY

Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW.

Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW,

DAUGHTER of *Henry Killigrew*, Maſter of the *Savoy*, and one of the Prebendaries of *Weſtminſter*, was born in *London* a ſhort time before the Reſtoration of King *Charles* the Second.

Her ſuperior genius being improved by a polite education, ſhe made a great proficiency in the arts of Poetry and Painting: and had it pleaſed Providence to have prolonged her life, ſhe might probably have rivalled the greateſt maſters in each. She drew a portrait of King *James* the Second and his Queen; which pieces, as well as her poetry, are highly applauded by Mr. *Dryden*. She alſo drew ſeveral other pieces, and the reader will here find that ſhe ſometimes employed her quill and her pencil on the ſame ſubject.

But this Lady's virtues were not inferior to her genius, and recommended her as Maid of Honour to the Ducheſs of *York*. She died of the Small-Pox in her 25th year, and was buried in St. *John* Baptiſt's Chapel in the *Savoy* Hoſpital. Her death was lamented in a long ode by Mr. *Dryden*, whence I ſhall tranſcribe three lines, as they alſo do honour to another female character.

But thus Orinda *died.*
Heav'n, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate,
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. *ANNE KILLIGREW.*

The COMPLAINT of a LOVER.

SEEST thou yonder craggy rock,
Whoſe head o'er-looks the ſwelling main,
Where never ſhepherd fed his flock,
Or careful peaſant ſow'd his grain.

No wholſome herb grows on the ſame,
Or bird of day will on it reſt;
'Tis barren as the hopeleſs flame,
That ſcorches my tormented breaſt.

Deep underneath a cave does lie,
Th' entrance hid with diſmal yew,
Where *Phœbus* never ſhew'd his eye,
Or chearful day yet pierced through.

In that dark melancholy cell,
(Retreat and ſolace to my woe)
Love, ſad deſpair, and I, do dwell,
The ſprings from whence my griefs do flow.

Treacherous love that did appear,
(When he at firſt approach'd my heart)
Dreſt in a garb far from ſevere,
Or threat'ning ought of future ſmart.

So innocent thoſe charms then ſeem'd,
When *Roſalinda* firſt I ſpy'd,
Ah! who would them have deadly deem'd?
But flow'rs do often ſerpents hide.

Beneath thoſe ſweets concealed lay,
To love the cruel foe, diſdain,
With which (alas) ſhe does repay
My conſtant and deſerving pain.

When I in tears have ſpent the night,
With ſighs I uſher in the ſun,
Who never ſaw a ſadder ſight
In all the courſes he has run.

Sleep, which to others eaſe does prove,
Comes unto me, alas, in vain:
For in my dreams I am in love,
And in them too ſhe does diſdain.

Some times, t' amuſe my ſorrow, I
Unto the hollow rocks repair,
And loudly to the echo cry,
Ah! gentle nymph, come eaſe my care.

Thou who, times paſt, a lover wert,
Ah! pity me, who now am ſo,
And by a ſenſe of thine own ſmart,
Alleviate my mighty woe.

Come flatter then, or chide my grief;
Catch my laſt words, and call me fool;
Or ſay ſhe loves for my relief;
My paſſion either ſooth, or ſchool.

LOVE,

The SOUL of POETRY.

WHEN firſt *Alexis* did in verſe delight,
His muſe in low, but graceful numbers walk'd,
And now and then a little proudly ſtalk'd;
But never aim'd at any noble flight:
The herds, the groves, the gentle purling ſtreams,
Adorned his ſong, and were his higheſt themes.

But love theſe thoughts, like miſts, did ſoon diſperſe,
Enlarg'd his fancy, and ſet free his muſe,
Bidding him more illuſtrious ſubjects chooſe;
The acts of Gods, and God-like men rehearſe.
From thence new raptures did his breaſt inſpire,
His ſcarce-warm heart converted was to fire.

Th' exalted poet rais'd by this new flame,
With vigour flies, where late he crept along;
And acts divine, in a diviner ſong,
Commits to the eternal trump of fame.
And thus *Alexis* does prove love to be,
As the world's ſoul, the ſoul of poetry.

St. JOHN BAPTIST,

Painted by herſelf in the WILDERNESS, with ANGELS appearing to him, and with a LAMB by him.

THE ſun's my fire, when it does ſhine,
The hollow ſpring's my cave of wine,
The rocks and woods afford me meat;
This Lamb and I on one diſh eat:
The neighbouring herds my garments ſend,
My pallet the kind earth doth lend:
Exceſs and grandeur I decline,
My aſſociates only are divine.

HERODIA's DAUGHTER

Preſenting to her Mother St. *John*'s Head in a Charger, alſo painted by herſelf.

BEHOLD, dear mother, who was late our fear,
Diſarm'd and harmleſs, I preſent you here;
The tongue ty'd up, that made all *Jury* quake,
And which ſo often did our greatneſs ſhake;
No terror ſits upon his awful brow,
Where fierceneſs reign'd, there calmneſs triumphs now;
As lovers uſe, he gazes on my face,
With eyes that languiſh, as they ſu'd for grace;
Wholly ſubdu'd by my victorious charms,
See how his head repoſes in my arms.
Come, join then with me in my juſt tranſport,
Who thus have brought the hermit to the court.

Upon the ſaying that my VERSES *were made by another.*

NEXT heav'n my vows to thee (O ſacred Muſe)
I offer'd up, nor didſt thou them refuſe.
O Queen of verſe, ſaid I, if thou'lt inſpire,
And warm my ſoul with thy poetic fire,
No love of gold ſhall ſhare with thee my heart,
Or yet ambition in my breaſt have part,
More rich, more noble I will ever hold
The Muſes laurel, than a crown of gold.

An undivided ſacrifice I'll lay
Upon thine altar, ſoul and body pay;
Thou ſhalt my pleaſure, my employment be,
My all I'll make a holocauſt to thee.
The Deity that ever does attend
Prayers ſo ſincere, to mine did condeſcend.
I writ, and the judicious prais'd my pen:
Could any doubt enſuing glory then?
What pleaſing raptures fill'd my raviſh'd ſenſe?
How ſtrong, how ſweet, fame, was thy influence?
And thine, falſe hope, that to my flatter'd ſight
Didſt glories repreſent ſo near and bright?
By thee deceiv'd, methought, each verdant tree,
Apollo's transform'd *Daphne* ſeem'd to be;
And ev'ry freſher branch, and ev'ry bow
Appear'd as garlands to empale my brow.
The learn'd in love ſay, thus the winged boy
Does firſt approach dreſt up in welcome joy;
At firſt he to the cheated lover's ſight
Nought repreſents but rapture and delight,
Alluring hopes, ſoft fears, which ſtronger bind
Their hearts, than when they more aſſurance find.
Embolden'd thus, to fame I did commit,
(By ſome few hands) my moſt unlucky wit.
But, ah, the ſad effects that from it came!
What ought t' have brought me honour, brought me ſhame!
Like *Æſop*'s painted jay I ſeem'd to all,
Adorn'd in plumes, I not my own could call:
Rifled like her, each one my feathers tore,
And, as they thought, unto the owner bore.

My laurels thus another's brow adorn'd,
My numbers they admir'd, but me they ſcorn'd:
Another's brow, that had ſo rich a ſtore
Of ſacred wreaths that circled it before;
Where mine quite loſt (like a ſmall ſtream that ran
Into a vaſt and boundleſs ocean)
Was ſwallow'd up with what it join'd, and drown'd,
And that abyſs yet no acceſſion found.
Orinda, (*Albion*'s and her ſex's grace)
Ow'd not her glory to a beauteous face,
It was her radiant ſoul that ſhone within,
Which ſtruck a luſtre through her outward ſkin;
That did her lips and cheeks with roſes dye,
Advanc'd her height, and ſparkled in her eye.
Nor did her ſex at all obſtruct her fame,
But higher 'mong the ſtars it fix'd her name;
What ſhe did write, not only all allow'd,
But ev'ry laurel to her laurel bow'd!
The envious age, only to me alone,
Will not allow what I do write my own,
But let them rage, and 'gainſt a maid conſpire,
So deathleſs numbers from my tuneful lyre
Do ever flow; ſo *Phœbus*, I by thee
Divinely inſpired, and poſſeſt may be;
I willingly accept *Caſſandra*'s fate,
To ſpeak the truth, although believ'd too late.

The DISCONTENT.

HERE take no care, take here no care, my Muſe,
Nor ought of art or labour uſe:

But let thy lines rude and unpoliſh'd go,
Nor equal be their feet, nor num'rous let them flow.
The ruggeder my meaſures run when read,
They'll livelier paint th' unequal paths fond mortals tread.
Who when they're tempted by the ſmooth aſcents,
Which flatt'ring hope preſents,
Briſkly they climb, and great things undertake;
But fatal voyages, alas, they make:
For 'tis not long before their feet
Inextricable mazes meet,
Perplexing doubts obſtruct their way,
Mountains withſtand them of diſmay;
Or to the brink of black deſpair them lead,
Where's nought their ruin to impede;
In vain for aid they then to reaſon call,
Their ſenſes dazzle, and their heads turn round,
Their ſight does all their pow'rs confound,
And headlong down the horrid precipice they fall:
Where ſtorms of ſighs for ever blow,
Where rapid ſtreams of tears do flow,
Which drown them in a briny flood.
My Muſe, pronounce aloud, there's nothing good,
Nought that the world can ſhow,
Nought that it can beſtow.

Not boundleſs heaps of its admired clay,
Ah, too ſucceſsful to betray,
When ſpread in our frail virtue's way:
For few do run with ſo reſolv'd a pace,
That for the golden apple will not loſe the race.

And yet not all the gold the vain would ſpend,
Or greedy avarice would wiſh to ſave;
Which on the earth refulgent beams doth ſend,
Or in the ſea has found a grave,
Join'd in one maſs, can bribe ſufficient be,
The body from a ſtern diſeaſe to free;
Or purchaſe for the mind's relief
One moment's ſweet repoſe, when reſtleſs made by grief:
But what may laughter, more than pity, move,
When ſome the price of what they deareſt love
Are maſters of, and hold it in their hand,
To part with it their hearts they can't command:
But chooſe to miſs, what miſs'd does them torment,
And that to hug affords them no content.
Wiſe fools, to do them right, we theſe muſt hold,
Who love depoſe, and homage pay to gold.

Nor yet, if rightly underſtood,
Does grandeur carry more of good;
To be o'th' number of the great enroll'd,
A ſcepter o'er a mighty realm to hold.
For what is this?
If I not judge amiſs,
But all th' afflicted of a land to take,
And of one ſingle family to make
The wrong'd, the poor, th' oppreſs'd, the ſad,
The ruin'd, malecontent, and mad?
Which a great part of ev'ry empire frame,
And intereſt in the common father claim.

Again what is't, but always to abide
A gazing croud? upon a ſtage to ſpend
A life that's vain, or evil without end?
And which is yet nor ſafely held, nor laid aſide?
And then, if leſſer titles carry leſs of care,
Yet none but fools ambitious are to ſhare
Such a mock-good, of which 'tis ſaid 'tis beſt,
When of the leaſt of it men are poſſeſt.

But O, the laurel'd fool! that doats on fame,
Whoſe hope's applauſe, whoſe fear's to want a name;
Who can accept for pay
Of what he does, what others ſay;
Expoſes now to hoſtile arms his breaſt,
To toilſome ſtudy then betrays his reſt;
Now to his ſoul denies a juſt content,
Then forces on it what it does reſent;
And all for praiſe of fools: for ſuch are thoſe,
Which moſt of the admiring croud compoſe.
O famiſh'd ſoul, which ſuch thin food can feed!
O wretched labour crown'd with ſuch a meed!
Too loud, O fame! thy trumpet is, too ſhrill
To lull a mind to reſt,
Or calm a ſtormy breaſt,
Which aſks a muſick ſoft and ſtill.
'Twas not *Amaleck*'s vanquiſh'd cry,
Nor *Iſrael*'s ſhout of victory,
That could in *Saul* the riſing paſſion lay,
'Twas the ſoft ſtrains of *David*'s lyre the evil ſpirit chac'd away.

But friendſhip fain would yet itſelf defend,
And mighty things it does pretend,
To be of this ſad journey, life, the bait,
The ſweet refection of our toilſome ſtate.
But though true friendſhip a rich cordial be,
Alas, by moſt 'tis ſo allay'd,
Its good ſo mixt with ill we ſee,
That droſs for gold is often paid.
And for one grain of friendſhip that is found,
Falſhood and intereſt do the maſs compound,
Or coldneſs, worſe than ſteel, the loyal heart doth wound.
Love in no two was ever yet the ſame,
No happy two e'er felt an equal flame.
Is there that earth by human foot ne'er preſt?
That air which never yet by human breaſt
Reſpir'd, did life ſupply?
Oh, thither let me fly!
Where from the world at ſuch a diſtance ſet,
All that's paſt, preſent, and to come I may forget:
The lover's ſighs, and the afflicted's tears,
Whate'er may wound my eyes or ears;
The grating noiſe of private jars,
The horrid ſound of publick wars,
Of babbling fame the idle ſtories,
The ſhort-liv'd triumph's noiſy glories,
The curious nets the ſubtil weave,
The word, the look that may deceive.

No mundane care ſhall more affect my breaſt,
My profound peace ſhake or moleſt:
But ſtupor, like to death, my ſenſes bind,
That ſo I may anticipate that reſt,
Which only in my grave I hope to find.

An EPITAPH on herſelf.

WHEN I am dead, few friends attend my hearſe,
And for a monument, I leave my VERSE.

EXTEMPORARY COUNSEL

To a YOUNG GALLANT in a Frolick.

AS you are young, if you'll be alſo wiſe,
Danger with honour court, but broils deſpiſe;
Believe you then are truly brave and bold,
To beauty when no ſlave, and leſs to gold;
When virtue you dare own, nor think it odd,
Or ungenteel to ſay, "I fear a God."

POEMS

BY

Mrs. LEAPOR.

Mrs. MARY LEAPOR

WAS born at *Marſton St. Lawrence*, in *Northamptonſhire*, in the year 1722; whence ſhe removed with her father, a gardener, to *Brackley* in the ſame county, where ſhe reſided the remainder of her life.

Mrs. *Leapor* from her childhood delighted in reading, and particularly Poetry, but had few opportunities of procuring any books of that kind: her whole library conſiſted of ſixteen or ſeventeen odd volumes, among which were part of the works of Mr. *Pope*, her greateſt favourite, *Dryden*'s fables, ſome volumes of plays, &c.

Her perſon was indeed plain, but the reader muſt not form an idea of it from the poem call'd *Mira*'s Picture, for though ſhe has there made very free with herſelf, yet her appearance was by no means diſagreeable. The poem was occaſioned by her hearing that a gentleman, who had ſeen ſome of her verſes, deſired to know what her perſon was.

The reader will be ſtill more ſurpriſed at the excellence of her writings, when he is informed that her death, which was occaſioned by the meaſles, happened ſo early as her 24th year.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. LEAPOR.

DORINDA at her GLASS.

DORINDA, once the faireſt of the train,
Toaſt of the town, and triumph of the plain;
Whoſe ſhining eyes a thouſand hearts alarm'd,
Whoſe wit inſpired, and whoſe follies charm'd:
Who, with invention, rack'd her careful breaſt
To find new graces to inſult the reſt,
Now ſees her temples take a ſwarthy hue,
And the dark veins reſign their beauteous blue;
While on her cheeks the fading roſes die,
And the laſt ſparkles tremble in her eye.
Bright Sol had drove the ſable clouds away,
And chear'd the heavens with a ſtream of day,

The woodland choir their little throats prepare,
To chant new carols to the morning air:
In ſilence wrapp'd, and curtain'd from the day,
On her ſad pillow loſt *Dorinda* lay;
To mirth a ſtranger, and the like to eaſe,
No pleaſures charm her, nor no ſlumbers pleaſe.
For if to cloſe her weary lids ſhe tries,
Deteſted wrinkles ſwim before her eyes;
At length the mourner rais'd her aking head,
And diſcontented left her hated bed.
But ſighing ſhun'd the relicks of her pride,
And left the toilet for the chimney ſide:
Her careleſs locks upon her ſhoulders lay
Uncurl'd, alas! becauſe they half were gray;
No magick baths employ her ſkilful hand,
But uſeleſs phials on her table ſtand:
She ſlights her form, no more by youth inſpir'd,
And loaths that idol which ſhe once admir'd.
At length all trembling, of herſelf afraid,
To her lov'd glaſs repair'd the weeping maid,
And with a ſigh addreſs'd the alter'd ſhade.

Say, what art thou, that wear'ſt a gloomy form,
With low'ring forehead, like a northern ſtorm;
Cheeks pale and hollow, as the face of woe,
And lips that with no gay vermilion glow?
Where is that form which this falſe mirror told
Bloom'd like the morn, and ſhou'd for ages hold;
But now a ſpectre in its room appears,
All ſcar'd with furrows, and defac'd with tears;
Say, com'ſt thou from the regions of deſpair,
To ſhake my ſenſes with a meagre ſtare?

Some ſtraggling horror may thy phantom be,
But ſurely not the mimick ſhape of me.
Ah! yes——the ſhade its mourning viſage rears,
Pants when I ſigh, and anſwers to my tears:
Now who ſhall bow before this wither'd ſhrine,
This mortal image that was late divine?
What victim now will praiſe theſe faded eyes,
Once the gay baſis for a thouſand lyes?
Deceitful beauty——falſe as thou art gay,
And is it thus thy vot'ries find their pay;
This the reward of many careful years,
Of morning labours, and of noon-day fears,
The gloves anointed, and the bathing hour,
And ſoft coſmetick's more prevailing pow'r?
Yet to thy worſhip ſtill the fair-ones run,
And hail thy temples with the riſing ſun;
Still the brown damſels to thy altars pay
Sweet-ſcented unguents, and the dews of *May*;
Sempronia ſmooths her wrinkled brows with care,
And *Iſabella* curls her griſled hair:
See poor *Auguſta* of her glaſs afraid,
Who even trembles at the name of maid,
Spreads the fine *Mechlin* on her ſhaking head,
While her thin cheeks diſown the mimick red.
Soft *Sylvia*, who no lover's breaſt alarms,
Yet ſimpers out the ev'ning of her charms,
And though her cheek can boaſt no roſy dye,
Her gay brocades allure the gazing eye.
But hear, my ſiſters——hear an antient maid,
Too long by folly, and her arts betray'd;

From theſe light trifles turn your partial eyes,
'Tis ſad *Dorinda* prays you to be wiſe;
And thou, *Celinda*, thou muſt ſhortly feel
The ſad effect of time's revolving wheel;
Thy ſpring is paſt, thy ſummer ſun declin'd,
See autumn next, and winter ſtalks behind:
But let not reaſon with thy beauties fly,
Nor place thy merit in a brilliant eye;
'Tis thine to charm us by ſublimer ways,
And make thy temper, like thy features, pleaſe:
And thou, *Sempronia*, trudge to morning pray'r,
Nor trim thy eye-brows with ſo nice a care;
Dear nymph, believe——'tis true, as you're alive,
Thoſe temples ſhew the marks of fifty-five.
Let *Iſabel* unload her aking head
Of twiſted papers, and of binding lead;
Let ſage *Auguſta* now, without a frown,
Strip thoſe gay ribbands from her aged crown;
Chang'd the lac'd ſlipper of delicious hue
For a warm ſtocking, and an eaſy ſhoe;
Guard her ſwell'd ancles from rheumatick pain,
And from her cheek expunge the guilty ſtain.
Wou'd ſmiling *Sylvia* lay that hoop aſide,
'Twou'd ſhew her prudence, not betray her pride:
She, like the reſt, had once her ſlagrant day,
But now ſhe twinkles in a fainter ray.
Thoſe youthful airs ſet off their miſtreſs now,
Juſt as the patch adorns her autumn brow:
In vain her feet in ſparkling laces glow,
Since none regard her forehead, nor her toe.

Who would not burſt with laughter, or with ſpleen,
At *Pruda*, once a beauty, as I ween?
But now her features wear a duſky hue,
The little loves have bid her eyes adieu:
Yet ſhe purſues the pleaſures of her prime,
And vain deſires, ſtill unſubdu'd by time;
Thruſts in among the frolick and the gay,
But ſhuts her daughter from the beams of day:
The child, ſhe ſays, is indolent and grave,
And tells the world *Ophelia* can't behave:
But while *Ophelia* is forbid the room,
Her mother hobbles in a rigadoon;
Or to the ſound of melting muſick dies,
And in their ſockets rolls her blinking eyes;
Or ſtuns the audience with her hideous ſquall,
While ſcorn and ſatire whiſper through the hall.
Hear this, ye fair ones, that ſurvive your charms,
Nor reach at folly with your aged arms;
Thus *Pope* has ſung, thus let *Dorinda* ſing;
"Virtue, brave boys,——'tis virtue makes a king."
Why not a queen? fair virtue is the ſame
In the rough hero, and the ſmiling dame:
Dorinda's ſoul her beauties ſhall purſue,
Though late I ſee her, and embrace her too:
Come, ye bleſt graces, that are ſure to pleaſe,
The ſmile of friendſhip, and the careleſs eaſe;
The breaſt of candour, the relenting ear,
The hand of bounty, and the heart ſincere:
May theſe the twilight of my days attend,
And may that ev'ning never want a friend,

To ſmooth my paſſage to the ſilent gloom,
And give a tear to grace the mournful tomb.

MIRA's WILL.

IMPRIMIS—My departed ſhade I truſt
To heav'n—My body to the ſilent duſt;
My name to publick cenſure I ſubmit,
To be diſpos'd of as the world thinks fit;
My vice and folly let oblivion cloſe,
The world already is o'erſtock'd with thoſe;
My wit I give, as miſers give their ſtore,
To thoſe who think they had enough before.
Beſtow my patience to compoſe the lives
Of ſlighted virgins and neglected wives;
To modiſh lovers I reſign my truth,
My cool reflection to unthinking youth;
And ſome good nature give ('tis my deſire)
To ſurly huſbands, as their needs require;
And firſt diſcharge my funeral——and then
To the ſmall poets I bequeath my pen.
Let a ſmall ſprig (true emblem of my rhyme)
Of blaſted laurel on my hearſe recline;
Let ſome grave wight, that ſtruggles for renown,
By chanting dirges through a market-town,
With gentle ſtep precede the ſolemn train;
A broken flute upon his arm ſhall lean.
Six comic poets may the corſe ſurround,
And all freeholders; if they can be found:
Then follow next the melancholy throng,
As ſhrewd inſtructors, who themſelves are wrong.

The virtuoſo, rich in ſun-dry'd weeds,
The politician, whom no mortal heeds,
The ſilent lawyer, chamber'd all the day,
And the ſtern ſoldier that receives no pay.
But ſtay——the mourners ſhou'd be firſt our care,
Let the freed prentice lead the miſer's heir;
Let the young relict wipe her mournful eye,
And widow'd huſbands o'er their garlick cry.
All this let my executors fulfil,
And reſt aſſur'd that this is *Mira*'s will;
Who was, when ſhe theſe legacies deſign'd,
In body healthy, and compos'd in mind.

A SUMMER's WISH.

MY guardian, bear me on thy downy wing
To ſome cool ſhade where infant flowers ſpring;
Where on the trees ſweet honey-ſuckles blow,
And ruddy daiſies paint the ground below:
Where the ſhrill linnet charms the ſolemn ſhade,
And zephyrs pant along the cooler glade,
Or ſhake the bull-ruſh by a river ſide,
While the gay ſun-beams ſparkle on the tide:
O for ſome grot whoſe ruſtick ſides declare,
Eaſe, and not ſplendor, was the builder's care;
Where roſes ſpread their unaffected charms,
And the curl'd vine extends her claſping arms;
Where happy ſilence lulls the quiet ſoul,
And makes it calm as ſummer waters roll.
Here let me learn to check each growing ill,
And bring to reaſon diſobedient will;

To watch this incoherent breaſt, and find
What fav'rite paſſions rule the giddy mind.
Here no reproaches grate the wounded ear;
We ſee delighted, and tranſported hear:
While the glad warblers wanton round the trees,
And the ſtill waters catch the dying breeze,
Grief waits without, and melancholy gloom:
Come, chearful hope, and fill the vacant room;
Come ev'ry thought, which virtue gave to pleaſe;
Come, ſmiling health! with thy companion eaſe:
Let theſe, and all that virtue's ſelf attends,
Bleſs the ſtill hours of my gentle friends:
Peace to my foes, if any ſuch there be,
And gracious heav'n give repoſe to me.

COLINETTA.

'TWAS when the the fields had ſhed their golden grain,
And burning ſuns had ſear'd the ruſſet plain;
No more the roſe nor hyacinth were ſeen,
Nor yellow cowſlip on the tufted green:
But the rude thiſtle rear'd its hoary crown,
And the ripe nettle ſhew'd an irkſom brown.
In mournful plight the tarniſh'd groves appear,
And nature weeps for the declining year.
The ſun too quickly reach'd the weſtern ſky,
And riſing vapours hid his ev'ning eye:
Autumnal threads around the branches flew,
While the dry ſtubble drank the falling dew.

In this ſick ſeaſon, at the cloſe of day,
On *Lydia*'s lap pale *Colinetta* lay;
Whoſe ſallow cheeks had loſt their roſy dye,
The ſparkles languiſh'd in her cloſing eye.
Parch'd were thoſe lips whence muſick us'd to flow,
Nor more the flute her weary fingers know,
Yet thrice to raiſe her feeble voice ſhe try'd,
Thrice on her tongue the fainting numbers dy'd:
At laſt reviv'd, on *Lydia*'s neck ſhe hung,
And like the ſwan expiring thus ſhe ſung.
Farewel, ye foreſts and delightful hills,
Ye flow'ry meadows, and ye chryſtal rills,
Ye friendly groves to whom we us'd to run,
And beg a ſhelter from the burning ſun.
Thoſe blaſted ſhades all mournful now I ſee,
Who droop their heads as tho' they wept for me.
The penſive linnet has forgot to ſing,
The lark is ſilent till returning ſpring.
The ſpring ſhall all thoſe wonted charms reſtore,
Which *Colinetta* muſt behold no more.
Farewel, ye fields; my native fields, adieu;
Whoſe fertile lays my early labours knew;
Where, when an infant, I was wont to ſtray,
And gather king-cups at the cloſing day.
How oft has *Lydia* told a mournful tale,
By the clear lake that ſhines in yonder vale;
When ſhe had done I ſung a chearful lay,
While the glad goldfinch liſten'd on the ſpray;
Lur'd by my ſong each jolly ſwain drew near,
And roſy virgins throng'd around to hear:

Farewel, ye ſwains; ye roſy nymphs, adieu:
Though I (unwilling) leave the ſtreams and you,
Still may ſoft muſick bleſs your happy ſhore,
But *Colinetta* you muſt hear no more.
O *Lydia*, thou, (if wayward tongues ſhou'd blame
My life, and blot a harmleſs maiden's name)
Tell them if e'er I found a ſtraggling ewe,
Although the owner's name I hardly knew;
I fed it kindly with my father's hay,
And gave it ſhelter at the cloſing day:
I never ſtole young pigeons from their dams,
Nor from their paſture drove my neighbours lambs:
Nor ſet my dog to hunt their flocks away,
That mine might graze upon the vacant lay.
When *Phillida* by dancing won the prize,
Or *Colin* prais'd young *Mariana*'s eyes:
When *Damon* wedded *Urs'la* of the grange,
My cheek with envy ne'er was ſeen to change:
Whene'er I ſaw *Aminda* croſs the plain,
Or walk the foreſt with her darling ſwain,
I never whiſper'd to a ſtander-by,
But hated ſcandal, and abhorr'd a lye.
On Sundays I (as ſiſter *Sue* can tell)
Was always ready for the ſermon-bell:
I honour'd both the teacher and the day;
Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray:
Then ſure for me there's ſomething good in ſtore,
When *Colinetta* ſhall be ſeen no more.
When I am gone, I leave to ſiſter *Sue*
My gown of *Jerſey*, and my aprons blue.

My ſtudded ſheep-hook *Phillida* may take,
Likewiſe my hay-fork and my hazel rake:
My hoarded apples and my winter pears
Be thine, O *Lydia*, to reward thy cares.
Theſe nuts that late were pluck'd from yonder tree,
And this ſtraw-baſket, I bequeath to thee:
That baſket did theſe dying fingers weave:
My boxen flute to *Corydon* I leave,
So ſhall it charm the liſt'ning nymphs around,
For none like him can make it ſweetly ſound.
In our churchyard there grows a ſpreading yew,
Whoſe dark green leaves diſtil a baneful dew:
Be thoſe ſad branches o'er my grave reclin'd,
And let theſe words be graven on the rind:
" Mark, gentle reader,——Underneath this tree,
" There ſleeps a maid, old *Simon*'s daughter ſhe;
" Thou too, perhaps, e'er many weeks be o'er,
" Like *Colinetta*, ſhalt be ſeen no more."
Here ends the maid—for now the ſeal of death
Clos'd her pale lips, and ſtopp'd her roſy breath.
Her ſinking eye-balls took their long adieu,
And with a ſigh her harmleſs ſpirit flew.

The MONTH of *AUGUST*.

Sylvanus, *a Courtier*. Phillis, *a Country Maid*.

SYLVANUS.

HAIL, *Phillis*, brighter than a morning ſky,
Joy of my heart, and darling of my eye;

See the kind year, her grateful tribute yields,
And round-fac'd plenty triumphs o'er the fields.
But to yon gardens let me lead thy charms,
Where the curl'd vine extends her willing arms:
Whoſe purple cluſters lure the longing eye,
And the ripe cherries ſhew their ſcarlet dye.

PHILLIS.

Not all the ſights your boaſted gardens yield,
Are half ſo lovely as my father's field,
Where large increaſe has bleſs'd the fruitful plain,
And we with joy behold the ſwelling grain,
Whoſe heavy ears towards the earth reclin'd,
Wave, nod, and tremble to the whiſking wind.

SYLVANUS.

But ſee, to emulate thoſe cheeks of thine,
On yon fair tree the bluſhing nect'rins ſhine:
Beneath their leaves the ruddy peaches glow,
And the plump figs compoſe a gallant ſhow.
With gaudy plums ſee yonder boughs recline,
And ruddy pears in yon *Eſpalier* twine.
There humble dwarfs in pleaſing order ſtand,
Whoſe golden product ſeems to court thy hand.

PHILLIS.

In vain you tempt me while our orchard bears
Long-keeping ruſſets, lovely Cath'rine pears,
Pearmains and codlings, wheaten plums enow,
And the black damſons load the bending bough.
No pruning-knives our fertile branches teaze,
While your's muſt grow but as their maſters pleaſe.
The grateful trees our mercy well repay,
And rain us buſhels at the riſing day.

SYLVANUS.

Fair are my gardens, yet you ſlight them all;
Then let us haſte to yon majeſtick hall,
Where the glad roofs ſhall to thy voice reſound,
Thy voice more ſweet than muſick's melting ſound:
Orion's beam infeſts the ſultry ſky,
And ſcorching fevers thro' the welkin fly;
But art ſhall teach us to evade his ray,
And the forc'd fountains near the windows play;
There choice perfumes ſhall give a pleaſing gale,
And orange-flow'rs their od'rous breath exhale,
While on the walls the well-wrought paintings glow,
And dazzling carpets deck the floors below:
O tell me, thou whoſe careleſs beauties charm,
Are theſe not fairer than a threſher's barn?

PHILLIS.

Believe me, I can find no charms at all
In your fine carpets and your painted hall.
'Tis true our parlour has an earthen floor,
The ſides of plaſter and of elm the door:
Yet the rubb'd cheſt and table ſweetly ſhines,
And the ſpread mint along the window climbs:
An aged laurel keeps away the ſun,
And two cool ſtreams acroſs the garden run.

SYLVANUS.

Can feaſts or muſick win my lovely maid?
In both thoſe pleaſures be her taſte obey'd.
The ranſack'd earth ſhall all its dainties ſend,
Till with its load her plenteous table bend.

Then to the roofs the ſwelling notes ſhall riſe,
Pierce the glad air and gain upon the ſkies,
While eaſe and rapture ſpreads itſelf around,
And diſtant hills roll back the charming ſound.

PHILLIS.

Not this will lure me, for I'd have you know
This night to feaſt with *Corydon* I go:
To night his reapers bring the gather'd grain
Home to his barns, and leave the naked plain:
Then beef and coleworts, beans and bacon too,
And the plum-pudding of delicious hue,
Sweet-ſpiced cake, and apple-pies good ſtore,
Deck the brown board; who can deſire more?
His flute and tabor too *Amyntor* brings,
And while he plays ſoft *Amaryllis* ſings.
Then ſtrive no more to win a ſimple maid,
From her lov'd cottage and her ſilent ſhade.
Let *Phillis* ne'er, ah never let her rove
From her firſt virtue and her humble grove.
Go, ſeek ſome nymph that equals your degree,
And leave content and *Corydon* for me.

An EPISTLE to a LADY.

IN vain, dear madam, yes in vain you ſtrive,
Alas! to make your luckleſs *Mira* thrive.
For *Tycho* and *Copernicus* agree,
No golden planet bent its rays on me.
'Tis twenty winters, (if it is no more)
To ſpeak the truth it may be twenty-four;

As many ſprings their 'pointed ſpace have run,
Since *Mira*'s eyes firſt open'd on the ſun.
'Twas when the flocks on flabby hillocks lie,
And the cold fiſhes rule the watry ſky:
But tho' theſe eyes the learned page explore,
And turn the pond'rous volumes o'er and o'er,
I find no comfort from their ſyſtems flow,
But am dejected more, as more I know.
Hope ſhines awhile, but like a vapour flies,
(The fate of all the curious and the wiſe)
For, ah! cold *Saturn* triumph'd on that day,
And frowning Sol deny'd his golden ray.
You ſee I'm learned, and I ſhew't the more,
That none may wonder when they find me poor.
Yet *Mira* dreams, as ſlumbring poets may,
And rolls in treaſures till the breaking day:
While books and pictures in bright order riſe,
And painted parlours ſwim before her eyes:
Till the ſhrill clock impertinently rings,
And the ſoft viſions move their ſhining wings:
Then *Mira* wakes,——her pictures are no more,
And thro' her fingers ſlides the vaniſh'd ore.
Convinc'd too ſoon, her eye unwilling falls
On the blue curtains and the duſty walls:
She wakes, alas! to buſineſs and to woes,
To ſweep her kitchen, and to mend her clothes.
But ſee pale ſickneſs with her languid eyes,
At whoſe appearance all deluſion flies:
The world recedes, its vanities decline,
Clarinda's features ſeem as faint as mine:

Gay robes no more the aking ſight admires,
Wit grates the ear, and melting muſick tires:
Its wonted pleaſures with each ſenſe decay,
Books pleaſe no more, and paintings fade away:
The ſliding joys in miſty vapours end:
Yet let me ſtill, ah! let me graſp a friend:
And when each joy, when each lov'd object flies,
Be you the laſt that leaves my cloſing eyes.
But how will this diſmantled ſoul appear,
When ſtripp'd of all it lately held ſo dear,
Forc'd from its priſon of expiring clay,
Afraid and ſhiv'ring at the doubtful way.
Yet did theſe eyes a dying parent ſee,
Loos'd from all cares except a thought for me
Without a tear reſign her ſhort'ning breath,
And dauntleſs meet the ling'ring ſtroke of death.
Then at th' Almighty's ſentence ſhall I mourn:
"Of duſt thou art, to duſt ſhalt thou return?"
Or ſhall I wiſh to ſtretch the line of fate,
That the dull years may bear a longer date,
To ſhare the follies of ſucceeding times
With more vexations, and with deeper crimes?
Ah no—tho' heav'n brings near the final day,
For ſuch a life I will not, dare not pray;
But let the tear for future mercy flow,
And fall reſign'd beneath the mighty blow.
Nor I alone——for thro' the ſpacious ball,
With me will numbers of all ages fall:
And the ſame day that *Mira* yields her breath,
Thouſands may enter thro' the gates of death.

The PROCLAMATION of *APOLLO*.

MAY *Artemiſia* hear my ſtrain,
I quote the ſages once again:
And ſhou'd you aſk the reaſon why,
" Old authors fib, and ſo may I."
Proceed we then——Old authors ſay,
Apollo once made holiday,
And call'd the brethren of the quill
To feaſt upon his tuneful hill,
From ev'ry nook and ev'ry wind
They came, for who wou'd ſtay behind?
Great was the croud, as may be gueſs'd:
Side grew to ſide, and back to breaſt,
Till the imperial prince of ſong,
Who, fearing ſomething might be wrong,
Sent forth a troop with caps and ſpears,
Much like *Parnaſſian* grenadiers,
With ſurly eyes and ſour faces,
To part the croud, and give them places.
Now I have quite forgot, I fear,
What names the people gave them there
Amongſt the Muſes——But I trow
Men call them criticks here below.
Now when at laſt theſe ſage reformers,
Had drove the crew to heaps and corners,
They call'd them out by two and three,
And ſet them in a due degree,
That each his proper place ſhou'd know,
On laurel benches all a-row.

Now you may think they all were happy,
As drunkard o'er his jugg of nappy,
That ev'ry brow was ſmooth and clear,
But firſt I beg you'd lend an ear:
The Queen of Love to grace the feaſt,
Had ſent a thouſand pipes at leaſt
Of ſmiling nectar neat and fine,
To whet the gueſts before they dine:
But when the cups had walk'd about,
Some ſurly bards began to pout,
And wrinkle up their tiny faces,
And fret and fume about their places:
Their giddy brains began to glow,
Each thinking he was plac'd too low:
This vow'd to make all creatures fear him,
And that cou'd bear no creature near him.
One ſeem'd to talk with mighty ſpirit,
Of baffled worth and ſlighted merit:
Another was in paſſion hurl'd,
And curs'd the ſtupid ſenſeleſs world:
Till choler ſwell'd in ev'ry vein,
And each no longer cou'd contain,
But fairly went, as I'm a ſinner,
To loggerheads before their dinner.
Apollo was offended quite,
And all the Muſes in a fright:
Then thunder'd out a proclamation.
" O ye——And all the rhyming nation,
" Our king commands you to be ſtill,
" And not diſturb the ſacred hill.

" If ſome, refuſing to be quiet,
" Shall dare to aid this lawleſs riot:
" The ſtatutes of *Parnaſſus* tender
" The ſtocks to ev'ry ſuch offender."
At this the riot ſeem'd to ceaſe,
And with a murmur ſunk in peace:
When all was ſilent to a man,
Again the herald thus began.
" Directed by your prince I bring
" This meſſage from the laurel'd king,
" Who long has view'd with ſilent woe
" Your quarrels in the world below,
" How moral and ſatirick wits
" And jingling pedants—rhyming cits,
" The gay, the empty, and the full,
" The ſoft, the froward, and the dull,
" Wage endleſs wars with one another,
" And ev'ry blockhead hates his brother.
" But while you take a world of pains
" In pelting at each other's brains;
" While envy ſwells the little mind,
" You ne'er conſider that you find
" (To ſee you in the tempeſt hurl'd)
" Diverſion for the laughing world;
" And ſo you break all moral rules
" To grow the mocking-ſtock of fools:
" But now *Apollo* begs you will
" Suſpend your quarrels, and be ſtill.
" Let wits ſhake hands with one another,
" And ev'ry dunce embrace his brother,

" From batter'd bards with ne'er a ſhoe
" To thoſe who ſtrut about with two;
" From poets doom'd to whittle ſticks,
" To rhymers in a coach and ſix.
" Let none preſume to fret and ſquabble,
" Nor curſe the dirty rhyming rabble:
" For ſee the beams of *Phœbus* ſtrike
" The meadows, hills, and dales alike:
" So ſhines the Muſe on ev'ry creature,
" Who tags his humble lines with metre."
He ſaid—The children of the bays
Sent up a ſhout of mingled praiſe,
Devoutly promiſing to pay
Obedience to the prince of day;
And now they ſee the tables ſpread
With dainties and *Parnaſſian* bread,
Whoſe tiny loaves were nicely white,
And no *French* rolls were half ſo light:
The firſt bold courſe was brought along
In diſhes made of *Homer*'s ſong.
Next *Virgil* on the table ſhines,
And then ſmooth *Ovid*'s tender lines.
The gay deſert expos'd to view,
Of modern authors not a few:
Heroicks in the midſt preſide,
With elegy on either ſide:
Here thro' tranſparent ſonnets gleam
Whip-ſyllabubs and ſpiced cream:
There loaded epigrams appear,
And little mottos cloſe the rear.

Now dinner paſt, their jolly ſouls
Cut capers to the nectar bowls,
Till ev'ry bard had drank his fill,
And then they left the tuneful hill.
But e'er they part, the laurel'd king,
Extracted from a wond'rous ſpring,
A magick bath of mighty pow'r,
Whoſe virtues could in half an hour
Make proof againſt ſharp ſatyr's pain,
The fibres of a dunce's brain,
And give him confidence to puſh
Thro' the broad world without a bluſh.
Apollo, next upon the crew,
Beſtow'd a grey gooſe quill or two,
With ink that into metre runs,
And charms againſt the fear of duns.
This done diſmiſs'd them, as before,
With, ſirs, your ſervant, and no more.

The FALL of *LUCIA*.

LUCIA was fair and bright as riſing day,
Sweet as *Arabia*, or the buds of *May*;
Freſh as the winds that ſweep the dewy hills,
Or beds of roſes waſh'd by healthy rills:
Her ſoul was ſofter than a trembling dove,
Nor knew a failing till ſhe learn'd to love.
Nor fraud nor ſcandal to her lips were known,
And thought each boſom guiltleſs as her own.

Thus only arm'd with innocence and ſmiles,
She fell the victim of a tyrant's wiles.
So loſt from ſhepherd and its mourning dam,
Through ſome lone deſart roves a ſtraggling lamb;
No danger fears, but as he idly ſtrays
Round ev'ry buſh the heedleſs wanton plays;
Till raging wolves the beauteous toy ſurround,
Or foaming tigers rend the moſſy ground:
Then from his heart the guiltleſs purple flows,
A grateful morſel to his hungry foes:
Thus wrapp'd in ſorrows wretched *Lucia* lies,
Whoſe ſighs ſtill anſwer to her ſtreaming eyes,
And *Damon!* ſtill——Ah! faithleſs *Damon!* cries.
No more thoſe lips like dewy roſes glow;
Her weary lids no peaceful ſlumbers know:
But leſt to ſtrike her penſive breaſt in vain,
And curſe the author of her laſting pain.
Her ſoul of eaſe has took its long adieu:
Hear this, ye nymphs; but hear and tremble too,
Ye fair that launch in pleaſure's tempting ſea,
Though fortune crowns you with a calmer day,
And joy's ſoft gale ſalutes your nimble oar,
Where *Lucia*'s fame was ſhipwreck'd on the ſhore:
Yet let reflexion mark your gliding days,
Nor drink too deeply in the draught of praiſe:
For flatt'ry is—So ſay the learned ſchools,
"The bane of virgins, and the bait of fools."
How happy ſhe whoſe purer ſpirit knows,
No thought leſs harmleſs than a ſaint's repoſe,
Whoſe guiltleſs charms purſue no greater end,
But to rejoice a parent or a friend:

Whoſe care it is her paſſions to controul,
And keep the ſteerage of a quiet ſoul:
Then this ſhall grace her monumental page,
" In youth admired, and belov'd in age."

The CRUCIFIXION *and* RESURRECTION,

An ODE.

WHAT means the reeling earth? O why
These wonders in the dreadful ſky?
The frighted ſun withdraws its beams,
Deep groans are heard and doleful ſcreams.
O ſay, what this convulſion means:
Afflicted nature with a ſhriek replies,
A God expires, a mighty Saviour dies.

The conſcious ſtars their rays deny,
The moon receives a crimſon dye.
The temple, conſcious of its fall,
Now ſhakes its emblematick wall.
The ocean ſtagnates, and the mountains bow,
And angels weep that never wept till now.

Still tremble, earth, and ſtill, O ſky,
Thy ever-chearing lamps deny:
Amaz'd ſtill let the ocean ſtand,
But what remains for guilty man?
What groans? what ſorrows are for him decreed?
For man, whoſe crimes have made perfection bleed?

But ſee, O ſee, the ſun returns!
No more afflicted nature mourns!
The ſtars their vacant orbs regain!
And the moon ſheds a ſilver beam!
While heav'nly voices warble in the ſkies,
" Behold your Saviour from his tomb ariſe!"

While ſaints attend the bleſſed morn,
He roſe:—The God in human form,
A form not made of vulgar clay:
Which, tho' it ſlept, cou'd not decay!
Hail, mortals; hail (tranſported ſeraphs cry)
Redeem'd, and favour'd by the God moſt high.

In heav'n let joys eternal flow,
And mercy in the worlds below;
The penitent ſhall peace obtain,
And not a tear ſhall fall in vain.
Then join, ye worlds, in one glad chorus ſing,
Praiſe to Meſſiah, and th' Almighty King.

ESSAY on HAPPINESS.

NOthing, dear madam, nothing is more true,
Than a ſhort maxim much approv'd by you;
The lines are theſe: " We by experience know
" Within ourſelves exiſts our bliſs or woe."
Tho' round our heads the goods of fortune roll,
Dazzle they may, but cannot chear the ſoul.
Content, the fountain of eternal joy,
Can riches purchaſe, or can want deſtroy?

No. Born of heav'n, its birth it will maintain,
No ſlave to power nor the prize of gain:
Say, who can buy what never yet was ſold?
No wealth can bribe her, nor no bonds can hold:
Sometimes ſhe deigns to ſhine in lofty halls,
But found more frequent in low cottage walls;
Her flight ev'n thence too often is decreed,
Then poverty is doubly curs'd indeed.

Content and bliſs, which differ but in name,
Alike their natures and their end the ſame,
Faſt bound together in eternal chains,
This as the end—The other, as the means,
Will ne'er divide. But who enjoys the one,
Muſt find the other e'er the ſetting ſun.

Then where? ah where do theſe fair ſiſters fly?
Beneath the northern or the ſouthern ſky.
Courts do they love? The ſenate or the town,
Or the ſtill village and the healthful down?
Say, do they like *Humilo*'s humble veſt,
Or the gay diamonds on *Belinda*'s breaſt?
To none of theſe, alas, are they confin'd,
But the ſtill boſom and the virtuous mind.

See *Glaro* ſeated on his gilded car,
Whoſe ſtubborn paſſions wage continual war.
Who cannot call that ravag'd heart his own,
Where vice and virtue ſtruggle for the throne.
See rage appearing in that hoſtile frown:
Now fears diſtract him, and now pleaſures drown,
Now turns to heav'n with repentant tears:
But the next hour at his chaplain ſneers:

This day a beaſt, the next a reas'ning man:
Behold him right, then envy, if you can.
Pale *Livia* too—Who pants beneath the weight
Of irkſome jewels and afflicting ſtate;
Whoſe glaſs and pillow do her time divide,
At once oppreſs'd with ſickneſs and with pride.
The ſhapely ſtays her aking ribs confine,
And in her ears the ſparkling pendents ſhine.
Yet not a joy the tortur'd wretch can feel,
Beyond *Ixion* on his rolling wheel.
See reſtleſs *Cloe*, fond to be admir'd,
Of joy impatient and as quickly tir'd,
When firſt her eye-lids open on the day,
With eager haſte ſhe gobbles down her tea,
And to the park commands her rolling wheels,
Yet ſighs and wiſhes for the rural fields:
Then back to cards and company ſhe flies,
Then for the charms of melting muſick dies.
At eve the play, aſſembly, or the ball:
She hates them ſingly, yet wou'd graſp them all:
With languid ſpirits and all pall'd deſires,
She to her cloſet and her book retires.
But ſolitude offends the ſprightly fair;
Reading ſhe loaths, and thought ſhe cannot bear.
Then to her chamber and her couch ſhe flies,
Where gilded chariots ſwim before her eyes.
In vain for ſleep ſhe folds her weary arms:
Who wou'd be *Cloe* to enjoy her charms?
In yonder path Sir *Thrifty* we behold,
With beaver drooping and with garments old;

Whoſe dirty linen ſhews no mark of pride,
Nor ſparkling laces deck his ſlender ſide;
Whoſe heavy ſoul a ſaucy wit wou'd ſwear,
Was made exactly to his eaſy chair.
Whoſe taſteleſs ſenſes aſk for nothing new,
Whoſe meals are temp'rate, and whoſe pleaſures few:
" Is this man bleſt?—He may be ſo—But when?
" Why, when his thouſands riſe to number ten,
" From ten to twenty, and from twenty—Hold,
" To one round million of bright ſterling gold;"
Nor there we ſtop, for avarice will crave
Till it ſhall meet with its grand cure, the grave.
Lavinia's bleſt with all that man deſires,
With eyes that charm and reaſon that inſpires;
Youth, wealth, and friends, to gild her ſhining days,
The poor man's bleſſing and the rich man's praiſe.
With judgment ſound and touch'd by no extreme,
Speech gently flowing and a ſoul ſerene,
For ever pleaſing and for ever true,
By all admir'd, envy'd by a few:
" Then ſhe is happy, tho' beneath the ſky.
" Hold, not ſo haſty:——Let her huſband die."
Then who are happy, 'twill be hard to ſay,
Since undiſturb'd it ſeldom laſts a day:
For who in ſmiles beholds the morning ſun,
May weep before this ſhort-liv'd journey's done.
All pleaſures ſatiate and all objects cloy;
We crave, we graſp, but loath the taſted joy:
Nor wealth nor beauty, friend's nor fortune's ſmile,
Can bleſs our moments, tho' they may beguile:

Nor wit with happineſs can often grow,
A helpleſs friend, if not an arrant foe.
Where then? O where ſhall happineſs be found?
Say, ſhall we ſearch the rolling world around,
On borrow'd pinions travel through the ſky,
Or to the centre drive our piercing eye?
Ceaſe, buſy fool: Is happineſs thy care?
Pierce thy own breaſt, and thou wilt find it there:
Drive thence the paſſions, and the guilt expel,
And call fair virtue to the poliſh'd cell.
Call ſoft content with all her ſmiling train;
Peace for thy health, and patience for thy pain:
Then not till then, O man, thy heart ſhall know
Bliſs ſo ador'd, but ſeldom found below.

An ESSAY on HOPE.

TO you, who ne'er the willing verſe refuſe,
Thus ſings an humble but a grateful muſe:
Our theme is Hope—but of a diff'rent kind,
The bane or bleſſing of the ſubject mind;
This dawning joy that to the ſoul was given,
As a ſhort earneſt of its future heav'n:
To blame is not the purpoſe of my ſong,
But warn our ſiſters not to place it wrong.
Shun trifling hope, that bids your fancy roll,
The conſtant torment of a reſtleſs ſoul:
For two pale handmaids are for ever near,
Sick diſappointment, and the ſecret tear:
'Tis this that makes the reſtleſs heart repine,
Beneath the treaſures of an *Indian* mine.

Much fortune gives——Yet, give us more, they cry,
And ſome new proſpect lures the dazzled eye:
Like wanton babes they reach at ſomething more,
And drop the gewgaws which they held before.
See the puff'd tradeſman ſtrut before his door,
Whoſe birth was humble, and whoſe fortune poor;
Yet you may ſee his roving thoughts depend
On ſome bold venture or ſome wealthy friend,
Till the loſt bankrupt drops into the jaw
Of pale diſcredit and voracious law.
The grave-fac'd ſtudent better learn'd than fed
With ſtore of logic in his aking head,
Sees pleaſing pictures in his boſom drawn,
The dean's ſoft cuſhion and the biſhop's lawn;
He dines with lords and takes the higheſt place,
And weds a counteſs, couſin to his grace.
But ſoon his heart the loſt deluſion mourns:
And the proud prelate to a curate turns.
On ſome dark dome with thirty pounds *per ann.*
He ſips his liquors in a pewter cann.
Young *Seizum*, fated to diſtract the law,
Who talks of men and books he never ſaw,
Now ſtruts a counſellor, a ſerjeant now,
While the quick turns elate his ſcornful brow.
Behold the judge in that commanding frown:
See! then, juſt then, he ſtrok'd his ermin'd gown.
Cecilia ſoft, whoſe pleaſing features ſhine
Bright in their wane, and beauteous in decline,
Still to her eyes recalls the ſcatter'd darts,
Still hopes the conqueſt of a thouſand hearts.

Care ſtalks around: vexation hovers nigh;
Her friends bewail her, and her children cry:
Her wounded ears their hateful whinings tire,
Whoſe fancy dwells upon a wealthy 'ſquire:
Wrapp'd in ſoft viſions on her couch ſhe lies;
Knights, peers, and garters ſwim before her eyes.
She rides in triumph thro' her huſband's fields,
And hears the rattling of her chariot wheels,
Till her charm'd ſenſes will contain no more;
Then flies the viſion thro' its iv'ry door,
See *Acamas* with time's ſad burden bow,
Guilt in his breaſt and wrinkles on his brow;
Yet points out *Cloe* for his charming bride,
And fain would tempt her to his frozen ſide:
At chapel where ſoft grace and virtue calls,
And pale vice trembles at the ſacred walls;
Where conſcience warns the guilty wretch to pray,
And beg a bleſſing on his cloſing day;
The preacher reads: but *Acamas* the while
Grins at his *Cloe* with a ghaſtly ſmile.
In their red orbs his waiting eye-balls roll,
And charming *Cloe* ruſhes on his ſoul:
But death will teach the ſilver-bearded fool
Some other leſſon in his gloomy ſchool.
Blank diſappointment with its train attends
In *Delia*'s heart, if *Delia*'s heart depends
On *Silia*'s tongue ſo aptly hung with guile,
On *Cynthio*'s friendſhip, or on *Clara*'s ſmile:
Such courtly friends are like the ſhow'ry bow,
Ting'd with falſe luſtre by reflection's glow:

Like its faint rays they hardly laſt an hour,
Loſt in a cloud or melted in a ſhow'r.
If trifling hope has any room to plead,
'Tis that where nature's ſimple dictates lead:
So the wet hind, who travels o'er the plain,
Thro' the cold mire and afflicting rain;
Tho' his low roofs with trickling ſhowers run,
May hope next morn to ſee the chearful ſun:
Or when keen hunger at the ev'ning tide
Drives home the ſhepherd to his ruſtick bride,
His honeſt reaſon haply might not ſtray,
Tho' he ſhould dream of dumpling all the way.
See ſad *Æmilia* doom'd by fatal vows
To the harſh uſage of a tyrant ſpouſe,
To ſee his miſtreſs in her woes rejoice,
Her fortune waſted on his guilty choice,
To bear reproaches doubled on her ear,
Yet only anſwer with a ſilent tear.
Tho' patient wives muſt wait the fate's good time;
Yet ſhe, I think, may hope without a crime.
But the Grand Hope that yields perpetual joy,
No trifles gave, no trifles can deſtroy;
With mercy from the bleſt abode it came,
Its birth celeſtial and its end the ſame.
That bids our day in one ſmooth tenor roll,
Its taſk to chear and harmonize the ſoul.
On ſmarting want it pours a healing balm,
Makes toil ſeem pleaſant and affliction calm.

A PRAYER for the YEAR 1745.

ALMIGHTY Wiſdom, at whoſe nod
The ſtars ſhall ceaſe to ſhine,
Great nature's Father, Guide, and God,
O let me call thee mine.

Yet not for me, and me alone,
Thy mercies I implore:
No, let that bliſs to all be known,
That tremble and adore.

Now fear, that makes the ſorrows flow
Ev'n from the infant's eyes,
O'erwhelms in one promiſcuous woe
The ignorant and wiſe.

Then hear, O hear thy ſervants cry,
We beg thy ſaving hand:
To whom but heav'n ſhou'd we apply,
To raiſe a drooping land!

Be thou the guard of helpleſs age,
The wretched orphan's friend:
O ſmooth the face of Civil Rage,
And ſpare its purple end.

Reſtrain the hand of threat'ning pride,
Aſſwage the cruel breaſt:
Teach mercy to the victor ſide,
And patience to the reſt.

And when the ſword of conqueſt ſhall
The trembling wretch arraign,
Let juſtice guide the equal ſcale,
Nor ſwerve the ſteady beam.

Preſerve the merciful and kind
From violence and pain:
And let the meek and gentle mind
Rejoice, and not complain.

Nor let the barb'rous ſteel invade
The breaſt of hoary age:
Nor give the unreſiſting babe
A prey to purple rage.

Amongſt un-number'd worlds if I
Am worth my Maker's care,
Then let me live and let me die
Unwounded by deſpair.

Tho' want or peril, pain or death,
Aſſault this feeble clay,
Let hope attend my lateſt breath
And chear the gloomy way.

Preſerve my parent and my friend
From danger, guilt, or ſhame:
In peace their chearful days extend
To praiſe thy holy name.

Forgive the errors of my youth,
If in my youth I fall:
Or teach my age thy ſaving truth,
O hear me when I call.

Thou, mighty Lord of all above
And all beneath the ſun,
Thy ſervant's humble ſuit approve;
If not, thy will be done.

ESSAY on FRIENDSHIP.

TO *Artemiſia*.—'Tis to her we ſing,
For her once more we touch the ſounding ſtring.
'Tis not *Cythera*'s reign nor *Cupid*'s fires,
But ſacred Friendſhip that our Muſe inſpires.
A theme that ſuits *Æmilia*'s pleaſing tongue:
So to the fair ones I devote my ſong.
The wiſe will ſeldom credit all they hear,
Tho' ſaucy wits ſhou'd tell them with a ſneer,
That women's friendſhips, like a certain fly,
Are hatch'd i'th' morning and at ev'ning die.
'Tis true, our ſex has been from early time
A conſtant topick for ſatirick rhyme:
Nor without reaſon——ſince we're often found,
Or loſt in paſſion, or in pleaſures drown'd:
And the fierce winds that bid the ocean roll,
Are leſs inconſtant than a woman's ſoul:
Yet ſome there are who keep the mod'rate way,
Can think an hour, and be calm a day:

Who ne'er were known to ſtart into a flame,
Turn pale or tremble at a loſing game.
Run *Chloe*'s ſhape or *Delia*'s features down,
Or change complexion at *Celinda*'s gown:
But ſtill ſerene, compaſſionate and kind,
Walk thro' life's circuit with an equal mind.
Of all companions I would chooſe to ſhun
Such, whoſe blunt truths are like a burſting gun,
Who in a breath count all your follies o'er,
And cloſe their lectures with a mirthful roar:
But reaſon here will prove the ſafeſt guide,
Extremes are dang'rous plac'd on either ſide.
A friend too ſoft will hardly prove ſincere;
The wit's inconſtant, and the learn'd ſevere.
Good-breeding, wit, and learning, all conſpire
To charm mankind, and make the world admire:
Yet in a friend but ſerve an under part,
The main ingredient is an honeſt heart:
By this can *Urs'la* all our ſouls ſubdue,
Which, wanting this, not *Sylvia*'s charms can do.
Now let the Muſe (who takes no courtier's fee)
Point to her friend——and future ages ſee
(If this ſhall live till future ages be)
One line devoted to *Fidelia*'s praiſe,
The lov'd companion of my early days:
Whoſe harmleſs thoughts are ſprightly as her eyes,
By nature chearful, and by nature wiſe.
To have them laſt, the ſocial laws decree;
We chooſe our friendſhips in the ſame degree:

What mighty pleaſure, if we might preſume,
To ſtrut with freedom in *Arvida*'s room!
Or ſhare the table what ſupreme delight,
With ſome proud ducheſs or a ſcornful knight!
To ſit with formal and aſſenting face!
For who ſhall dare to contradict her grace?
Our free-born nature hates to be confin'd,
Where ſtate and power check the ſpeaking mind;
Where heavy pomp and ſullen form controuls
That chearful eaſe and ſympathy of ſouls.
But yet the ſoul, whate'er its partner do,
Muſt lift its head above the baſer crew.
Celeſtial friendſhip with its nicer rules,
Frequents not dunghills, nor the clubs of fools.
It aſks, to make this union ſoft and long,
A mind ſuſceptible, and judgment ſtrong;
And then a taſte: but let that taſte be giv'n
By mighty nature and the ſtamp of heav'n:
Poſſeſt of theſe, the juſtly temper'd flame
Will grow inceſſant, and be ſtill the ſame:
Not mov'd by ſorrow, ſickneſs, or by age,
To ſullen coldneſs or diſtemper'd rage.
The ſoul unſtain'd with envy or with pride,
Pleas'd with itſelf and all the world beſide,
Unmov'd, can ſee gilt chariots whirling by,
Or view the wretched with a melting eye,
Diſcern a failing and forgive it too:
Such, *Artemiſia*, we may find in you.
Be ſeldom ſour, or your friends will fly
From the hung forehead and the ſcornful eye:

Nor, like *Aurelia*, in the morning kind,
And ſoft as ſummer or the weſtern wind:
But round e'er night her giddy paſſions wheel,
She'll clap the door againſt your parting heel.
An even temper will be ſure to pleaſe,
With cool reflexion and a chearful eaſe.
  But ſee *Armida*'s unfrequented rooms,
How vainly ſpread with carpets and perfumes:
All ſhun her like the cocatrice's beams,
And for no reaſon but her loath'd extremes.
To-day more holy than a cloiſter'd nun,
Almoſt an atheiſt by to-morrow's ſun:
Now ſpeaks to heaven with a lifted eye:
Now to her footman, you're a rogue, you lye.
O ſay, from what ſtrange principles begin
Theſe odd compounds of piety and ſin?
A ſickly fair may ſome excuſes find,
(What grieves the body will affect the mind)
But not the creatures who have learn'd to ſcreen
Their own ill-nature in the name of ſpleen.
What tho' black miſts afflict the aking ſkull,
The ſpirits tremble, and the heart be dull:
Have you from thence a licence to offend,
Affront a patron, or abuſe a friend?
And ape the manners of a ſurly beaſt,
Becauſe 'tis cloudy, and the wind's i'th' eaſt?
  But all have failings, not the beſt are free,
Or in a greater or a leſs degree.
What follows then?—Forgive, or unforgiven
Expect no paſſage at the gate of heav'n.

Kind nature gave, in pity to mankind,
This ſocial virtue to the human mind:
This gives our pleaſures a more eaſy flow,
And helps to blunt the edge of ſmarting woe:
The ſoul's relief, with grief or cares oppreſt,
Is to diſcloſe them to a faithful breaſt;
And then how lovely in a friend appear,
The mournful ſigh and ſympathizing tear!
When changing fortune with propitious ray,
Gilds the brown ev'ning or the ſmiling day;
The pleas'd companion ſhares the welcome tide,
And wrapp'd in joy the happy minutes glide.
Grave authors differ—Men of ſenſe incline
This way or that—Opinions rarely join:
Their thoughts will vary. Why? Becauſe they're free,
But moſt in this and only this agree;
That our chief taſk is ſeldom to offend,
And life's great bleſſing a well-choſen Friend.

The MISTAKEN LOVER.

STREPHON, the ſprightly and the gay,
Lov'd *Celia* freſh and fair as May:
None ſhone ſo brilliant in the mall,
The court, th' aſſembly and the ball;
None bare at *Will*'s the laurel'd prize,
But *Celia* with the killing eyes.
'Twas at the drawing room or play,
(But which our author cannot ſay)
As *Celia* roll'd her eyes around,
This youth receiv'd a mortal wound.

What ſhou'd he do?——"Commence the beau,
"For women oft are caught by ſhow."
The wounded *Strephon* now behold,
Array'd in coat of green and gold,
(Of which we ſomething might advance)
The ſleeve was *a-la-mode de France.*
We leave it here—and haſte to tell,
How ſmartly round his temples fell
The modiſh wig.—Yet we preſume,
More graceful was the ſcarlet plume:
Tho' ſome rude ſoldier (doom'd to bear
The ſouthern and the northern air,
And walk thro' ev'ry kind of weather)
Might jeer at *Strephon*'s ſcarlet feather;
And tell us ſuch ſhou'd ne'er be wore,
Unleſs you fought at *Marſton-moor.*
His perſon finiſh'd, now the care
Is to addreſs and gain the fair:
He purchas'd all the ſongs of note,
And got the lover's cant by rote:
He brib'd her footmen and her maids,
And with his nightly ſerenades
Her vaulted roofs and gardens rung:
For her he ogled, danc'd and ſung;
Was often at her toilet ſeen,
With ſonnets to the *Paphian* queen:
Then at her feet dejected lying,
Praying, weeping, ſighing, dying.
"Was *Celia* kind?" It ſhall be known;
D'ye think our hearts are made of ſtone?

Yes, ſhe was kind, and to proceed,
The writings drawn and friends agreed:
Grave *Hymen*'s ſacred knot was ty'd,
And *Celia* fair commenc'd a bride.
But I ſhall paſs the wedding-day,
Nor ſtay to paint the ladies gay,
Nor ſplendor of the lighted hall,
The feaſt, the fiddles, nor the ball.
A lovely theme;———'Tis true, but then
We'll leave it to a ſofter pen:
Thoſe tranſient joys will fade too ſoon,
We'll therefore ſkip the honey-moon.
'Twas half a year—It might be more,
Since *Celia* brought her ſhining ſtore,
Five thouſand pounds of ſterling clear,
To bleſs the manſion of her dear.
Some tell us wives their beauties loſe,
When they have ſpoil'd their bridal ſhoes:
Some learned caſuiſts make it clear,
A wife might pleaſe for half a year:
And others ſay, her charms will hold
As long as the ſuſpended gold;
But that her bloom is ſoon decay'd
And wither'd, when her fortune's paid.
Now which of theſe was *Celia*'s caſe?
(Tho' all are common to her race)
I ſhall not rack my brains about,
But leave the learn'd to pick it out.
This huſband, whimſical and gay,
Lov'd muſick, maſquerades, and play,

Was one of thoſe moſt happy elves,
That dote upon their charming ſelves:
Who, hating all domeſtick walls,
Fly here and there as fancy calls;
Still in purſuit of ſomething new,
Nor even to their vices true.

Miſtaken *Strephon* finds no more
His *Celia* charming as before:
Her eyes!——Why they have loſt their fire:
The roſes on her cheek expire.
Her ſhape——'tis alter'd ſtrangely, ſure;
Her voice no mortal can endure.

Then to the park where *Claudia* rolls
Her eyes to fiſh for ſhallow ſouls:
Or at the play he muſt appear,
For lovely *Lindamine* is there:
No mortal belle ſo fair as ſhe,
If wretched *Strephon* was but free.

I'th' country he deludes the morn
With *Ringwood* and the hunting horn;
Perhaps may with his deareſt dine,
Then hey! for company and wine;
Wine that wou'd make an hermit gay,
With muſick intermix'd and play.
For tables and for cards they call:
The dice-box rattles in the hall.

Now all are happy, nor give o'er,
Till watches point to number four:
Then ſee the face of dawning day:
Here *Lucy!* "Where's your lady, pray?

" She's gone to reſt.——There let her be,
" Go make the crimſon bed for me."
All this awhile in ſilence paſs'd,
The lady's patience fail'd at laſt.
One morning (ſo the fates decree)
Alone were ſitting he and ſhe:
Not yet arriv'd the roaring band,
Nor rake nor coxcomb was at hand.
This bleſt occaſion pleas'd the fair,
And with a mild and chearful air,
She thus began: " My *Strephon* ſay,
" Why this dejected face to-day?
" Why art thou always croſs and dull,
" Unleſs the noiſy rooms are full?
" Black diſcontent and anger lies
" Cloſe lurking in thy ſullen eyes;
" Thoſe eyes that I with ſorrow ſee
" Diſguſted when they roll on me."
Here ceas'd the greatly injur'd bride,
And *Strephon* with a bluſh reply'd:
" Why, madam, I muſt own that you
" Have merit, (give the devil his due)
" And was the pleaſure of my life,
" Before you wore the name of wife:
" But ma'm, the reaſon was, I find,
" That while a lover I was blind:
" And now the fault is not in me,
" 'Tis only this—that I can ſee."
" I thought you once a Goddeſs trim,
" The Graces dwelt on ev'ry limb:

" But, madam, if you e'er was ſuch,
" Methinks you're alter'd very much:
" As firſt (I beg your pardon tho')
" You hold your head extremely low:
" And tho' your ſhape is not awry,
" Your ſhoulders ſtand prodigious high:
" Your curling hair, I durſt have ſwore,
" Was blacker than the ſable Moor:
" But now I find 'tis only brown,
" A colour common thro' the town:
" 'Tis true, you're mighty fair——But now
" I ſpy a freckle on your brow;
" Your lips I own are red and thin,
" But there's a pimple on your chin:
" Beſides your eyes are gray.———Alack!
" Till now I always thought them black.
" Thus, madam, I the truth have told;
" 'Tis true, I thank you for your gold;
" But find in ſearching of my breaſt,
" That I cou'd part with all the reſt."
He ceas'd—And both were mute awhile,
Till *Celia* anſwer'd with a ſmile:
" Who would have thought, my dear, ſays ſhe,
" That love was blind to this degree;
" But in my turn I'll own it too,
" That I'm as much deceiv'd as you:
" From hence let our example ſhow
" The gay coquette and ſprightly beau,
" That love like theirs will never hold,
" Not tho' 'tis cemented with gold:

" Let all the youths to you repair,
" For counſel—and to me the fair.
" 'Twill help to make our *Strephons* wiſe,
" And ſtop the growth of tender lies:
" And more than *Plato*'s moral page
" Inſtruct the *Celias* of the age.
" But now, my deareſt, as you ſee
" In mutual hatred we agree,
" Methinks 'tis better we retreat,
" Each party to a diſtant ſeat;
" And tho' we value each the other,
" Juſt as one ruſh regards another:
" Yet let us often ſend to hear
" If health attend the abſent dear:
" And tho' each other we would ſhun,
" As debtors do a hateful dun:
" (Nor mind the croſſing of a ſtreet)
" Yet let's be civil when we meet,
" And live in ſhort like courtly friends:"
They part—and thus the ſtory ends.

The WAY of the WORLD.

SOME herbs there are, whoſe deadly juices fill
The heart with venom, and directly kill:
Some operate more ſlowly, but as ſure;
The dart leſs ſudden, but admits no cure.
Yet there's a drug, nor plain nor mountain yields,
Nor *Libya*'s deſarts, nor *Britannia*'s fields,
Deſtructive more than all the baneful kind;
'Tis flatt'ry call'd——the poiſon of the mind:

This, proud Sir *Wealthy* feeds on all the day,
This, *Delia* ſwallows with her ſoft bohea:
To this we owe *Sublimo*'s ſcornful eye,
And *Sylvia*'s cheeks that bluſh with borrow'd dye.
Sublimo once cou'd like his neighbours walk,
Bow to his friends, or with his tenants talk;
Nor had been ſeiz'd with this majeſtick fit,
If ſubtil *Florio* had not prais'd his wit.
Gay *Sylvia* too wou'd now her arts give o'er,
And reſt thoſe eye-balls that muſt ſlay no more;
Nor would that face engroſs her morning's care,
Did not *Philander* tell her ſhe is fair.
Alcidas tells you, with an artful ſmile,
That womens eyes were giv'n them to beguile:
His way is cunning and miſchievous too,
He'll praiſe in others what he finds in you.
You hear delighted, nor perceive the foe;
But drink in flatt'ry e'er you think 'tis ſo.
And when he's run the gay deſcription through,
The ſmart concluſion is apply'd to you:
But turn your back——*Alcidas*, with a grin,
Will vow you're ugly as a footerkin.
How oft you hear from a deſigning knave,
Sir, I'm your ſervant, madam, I'm your ſlave;
Yet if you're bleſt with penetrating eyes,
You'll in his features read the villain lies.
See ſoft *Courtine*, whoſe hat with ſilver bound,
Is ſo obſequious that 'twill kiſs the ground:
Whoſe actions point to ſome unworthy end,
And ne'er was patron, counſellor, or friend:

Whoſe narrow views are to himſelf confin'd,
Yet he's the humble ſlave of all mankind.
'Theſe fawning rogues are irkſome creatures—True,
But then a clown is full as odious too:
The face unpractis'd in the arts of guile,
Need not be ſtretch'd with an eternal ſmile:
Nor yet affect the cynick's awful ſcowl,
Screw'd like the viſage of *Minerva*'s owl;
For ſome reject (and hold it as a rule)
The crab-fac'd ſtudent for the tender fool.
The phraſe unſtudied flows with graceful eaſe,
And careleſs geſture never fails to pleaſe:
The heart inſtructs the features and the tongue;
Let that be right, and theſe will ne'er be wrong.
Aſk *Cynthio*'s judgment in ſome nice affair,
He'll praiſe your conduct with a charming air,
Extol your ſenſe and prudence to the ſkies:
"And ſure ſuch merits were deſign'd to riſe."
His candid eyes can hidden beauties ſee,
Ev'n faults are uſeful, or they ceaſe to be:
And each no-meaning *Cynthio* can explore;
But aſk his friendſhip, and he ſpeaks no more.
But the worſt flatterer that wears a tongue,
Is he whoſe power aggravates the wrong:
To whoſe grand levee crouds of ſuppliants run,
And bow like *Perſians* to the riſing ſun:
Where ſtarv'd dependents linger out their days,
Yet proud to ſhare his ſnuff-box and his praiſe,
Grow ſtiff with ſtanding, and with ſtaring thin,
To watch the dimple on their patron's chin:

Who with a nod can make the wretch believe,
And ſmiles on hunger which he'll ne'er relieve.
Surrounded thick with bus'neſs and with gold,
Yet dreſs'd in ſmiles *Virginius* you behold:
Th' expecting croud around his table ſtand,
You aſk a favour, and he graſps your hand:
Another comes with an obſequious air,
He winks and whiſpers——"Leave it to my care."
Then to the next——"Oh I'll remember you;
"Sir, truſt my honour, you ſhall find me true."
Then bows a third.—"Good ſir, your pardon."—why?
"I ſaw you not.——Forgive my careleſs eye.
"Next Tueſday ſe'nnight, let me ſee you pray,
"Perhaps you'll find it hundreds in your way."
The meagre wight departs with happier ſoul,
Romantick viſions in his boſom roll:
He faſts in rapture, as of late in ſorrow;
For who can eat, that's to be rich to-morrow?
But Tueſday ſee, the joyful day is come;
Now to his patron.——"But he's not at home.
"Alas! But then to-morrow morn will do,
"And I'll be early.——Gentlemen, adieu."
Next day at ſix before the gate appears
The wretch divided by his hopes and fears.
The haughty ſervants meet him with a frown.
I'd ſee his honour.——"But he's not come down;
"Your ſervant, Sir——I'll ſtay then in the hall:—
"But he is ſick and can't be ſpoke withal.—

" I'll wait with patience till another day,
" And for his honour and his health ſhall pray."
At laſt the knight (his fate had order'd ſo)
Was ſeiz'd and boarded by the lurking foe;
And wiſely thinking 'twas in vain to fly,
Smooth'd up his face and with a leering eye
Began. " Oh Mr. what-d'ye-call, is't you?
" I'm glad to ſee you: Yet I'm ſorry too,
" Sure ſome ill ſtars preſided o'er your fate,
" I cou'd have ſerv'd you, but you're come too late."
Yet ſure, there is whoſe honeſt ſoul was made
Too grand a being for the ſoothing trade;
Whoſe wit can neither flatter nor offend,
A gay companion, yet a conſtant friend;
Willing to pleaſe where honeſty may win,
Averſe to ſlander, tho' it were no ſin.
With native manners as with ſenſe endu'd;
Not ſoft as *Cynthio*, nor as *Damon* rude;
Not baſely humble, yet a foe to pride:
Whoſe tongue ne'er promis'd what his heart deny'd.
Whoſe ſatyr charms, nor mirth offends the ear;
Tho' wiſe not froward, juſt but not ſevere;
Not ſway'd by int'reſt, nor in paſſion hurl'd,
But walks a calm ſpectator through the world:
Whoſe breaſt (where no unmanly vapours grow)
Can feel compaſſion for another's woe;
Where courage, mercy, juſtice, candour lie,
And ſhine celeſtial in the ſpeaking eye.
This man is great, whate'er be his degree;
O bleſs him, heav'n, if ſuch a one there be:

May life's beſt comforts on his days attend,
Bleſt in himſelf, and happy in his friend:
Far from his gate fly poverty and woe;
Let not a ſigh his quiet manſion know:
But the fair dome each roving eye allure,
With peace and plenty ſmiling at the door:
Let him ſoft days and happy ev'nings find,
And live ſtill bleſt, and bleſſing all mankind.

STREPHON to *CELIA*.

A modern LOVE-LETTER.

MADAM,

I HOPE you'll think its true,
I deeply am in love with you,
When I aſſure you t'other day,
As I was muſing on my way,
At thought of you I tumbled down
Directly in a deadly ſwoon:
And tho' 'tis true I'm ſomething better,
Yet I can hardly ſpell my letter:
And as the latter you may view,
I hope you'll think the former true.
You need not wonder at my flame,
For you are not a mortal dame:
I ſaw you dropping from the ſkies;
And let dull idiots ſwear your eyes
With love their glowing breaſt inſpire,
I tell you they are flames of fire,

That ſcorch my forehead to a cinder,
And burn my very heart to tinder.
Your breaſt ſo mighty cold, I trow,
Is made of nothing elſe but ſnow:
Your hands (no wonder they have charms)
Are made of iv'ry like your arms.
Your cheeks that look as if they bled,
Are nothing elſe but roſes red.
Your lips are coral very bright,
Your teeth——tho' numbers out of ſpight,
May ſay they're bones——yet 'twill appear
They're rows of pearl exceeding dear.
Now, madam, as the chat goes round,
I hear you have ten thouſand pound:
But that I as a trifle hold,
Give me your perſon, dem your gold;
Yet for your own ſake 'tis ſecur'd,
I hope——your houſes too enſur'd,
I'd have you take a ſpecial care,
And of falſe mortgages beware;
You've wealth enough 'tis true, but yet
You want a friend to manage it.
Now ſuch a friend you ſoon might have,
By fixing on your humble ſlave;
Not that I mind a ſtately houſe,
Or value money of a louſe;
But your five hundred pounds a year,
I wou'd ſecure it for my dear:

Then ſmile upon your ſlave that lies
Half murder'd by your radiant eyes;
Or elſe this very moment dies——

Strephon.

The INSPIRED QUILL.

Occaſioned by a Preſent of CROW-PENS.

TO you, dear madam, I complain,
Where wretches never ſigh in vain;
But always find, if not relief,
At leaſt compaſſion for their grief.
But I ſhou'd make my woes appear,
Before I claim a gentle tear;
My tale is ſomething odd, 'tis true;
Yet ſure 'twill credit find with you.
The ſage *Pythagoras*, you know,
Aſſerted many years ago,
That when or man or woman dies,
The ſoul to ſome new manſion flies.
If ſo, *Belinda*, now ſo fair,
May range the woods a ſullen bear:
Likewiſe the courtly *Bellamour*,
The lady's darling to be ſure:
Tho' he in ſparkling laces glow,
The pattern of a perfect beau;
When he puts off the human ſhape,
May ſtrut a monkey or an ape.
For me who now to you indite,
Whoſe talent chiefly is to write;

What form it was I do not know,
I wore two thouſand years ago:
The being that I firſt remember,
Was on a morning of *December*;
But not *December* laſt (I ween)
No——many years have paſt between;
I found myſelf a wealthy ſquire,
And ſeated by a parlour fire,
A fine eſtate of mellow ground,
In caſh full thirty thouſand pound,
Two hundred oxen in a ſtall,
And ten lean ſervants at my call,
An antient houſe well built but low,
Behind of oaks an ample row,
A court before without much ſtate,
And three gaunt maſtiffs at the gate;
All theſe I had——a happy knave
As you may think——but with your leave
A wretched uſurer was I,
With haggard jaws and eager eye,
That ſtarv'd amidſt unwieldy ſtore,
And loſt my life in ſearch of more.
This *Pluto* ſaw, and bid me go
Into the carcaſe of a beau,
To taſte of pleaſure and of pains,
With ſlender purſe and ſhallow brains.
My wig behind was ſmartly ty'd,
My ſilver box with ſnuff ſupply'd:
On books I ſeldom lov'd to pore,
But ſung and danc'd, and aptly ſwore;

Where-e'er I came the ladies ſmil'd;
This call'd me pug—and t'other child:
To pleaſe and to addreſs the fair,
Was all my buſ'neſs and my care;
But now my gold began to fly,
And ſure deſtruction hover'd nigh:
At laſt to *Limbo* was I led,
From whence the ſtruggling ſpirit fled.

Almeria's lap-dog next I grew,
And wore a coat of gloſſy hue,
Careſs'd and courted ev'ry day,
At ev'ning by her ſide I lay:
Her ſmiles were always bent on me
(The happieſt days that e'er I ſee)
But, oh, as by a river ſide,
I walk'd along with ſhort-liv'd pride,
A cruel foot-boy threw me in,
And laugh'd as tho' it was no ſin.

Once more to gain a human face,
I ſtepp'd into a lawyer's caſe:
This ſtation pleas'd me wond'rous well,
And in a trice I learn'd to ſpell,
Cou'd read old *Coke* with prying eyes,
Explain, diſtinguiſh, and adviſe,
Talk *Latin* to a good degree;
As *admittendo cuſtode*,
Eject, *extendi*: and my fee:
'Tis true I ſcorn'd to rob or kill,
But not to cheat or forge a will:
In jointures I cou'd ſplit a hair,
And make it turn againſt the heir:

I ſpar'd no widow for her tears,
No orphan for his tender years:
My maxim was——Get money, man,
Get money, where and how you can:
Thus thro' the ſtate of life I run,
(For, ah! my race was quickly done)
And ſtill preſerv'd my ears and noſe,
In ſpite of venial ſins like thoſe.
My next diſguiſe too well you know,
Degraded to a ſimple crow;
Both cold and hunger doom'd to bear,
And hover in the limpid air,
Till on a day a ſpiteful hind,
With dreadful arms and bloody mind,
Vow'd quick deſtruction to my head:
And in a moment ſhot me dead:
Then ſet my ghaſtly corſe on high
To fright my fellows from his rye.
I now grew out of *Pluto*'s favour,
Who grumbled at my late behaviour;
And vow'd (when thus his ſentence ran)
I ſhou'd no more appear as man;
But that he wou'd confine me ſtill
Within the compaſs of a quill.
My fate is hard, as you may gueſs,
Yet I cou'd bear it ne'er-the-leſs,
Wou'd you or fortune be ſo kind
To comfort an afflicted mind,
And take me from the hated cell,
Where yeſterday you bid me dwell:

For oh, I gueſs——nay more, I know it,
That my new miſtreſs is a poet;
Then how ſhall I, who ſtill inherit
A tincture of the lawyer's ſpirit;
How ſhall I bear from time to time
To ſcrawl unprofitable rhyme?
To live for years and ne'er behold
The preſence of enchanting gold,
Yet ſcribble on——Beſides, alack,
I fear ſhe'll quickly break my back.
Then ſince my pedigree you know,
(Dear madam) ah, ſome pity ſhow,
And recommend me to a place;
For ſure there's mercy in your face.
To ſome attorney let me go,
For there my talents ſuit you know;
Heroicks I ſhall write but ill;
But I'm a doctor at a bill,
At flights of fancy very dull;
But well can form receipts at full.
The favour that I aſk of you,
(Have pity when the wretched ſue)
Is your good word, or what is better,
A recommendatory letter.
And if I'm happy in your grace,
I think I need not doubt a place.

On Mr. *POPE*'s UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

AH thou! whom nature and thy ſtars deſign'd,
At once the joy and envy of mankind,
To thy lov'd memory this ſigh I ſend;
To thee a ſtranger, to thy lines a friend:
How bleſt the Muſe cou'd ſhe like thine aſpire,
So ſmooth her accent, and ſublime her fire;
With bright deſcription make the boſom glow,
Charm like thy ſenſe, and like thy numbers flow:
O teach my ſoul to reach the ſeats divine,
And praiſe her Maker in a ſtrain like thine.
Ye careleſs ones, who never thought before,
Read this grand verſe, then tremble and adore:
Let ſtern enthuſiaſts here be taught to know
'Tis from the heart true piety muſt flow.
Here hope, content, and ſmiling mercy ſhine;
And breathe celeſtial thro' the ſpeaking line:
From the ſtill mind its guilty paſſions roll,
And dawning grace awakes the fervent ſoul.
Let angry zealots quarrel for a name,
The good, the juſt, the virtuous are the ſame:
Virtue and grace are not to ſects confin'd;
They blend with all, and ſpread amongſt the kind;
And the pure flame that warms the pious breaſt,
Thoſe cannot merit who condemn the reſt.

To the dark nations when religion came,
All dreſt in ſmiles they ſaw the heav'nly dame;
Till ſome ſtern teachers, of their office proud,
Choſe not to ſoften but affright the croud:
With gloomy terrors fill'd the duſky age,
And veil'd her beauties in the maſk of rage:
Then bid the hand-maids of perdition riſe,
Black Cruelty with fierce and flaming eyes;
Diſtraction ravag'd on the publick weal,
And Perſecution wore the robe of zeal:
Deluded Faith eſpous'd the ſtronger ſide,
And conquer'd Juſtice gave her ſword to Pride.
This ſaw the ſurly diſcontented mind,
By nature haughty, and to vice inclin'd:
And thence concluded all their ſyſtems vain,
The cant of ſchools, and phrenſy of the brain:
From hence the ſect of Libertines aroſe,
Who ſcorn what reaſon or the prieſts impoſe:
Who give to chance the worlds that round us roll,
And tear from man his ever-conſcious ſoul.
But thou whoſe name (immortal as thy rhymes)
Shall live and brighten through ſucceeding times:
(Whoſe lines can wit and virtue both inſpire,
Whom future ages ſhall like me admire)
Teach me between the two extremes to glide,
Not brave the ſtream, nor ſwim with ev'ry tide:
But more with charity than zeal poſſeſt,
Keep my own faith, yet not condemn the reſt.

The *LIBYAN* HUNTER.

A FABLE.

Inſcribed to the MEMORY *of a late admired* AUTHOR.

WHEN merit riſes like the prince of day,
Pale envy turns her aking eyes away;
Then ſallow cheeks with rage are taught to glow,
And narrow ſouls to bloated furies grow.
Old ſtory tell us, on an earthly plain
Once *Jove* deſcended wrapp'd in golden rain:
Now fate permits no ſuch familiar powers,
But ſhoals of criticks fall in leaden ſhowers:
Theſe gaze at wit, as owls behold the ſun,
And curſe the luſtre which they fain wou'd ſhun;
Theſe beaſts of prey no living worth endure,
Nor are the regions of the dead ſecure;
Yet ſhall the worthy o'er their ſpite prevail;
Here lies the moral——follows next the tale.
Once on a time on *Libya*'s thirſty land,
Where ſhowers ſeldom wet the burning ſand,
Liv'd happy *Sylvius* as the morning gay,
A well-known fav'rite of the prince of day;
Whoſe hand, unerring, to the mark in view,
Sent the ſwift arrow from the twanging yew:
The trembling panthers from his fury fly,
When the keen jav'lin hiſs'd along the ſky;

Fierce were his eyes, and dazzling as the ſun;
His raven locks in mazy ringlets run;
A well-ſtor'd quiver at his back was ty'd,
A ſhining ſpear his better hand ſupply'd:
Thus rudely charming, he was ſure to pleaſe
With graceful negligence and careleſs eaſe:
He breath'd ſoft muſick from his tuneful tongue,
And the wild tiger liſten'd to his ſong:
The woodland nymphs their duſky ſhades forego,
And the blue *Naiads* left the deeps below:
None guard the flocks, nor hunt the flying prey,
Till he had finiſh'd the enchanting lay:
Then ſylvan dames with wreaths of laurel bound
His chearful temples, and with roſes crown'd.
But grudging envy heard the juſt applauſe,
And the pale phantom writh'd her hagard jaws;
Now ſwell'd the boſoms of repining ſwains,
And hiſſing ſcandals flew acroſs the plains.
At length his fame the wond'ring ſky invades,
And reach'd the Muſes in their ſacred ſhades;
Thalia view'd him with an envious eye,
And thus addreſs'd her partners of the ſky:
" Ye tuneful maids, give o'er the labour'd ſong,
" Small are the praiſes to our ſhare belong;
" Look down and ſee on yonder ſultry plain,
" Our voices equall'd by a *Libyan* ſwain;
" Give o'er the lay, ye too officious fair,
" Lay down the lyre and fruitleſs hymns forbear,
" Nor hope to charm the partial prince of day,
" While heav'nly accents breathe from mortal clay:

" In vain we keep our radiant ſeats on high,
" If rural ſwains ſhall with our muſic vie:"
She ſaid; and rage poſſeſt the beauteous ring,
Some curſe the youth, and ſome their partial king.
The dame who ſaw th' infectious murmurs run,
Roll'd her blue eyes, and thus afreſh begun:
" No more the bays ſhall to our ſhare belong,
" Nor charm'd celeſtials ſhall attend our ſong:
" But all to *Sylvius* ſhall their off'rings pay;
" To *Sylvius* favour'd by the prince of day.
" Shall he exceed the Muſes ſacred choir?
" Not while revenge ſhall injur'd boſoms fire.
" But ſee, my ſiſters: On the plains below
" Swift *Cynthia*'s hounds purſue the flying doe:
" Be mine the taſk to bear a fraudful tale,
" To the ſwift hunters in the *Libyan* vale:
" That *Cynthia*'s herds in vain from *Sylvius* fly;
" His darts purſue them, and the victims die:
" So *Delia*'s rage ſhall ſtop his tuneful tongue,
" And we no more ſhall dread the rival ſong."
Here ceas'd the dame——the ſmiling ſiſters join
Their loud applauſes to her fly deſign.

Now had the ſun withdrawn his piercing eye,
And night aſſum'd the empire of the ſky:
Lull'd in her lap repoſing nature lay,
And ſwains forgot the labours of the day:
The winds were huſh'd, the ocean ceas'd to roar,
And ſoftly murmur'd by the ſandy ſhore,
When from *Parnaſſus* flew the envious maid,
To ſeek the huntreſs of the lonely ſhade:

The fierce Virago on a verdant plain
She found encircled by her ſleeping train;
Where a cool river bleſt the fertile ground,
Its bank with trees and bending oſiers crown'd:
Beneath a ſhade the lovely *Dian* ſtood
With down-caſt eyes, and view'd the rolling flood;
Whoſe waves were bright with the reflected beams
Of her own orb that ſparkled on the ſtreams.
" Hail, *Delia*, hail, (began the artful dame)
" Lives there a wretch who owns not *Delia*'s name?
" Lives there a ſlave whoſe daring hand defies
" The awful empreſs of the nightly ſkies?
" Yes, haughty *Sylvius* triumphs o'er the plain,
" Tho' thy choice herds are by his arrows ſlain;
" The frighted fauns his wanton rage wou'd fly,
" But the keen dart o'ertakes them, and they die.
" His ſhining ſpear arreſts the trembling doe,
" And groaning ſtags the deadly weapon know:
" But if fair *Delia* to the *Libyan* ſwain
" Reſigns the freedom of her ſacred plain,
" Let none diſpute the licence of her will,
" And I retire to our tuneful hill."
With fluſhing features and diſorder'd charms
The angry Goddeſs ſeiz'd her deathful arms;
" Shall man with me diſpute the plain (ſhe cries
While kindling rage inflam'd her rolling eyes)
" This hand ſhall well revenge my ſlaughter'd deer:"
She ſaid; and furious graſp'd the dreadful ſpear,
And o'er her ſhoulder flung the ſhining bow,
Then breathing vengeance ſought her guiltleſs foe.

The youth beneath a duſky ſhade ſhe found;
Thoughtleſs of ill and ſleeping on the ground;
A deadly ſhaft deluded *Cynthia* drew,
And to his heart the feather'd vengeance flew;
The reaking blood came bubbling through the wound,
Pour'd o'er his boſom and diſtain'd the ground;
Then the freed ſpirit took her airy way,
To fields of pleaſure and of endleſs day.

The red-cheek'd morning had now chas'd away
Night's ſable curtain—and the dawning day
Call'd forth abroad the truſty bands—Again
To chaſe the tiger o'er the deſart plain;
To ſearch the caves where kingly lions roar,
And from thick ſhades diſlodge the briſtled boar:
Sylvius they want, for him they ſearch, they call,
They ſearch the ſhades where chryſtal waters fall,
His wonted haunts: then ev'ry voice they try:
In vain they call, for none, alas! reply:
Hear, *Sylvius*, hear, they cry; and all around,
Hear, *Sylvius*, hear, the hollow rocks reſound.
At length a crew, the baſeſt of the plain,
Approach'd the covert of the ſlaughter'd ſwain:
Glad they beheld him breathleſs on the ground,
And gaz'd with rapture on the purple wound,
When one began—Now bleſs the friendly hand,
That ſwept off *Sylvius* from the gazing land:
Behold the day ſo oft by us deſir'd,
Here lies the ſwain whom lately all admir'd.

This *Phœbus* ſaw, as from his blazing wheels,
With his broad eye he view'd the glitt'ring fields.

Beheld the youth whom he had taught to throw
The feather'd arrow from the bounding bow,
Beheld his *Sylvius*, to whoſe artful tongue
He taught the numbers of enchanting ſong,
Now cold and breathleſs on the dewy plain,
And his worſt foes inſulting o'er the ſlain:
Then rag'd the God that wears the ſilver bow,
And his broad eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Swift he deſcended in a burning ray,
His beamy locks declare the prince of day,
And flaſhing glories round his temples play.
Each on his face the trembling victims fall,
Their ſtammering tongues wou'd fain for mercy call;
But as all grov'ling on the duſt they lie,
His ſhafts diſpatch them to the darker ſky:
Learn hence (he cry'd) ye impious men, to know,
And dread the pow'r that wears the mortal bow:
For while I rule the blazing throne of day,
None wrong my ſervants but ſhall find their pay;
He ſaid—and rais'd his fav'rite from the ground,
Then ſmil'd the features: and the gaping wound
Was ſeen no more. The glowing cheeks revive,
Shake off the ſtamp of death, and ſeem alive;
Inſtead of cypreſs and a mournful ſhroud,
Apollo wrapp'd him in a golden cloud,
And bore him thence: but where, there's none can ſay,
Unleſs to his own regions of the day.
And from the ground where *Sylvius* late was ſeen,
Where the warm gore had ſtain'd the thirſty green;
A pleaſing tree aroſe with ſlender ſtems,
That breath'd *Ambroſia* from its op'ning gems:

Thoſe op'ning gems the virgins us'd to wear
On their fair boſoms, and their ſhining hair:
Now the gay ſhrub each happy climate knows,
By all admir'd, and it is call'd the Roſe.

The TEMPLE of LOVE,

A DREAM.

WHEN lonely night compos'd the drowſy mind,
And huſh'd the boſom of the weary hind,
Pleas'd with plain nature and with ſimple life,
I read the ſcenes of *Shore*'s deluded wife,
Till my faint ſpirits ſought the ſilent bed,
And on its pillow dropp'd my aking head;
Then fancy ever to her *Mira* kind,
Prepar'd her phantoms for the roving mind.
Behold a fabrick riſing from the ground,
To the ſoft timbrel and the cittern's ſound:
Corinthian pillars the vaſt building hold,
Of poliſh'd ſilver and *Peruvian* gold;
In four broad arches ſpread the ſhining doors,
The blazing roofs enlighten all the floors:
Beneath a ſparkling canopy that ſhone
With *Perſian* jewels, like a morning ſun
Wrapp'd in a robe of pureſt *Tyrian* dye,
Cythera's image met the raviſh'd eye,
Whoſe glowing features would in paint beguile:
So well the artiſt drew her mimick ſmile;
Her ſhining eyes confeſs'd a ſprightly joy;
Upon her knees reclin'd her wanton boy;

On the bright walls around her and above,
Were drawn the ſtatutes and the arts of love:
Theſe taught the ſilent language of the eye,
The broken whiſper, and amuſing lye;
The careleſs glance peculiar to the fair,
And vows of lovers that diſſolve in air;
The graceful anger, and the rolling eyes;
The practis'd bluſh, and counterfeit ſurpriſe,
The language proper for pretending ſwains;
And fine deſcription for imagin'd pains;
The friendly caution, and deſigning eaſe,
And all the arts that ruin while they pleaſe.
Now enter'd, follow'd by a ſplendid train,
A blooming damſel and a wealthy ſwain;
The gaudy youth in ſhining robes array'd,
Behind him follow'd the unthinking maid:
Youth in her cheek like op'ning roſes ſprung,
Her careleſs treſſes on her ſhoulders hung.
Her ſmiles were chearful as enliv'ning *May*;
Her dreſs was careleſs, and her eyes were gay;
Then to ſoft voices and melodious ſound
The board was ſpread, the ſparkling glaſſes crown'd:
The ſprightly virgin in a moment ſhines
In the gay product of the eaſtern mines;
Then Pride comes in with patches for the fair,
And ſpicy odours for her curling hair:
Rude Riot in a crimſon veſt array'd,
With ſmooth-fac'd Flatt'ry like a chamber-maid:
Soft Pomp and Pleaſure at her elbow ſtand,
And Folly ſhakes the rattles in her hand.

But now her feeble ſtructure ſeem'd to ſhake,
Its baſis trembled and its pillars quake;
Then ruſh'd Suſpicion through the lofty gate,
With heart-ſick loathing led by ghaſtly Hate;
And foaming Rage, to cloſe the horrid band,
With a drawn poniard in her ſhaking hand.
Now like an earthquake ſhook the reeling frame,
The lamps extinguiſh in a purple flame:
One univerſal groan was heard, and then
The cries of women and the voice of men:
Some roar out vengeance, ſome for mercy call;
And ſhrieks and tumult fill the dreadful hall.
At length the ſpectres vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Again the lamps reſum'd a feeble light;
But chang'd the place: no ſplendor there was ſhown,
But gloomy walls that mirth had never known;
For the gay dome where pleaſure us'd to dwell,
Appear'd an abbey and a doleful cell;
And here the ſad, the ruin'd nymph was found,
Her robe diſorder'd and her locks unbound,
While from her eyes the pearly drops of woe,
Waſh'd her pale cheek where roſes us'd to blow:
Her blue and trembling lips prepar'd to breathe
The ſighs that made her ſwelling boſom heave;
Thus ſtupid with her grief ſhe ſat and preſt
Her lily hands acroſs her penſive breaſt;
A group of ghaſtly phantoms ſtood behind,
Whoſe taſk it is to rack the guilty mind:
Wide-mouth'd Reproach with viſage rude and thin,
And hiſſing Scandal made a hideous din;

Remorſe that darted from her deadly wings,
Invenom'd arrows and a thouſand ſtings:
Then with pale cheeks and with a ghaſtly ſtare,
Peep'd o'er her ſhoulder hollow-ey'd Deſpair;
Whoſe hand extended bore a bleeding heart,
And Death behind her ſhook his threat'ning dart:
Theſe forms with horror fill'd my aking breaſt,
And from my eye-lids drove the balm of reſt:
I woke and found old night her courſe had run,
And left her empire to the riſing ſun.

ADVICE to *MYRTILLO*.

SINCE you, *Myrtillo*, will devote your time
To the lean ſtudy of deluſive rhyme;
Since you're content to ſlumber out your days,
To dream of dinners, but to feed on praiſe;
Receive this counſel, e'er your flights begin,
From one long practis'd in the darling ſin.

Now fame's broad ocean lies before your way;
Yet, friend, be careful; 'tis a dang'rous ſea:
Where (tho' ſome few may reach the happy land)
Are numbers wreck'd upon the treach'rous ſand:
Then guard your ſpirits, as you prize your eaſe,
Nor once indulge them in a thirſt of praiſe;
For fame, like fortune, (proud, yet wanton too)
Is pleas'd to fly and make the wretch purſue;
Frowns on her ſlaves, but to the careleſs mind
That ſlights her favours ſhe is always kind.

Would you the ladies ſhou'd approve your ſong?
Paint *Sylvia*'s eyes, or praiſe *Clarinda*'s tongue;

Deſcribe the charms of *Cloe*'s ſprightly air,
Or blooming *Daphne* more divinely fair;
Or *Venus*' ſon that hurls the flaming dart,
And tag each ſtanza with a bleeding heart:
Tell them of rocks where tears eternal flow,
Diſſolv'd to fountains by a lover's woe:
Of icy boſoms that in ſummer freeze,
And ſighs much ſtronger than a ſouthern breeze.
Perhaps the fair, whom for a theme you chooſe,
Muſt owe her beauties to your ſkilful Muſe:
Has erring nature rais'd her noſe too high,
Sunk down her cheeks, or drawn her lips awry?
No matter how the twiſted features ſtand,
They'll grow divine beneath a poet's hand:
Though her dim eye-balls roll within her head,
Like two gray bullets in a verge of red;
You, like *Prometheus*, muſt their rays inſpire,
And fill their orbs with more than mortal fire.
Do you the levee of his grace attend,
And (like moſt poets) ſhould you want a friend,
Make not his worth the meaſure of your ſong;
But learn his humour, and you can't be wrong:
Perhaps this maxim may offend the wiſe;
But you muſt flatter, if you mean to riſe:
Obſerve what paſſions in his boſom roll,
And watch the ſecret motions of his ſoul:
Mind what falſe guard has left a breach within,
For ſome choice folly, or ſome darling ſin:
Theſe you muſt hide—but draw his virtues nigh,
Leſt the rude picture ſhock the gazing eye.

The Herald's Office you muſt ſearch with care;
And look you find no pimps nor taylors there:
Bring none to light but honourable knaves;
Shut up the peaſants in their mouldy graves:
If knights are wanting in the duſky breed,
Arthur's round table will ſupply your need.
No more—for I (as many teachers do)
Shew my own folly by inſtructing you;
And you perhaps diſdain my wholſome rules;
So ſaucy pupils count their maſters fools:
But ſhou'd your pride the common track refuſe,
You'll find ſmall penſions for your haughty Muſe:
Still you may ſcribble on; and in the end
Be juſt as rich as——Sir, your humble friend.

The SACRIFICE.

An EPISTLE to *CELIA*.

IF you, dear *Celia*, cannot bear
The low delights that others ſhare:
If nothing will your palate fit
But learning, eloquence, and wit,
Why you may ſit alone (I ween)
Till you're devoured with the ſpleen:
But if variety can pleaſe
With humble ſcenes and careleſs eaſe;
If ſmiles can baniſh melancholy,
Or whimſy with its parent folly;

If any joy in theſe there be,
I dare invite you down to me.
You know theſe little roofs of mine
Are always ſacred to the Nine;
This day we make a ſacrifice
To the *Parnaſſian* deities,
Which I am order'd by *Apollo*
To ſhew you in the words that follow.
As firſt we purge the hallow'd room,
With ſoft utenſil call'd a broom;
And next for you a throne prepare,
Which vulgar mortals call a chair:
While zephyrs from an engine blow,
And bid the ſparkling cinders glow;
Then gather round the mounting flames,
The prieſteſs and aſſembled dames,
While ſome inferior maid ſhall bring
Clear water from the bubbling ſpring:
Shut up in vaſe of ſable dye,
Secure from each unhallow'd eye.
Fine wheaten bread you next behold,
Like that which *Homer* ſings of old,
And by ſome unpolluted fair
It muſt be ſcorch'd with wond'rous care:
So far 'tis done: and now behold
The ſacred veſſels——not of gold:
Of poliſh'd earth muſt they be form'd,
With painting curiouſly adorn'd.
Theſe rites are paſt: and now muſt follow
The grand libation to *Apollo*,

Of juices drawn from magick weeds,
And pith of certain *Indian* reeds.
For flow'r of milk the prieſteſs calls,
Her voice re-echoes from the walls;
With her's the ſiſter voices blend,
And with the od'rous ſteam aſcend:
Each fair one now a Sibyl grows,
And ev'ry cheek with ardour glows,
And (tho' not quite beſide their wits)
Are ſeiz'd with deep prophetick fits.
Some by myſterious figures ſhow
That *Celia* loves a ſhallow beau;
And ſome by ſigns and hints declare,
That *Damon* will not wed *Ziphair*:
Their neighbours fortunes each can tell,
So potent is the mighty ſpell.
This is the feaſt, and this, my friend,
Are you commanded to attend:
Yes, at your peril: but adieu,
I've tired both myſelf and you.

The POWER of BEAUTY.

O GODDESS of eternal ſmiles,
Bright *Cythera* the fair,
Who taught *Sabina*'s pleaſing wiles
By which ſhe won *Bellair*.

Bellair, the witty and the vain,
Who laugh'd at beauty's pow'r;
But now the conquer'd humble ſwain
Adores a painted flow'r.

With *Delia*'s art my ſong inſpire,
Whoſe lips of roſy hue
Can ne'er the partial audience tire,
Tho' wiſer *Claudia*'s do.

Tho' *Claudia*'s wit and ſenſe refin'd
Flows eaſy from her tongue;
Her ſoul but coarſly is enſhrin'd,
So *Claudia*'s in the wrong.

Hark, *Delia* ſpeaks——that blooming fair,
See crouds are gathering round
With open mouths; and wildly ſtare
To catch the empty ſound.

See *Lelia* with a judgment clear,
With manly wiſdom bleſt;
Wit, learning, prudence, all appear
In that unruffled breaſt.

But yet no beau for *Lelia* dies,
No ſonnets pave her way;
Say, Muſe, from whence theſe evils riſe——
Why, *Lelia*'s teeth decay.

Then, why do rev'rend ſages rail
At woman's wanton pride?
If wiſdom, wit, and prudence fail,
Let meaner arts be try'd.

Thoſe arts to pleaſe are only meant;
But with an angry frown,
The Queen of Wiſdom lately ſent
This proclamation down:

Minerva, with the azure eyes,——
And thus the ſtatute runs,
" If you wou'd have your daughters wiſe,
Take care to mend your ſons."

JOB's CURSE, and his APPEAL.

Taken out of Job, *Chap.* i, *and* xxxi.

LET not that day in circling moments run,
When firſt theſe eyes beheld the odious ſun:
Let his gay beams forſake the mourning fields,
And ſtarting backward roll his flaming wheels;
Let ſulphurous hail deſcend in baneful ſhow'rs,
And horrid darkneſs mix the jumbling hours;
Let trembling mortals gaze in vain for light,
Curs'd be the day, and doubly curs'd the night:
Thou my great judge theſe imprecations hear,
And rend her minutes from the rolling year;
To the ſad ſkies be every ſtar denyd;
While ſcorching plagues on quivering meteors ride;

Let the black air no melting muſick know,
But ring with horror and complaints of woe;
Thro' the grim ſhade let griſly terrors run,
And weeping ſorrows that abhor the ſun;
Let pale-ey'd ſpectres burſt their yawning tombs,
And dreadful echoes ſhake the hideous gloom;
The low'ring eaſt pour down a laſting ſtorm;
Nor thro' her gates admit the ſtruggling morn;
Let the dark hours no lively breaking ſee,
Becauſe they gave theſe ceaſeleſs tears to me.
As others have, alas! why could not I
Yield my ſhort being, and an infant die?
Why was a mother's care indulg'd to me?
And why ſupported on her friendly knee?
Why did I in her tender boſom grow
A foſter'd ſubject of impending woe?
Did friendly death my marble limbs enchain,
This bleeding heart would know no ſmarting pain;
Then laſting ſleep would ſeal my ſhaded eyes,
Where frozen pride and conquer'd vengeance lies;
There weary ſlaves forgotten reſt may find,
And injur'd orphans leave their tears behind;
Tyrannick rage muſt in the grave ſubſide,
Where ſtarving wretches find their wants ſupply'd,
Thrice happy reſt, O why to me deny'd!
Life ſtill will hover round deſpairing ſlaves,
Who ſlight her favours, and would court their graves;
Death gliding by us, ſhews his grizly charms;
But the coy phantom mocks our reaching arms.
He flies the dungeons of intreating woe,
And ſtrikes the proſp'rous with unwelcome blow:

To blooming youth his partial arrows fly,
O'er wither'd mendicants, that vainly try
To meet the fatal ſhaft, and only wiſh to die.
When darkneſs ſits black regent of the ſkies,
And round my bed redoubled horrors riſe,
Till night grows hideous with my conſtant cries;
My tortur'd limbs with ceaſeleſs pangs are torn,
But yet I live to ſee returning morn:
The piercing ſun thruſts in a ſpiteful ray,
To wound my eyelids with unwelcome day.
Tyrannick death, whom trembling mortals flee,
The prince of ills to ev'ry wetch but me,
Plays with the torments of my ſtruggling heart,
And o'er my boſom ſhakes his ling'ring dart.
O! ſacred Judge, when will thy wrath be done?
Why do I live to ſcare the wond'ring ſun?
Let not thy mercy ſpare my wounded clay,
But ſtrike and ſweep me from offenſive day.
My heart is vexed with conſuming fears,
And nouriſh'd only with continual tears;
Cloſe at my heels purſue a meagre train
Of pining Sickneſs, and diſtorting Pain,
Pale-ey'd Confuſion with diſhevel'd hair,
And wild Impatience leading on Deſpair.
Did I with crimes profane my days of reſt?
Did e'er preſumption ſwell my riſing breaſt?
Did guilty flame my tainted ſoul ſurpriſe?
Or ſnares of beauty catch my wand'ring eyes?
If e'er injuſtice ſwell'd my ſpreading lands,
If e'er oppreſſion ſtain'd my guiltleſs hands;

Then let my God his flaming vengeance throw,
Renew my plagues, and double ev'ry woe.
Did e'er my ſervants of their lord complain?
Did humble rhetorick e'er plead in vain?
In vain to me did helpleſs widows cry?
Or at my gate neglected orphans lie?
No; their glad eyes my plenteous table knew,
And with my own the foſter'd infants grew.
Were e'er my portals barr'd againſt the poor?
Did not the ſtranger bleſs my friendly door?
Tho' cold and hungry in my courts he mourn'd,
Joyful and full the ſmiling wretch return'd.
When ev'ry good obey'd my lordly will,
Did I by fraud my glitt'ring coffers fill?
Did I by fraud increaſe the tempting ſtore?
Or dote too fondly on the ſhining ore?
Did reſtleſs envy in my boſom roll?
Or lurking malice blot my tainted ſoul?
No—this fond heart has bled for diſtant woe,
And learn'd compaſſion for a ſinking foe.
Did e'er my ſoul from its Creator run
To painted idols, or the beaming ſun?
Or to the moon my wav'ring ſenſes yield,
When her pale rays adorn'd the gliſt'ring field?
Yet ſtay, preſumptuous wretch, nor urge too far
Thy doubtful ſentence at the dreadful bar:
What melting rhet'rick, or what potent friend,
At heav'n's tribunal ſhall thy cauſe defend?
Where ſmother'd evils, hid from mortal eye,
Mature and open to Omniſcience lie.

WINTER.

WHAT pictures now ſhall wanton fancy bring?
Or how the Muſe to *Artemiſia* ſing?
Now ſhiv'ring nature mourns her raviſh'd charms,
And ſinks ſupine in winter's frozens arms.
No gaudy banks delight the raviſh'd eye,
But northern breezes whiſtle thro' the ſky.
No joyful choirs hail the riſing day,
But the froze chryſtal wraps the leafleſs ſpray:
Brown look the meadows that were late ſo fine,
And cap'd with ice the diſtant mountains ſhine;
The ſilent linnet views the gloomy ſky,
Sculks to his hawthorn, nor attempts to fly:
Then heavy clouds ſend down the feather'd ſnow;
Through naked trees the hollow tempeſts blow;
The ſhepherd ſighs, but not his ſighs prevail;
To the ſoft ſnow ſucceeds the ruſhing hail;
And theſe white proſpects ſoon reſign their room
To melting ſhowers or unpleaſing gloom;
The nymphs and ſwains their aking fingers blow,
Shun the cold rains, and bleſs the kinder ſnow;
While the faint travellers around them ſee,
Here ſeas of mud, and there a leafleſs tree:
No budding leaves, no honey-ſuckles gay,
No yellow crow-foots paint the dirty way;
The lark ſits mournful as afraid to riſe,
And the ſad finch his ſofter ſong denies.
Poor daggled *Urs'la* ſtalks from cow to cow,
Who to her ſighs return a mournful low;

While their full udders her broad hands aſſail,
And her ſharp noſe hangs dropping o'er the pail.
With garments trickling like a ſhallow ſpring,
And his wet locks all twiſted in a ſtring,
Afflicted *Cymon* waddles thro' the mire,
And rails at *Win'fred* creeping o'er the fire.
Say, gentle Muſes, ſay, is this a time
To ſport with poeſy and laugh in rhyme?
While the chill'd blood, that hath forgot to glide,
Steals thro' its channels in a lazy tide:
And how can *Phœbus*, who the Muſe refines,
Smooth the dull numbers when he ſeldom ſhines?

To a Gentleman with a Manuſcript Play.

AS ſome grave matron bred on rural downs,
Who at the mention of a top-knot frowns,
And the proud minxes of the market-towns;
Whoſe humble ſenſes are not much refin'd,
But us'd to labour with a chearful mind;
Clad in plain coif and gown of ruſſet hue,
With home-ſpun apron of a decent blue;
From the white curds extracts the greener whey,
Nor dreams of faſhion, poetry, or play;
From wicked verſe averts her cautious eyes,
And wonders people can delight in lies:
At length her landlord, the right noble 'ſquire,
Takes her young daughter at her own deſire;
Prefers the damſel to attend his ſpouſe,
And ſhe with joy reſigns her brindled cows:

For *London* now prepares the ſmiling dame,
While her ſad mother trembles at the name:
But O! what griefs attend the parting leave,
No muſe can paint them, nor no heart conceive:
In vain her ſpouſe or friendly neighbour tries,
To quell the ſorrows in her ſtreaming eyes:
Roſſell ſhe fears will ſlight her *Jerſey* gown,
And wear white aprons in the ſinful town;
On the pure ghoſt of *Win'fred* then ſhe calls,
To guard her child within its guilty walls.
So this rude babe I to your mercy yield,
Rough as the ſoil of ſome untillag'd field:
Can nature pleaſe?——Not till ſhe's well refin'd,
Reforming art ſhould follow cloſe behind;
But that proud dame with me diſdains to dwell,
And far ſhe flies—Ah far from *Mira*'s cell.
What then remains? What hope for me or mine,
But the kind ſilence of forgetful time?
To ſave us from the ſly buffooning leer,
The ſpiteful grimace, and the ſcornful ſneer;
The threat'ning critic with his dreadful rules,
The wit's keen ſatire, and the burſt of fools.
The wretched villain pinion'd up on high,
Two hours pendent 'twixt the earth and ſky,
With eggs and turnips whirling round his pate,
Is but an emblem of an author's fate.
A dread example to the rhyming fry,
So poets tell me, but I hope they lye:
The world's good-natur'd, if it is not croſt,
But wits are often ſaucy to their coſt.

Tho' unaſſur'd, yet not in deep deſpair,
I truſt this infant to its patron's care:
Ah let your roofs the ſimple vagrant ſhield,
I aſk no more than charity may yield,
Some little corner in the friendly dome,
(Leſt the looſe varlet be induc'd to roam)
Where the cold ſtorms may hover round in vain,
The chilling ſnow or penetrating rain;
Where the fierce rat (all dreadful) never climbs,
Nor the ſleek mouſe, ſad foe to *Mira*'s rhymes.
But I have done——for who implores a friend
With long petitions, juſtly may offend:
To no ſtrait bounds good-nature is confin'd;
And who ſhall dictate to a gen'rous mind?
Which not content in narrow ſpace to roll,
Like the broad ocean ſpreads from pole to pole:
While the glad nations bleſs the ample tide,
And wafted treaſures o'er its ſurface glide:
That ſtill waves on, regardleſs of their praiſe,
As you perhaps of *Mira*'s idle lays.

SILVIA and the BEE.

AS *Silvia* in her garden ſtray'd,
Where each officious roſe,
To welcome the approaching maid,
With fairer beauty glows.

Tranſported from their dewy beds,
The new blown lilies riſe:
Gay tulips wave their ſhining heads,
To pleaſe her brighter eyes.

A bee that ſought the ſweeteſt flow'r,
To this fair quarter came:
Soft humming round the fatal bow'r,
That held the ſmiling dame.

He ſearch'd the op'ning buds with care,
And flew from tree to tree:
But, *Silvia*, (finding none ſo fair)
Unwiſely fix'd on thee.

Her hand obedient to her thought,
The rover did deſtroy;
And the ſlain inſect dearly bought
Its momentary joy.

But now too raſh unthinking maid,
Conſider what you've done;
Perhaps you in the duſt have laid
A fair and hopeful ſon.

Or from his friends and ſenate wiſe
Have ſwept a valu'd peer;
Whoſe life, that you ſo lightly prize,
Was to his country dear.

Then, *Silvia*, ceaſe your anger now,
To this your guiltleſs foe;
And ſmooth again that gentle brow,
Where laſting lilies blow.

Soft *Cynthio* vows when you depart,
The ſun withdraws its ray,
That nature trembles like his heart,
And ſtorms eclipſe the day.

Amintor ſwears a morning ſun's
Leſs brilliant than your eyes;
And tho' his tongue at random runs,
You ſeldom think he lyes.

They tell you, thoſe ſoft lips may vie
With pinks at op'ning day;
And yet you ſlew a ſimple fly,
For proving what they ſay.

Believe me, not a bud like thee
In this fair garden blows;
Then blame no more the erring bee,
Who took you for the roſe.

The CRUEL PARENT.

A DREAM.

'TWAS when the ſun had his ſwift progreſs made,
And left his empire to the queen of ſhade;
Bright *Cynthia* too, with her refulgent train,
Shot their pale luſtre o'er the dewy plain:
Sat lonely *Mira* with her head reclin'd,
And mourn'd the ſorrows of her helpleſs kind:

Then to her fancy *Celia*'s woes appear,
The nymph, whoſe tale deſerves a pitying tear;
Whoſe early beauties met a ſwift decay;
A roſe that faded at the riſing day,
While grief and ſhame oppreſs'd her tender age,
Perſu'd by famine and a father's rage;
Till too much thought the aking heart oppreſs'd,
And *Mira*'s eye-lids clos'd in ſilent reſt:
Then active fancy, with her airy train,
Compos'd the ſubſtance of th' enſuing dream.
In a black ſhade my wand'ring ſelf I found,
A wood encircled by a thorny bound;
Where oaks up-rais'd their kingly heads on high,
And the pleas'd linnets thro' the branches fly:
There lofty elms the wond'ring ſkies invade,
And the dark cypreſs caſt a browner ſhade:
Grave laurels there the humbler ſhrubs o'erlook;
There the pale aſh, and there the poplar ſhook;
Here pliant elder whom her fruits adorn,
And the brown haſel wove with ſhagged thorn:
Rude briers there their claſping tendrils twine,
Whoſe rugged arms with uſeleſs roſes ſhine.
Beyond the confines of the duſky brake,
A plain was bounded with a ſtanding lake,
Where planks of timber ſtretch'd on mould'ring beams,
Form'd a weak paſſage o'er the putrid ſtreams,
Whoſe ſlimy waters to its arches clung,
Where wrapp'd in weeds the clodded vermin hung.
On this brown plain ſurrounded by the wood,
And the green lake—an aged caſtle ſtood;

Whoſe iron gates were ſtrictly ſhut to all,
And frowning roofs hung o'er the crumbling wall:
Here perch'd Revenge and ever-waſting Care,
And Melancholy with diſhevel'd hair.
Before the portals wait a griſly band,
Fraud with a pencil in her ſhaking hand:
Long ſcrolls of parchment at her feet were laid,
Behind her ſhoulder ſtood her ghaſtly maid:
Oppreſſion nam'd——and ſtretch'd her filthy claw,
And next pale Av'rice with inſatiate maw;
Two cumbrous bags his twining arms infold,
Of canker'd ſilver and of uſeleſs gold;
Grimly he ſtands, and by his ſide appears
Fierce Cruelty all drench'd in orphans tears;
Within (attended by relentleſs Hate)
Suſpicion ſquinted thro' the barb'rous grate:
To theſe rude doors approach'd with baſhful mien,
Soft *Celia* once the brighteſt of the plain,
But now the roſes from her cheeks were flown,
Nor cou'd the fair one by her charms be known;
Thoſe charms are now in ſable weeds array'd,
Her arm ſupported by a mournful maid:
From her wan eyes the tears inceſſant flow,
And all her form was penitence and woe.
But ſee *Lyſegus*, her relentleſs ſire,
Whoſe eye-balls ſparkled with diſdainful ire;
His potent hand the ſounding locks obey,
With grating noiſe the horrid gates gave way:
Then proſtrate at his feet the damſel lay.
Three times to ſpeak the lovely mourner try'd;
Thrice on her lips the fainting murmurs dy'd;

Sigh follows ſigh, and tear ſucceeds to tear:
At length ſhe cry'd——Ah! my *Lyſegus*, hear;
If nature, or if penitence may ſue,
Ah! let my ſorrows find relief from you;
The nightly ſtars my conſtant wailings know,
The riſing ſun is witneſs to my woe:
But who ſhall paint what wretched *Celia* feels,
While ſhame and famine hunt her flying heels:
The fools deride me, and the virtuous ſhun,
Then to the fields and lonely ſhades I run;
Yet find no comfort from the lonely ſhade,
At my approach the bloſſoms ſeem to fade:
I fly to wilds unknown to human kind,
But cannot leave my hated ſelf behind;
And am——Oh am I——by my parent curs'd;
Of all my woes the deepeſt and the worſt?
She ſaid——*Lyſegus* anſwer'd in a rage,
Hence vile diſturber of my luckleſs age:
Think not by tears this ſtubborn heart to win,
Nor jar my ſenſes with thy hateful din:
Go, learn of vagrants, (fit companions) go,
Their arts of ſtealing, and their whine of woe.
Yet when before the gate of pride you ſtand,
And crave your morſel at the porter's hand;
May ſome ſtern ſlave prevent the coming prize,
Thrown to the dogs before thy longing eyes:
He ceas'd——but *Celia* views no more the ſun,
For now her ſorrow with her life was done:
Her eyes no more afford their lucid ſtreams,
Nor the pulſe ſtruggles in her quiet veins.

The tyrant view'd her with a ghaſtly look,
His heart beat heavy, and his ſinews ſhook;
When lo, a ſpectre, horrible to view,
Roſe quick as vapours of a morning dew;
Whoſe preſence caſt unpleaſing darkneſs round,
A cypreſs wreath his faded temples crown'd:
Strange forms were painted on his ſable robe,
One hand extended bore a chryſtal globe;
Where the pale ſinner might his picture find,
Yet not his features, but his darker mind:
In vain to ſhun the faithful glaſs he tries,
It plays unaſk'd before his aking eyes:
His quick left hand with this perform'd its part,
His right was dreadful with a poiſon'd dart:
Then with a loud and horrid voice he cry'd,
Lyſegus, mourn thy cruelty and pride:
From the fair court of equity I came,
Call'd by thy ſins, and Conſcience is my name:
This venom'd dart ſhall now thy entrails tear,
And teach thy eyes to know the melting tear:
Prepare thy ſpirits for their weight of woe,
With *Celia*'s name I arm the dreadful blow:
He ſaid, and ſtruck——the viſionary dart
Sought the dark bottom of *Lyſegus*' heart:
He fell——and falling rais'd a fearful cry;
Then *Mira* woke, and found the morning ſky.

MOPSUS:

OR, THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

IN days of yore, e'er *Britons* grew too wiſe
To court proud fortune, or believe in lyes,
A youth was born, his father's only ſon
(Well for his ſire he had no more than one.)
This good old man with pleaſure us'd to range
O'er the ſmall limits of his peaceful grange:
His calves and oxen were his only care,
His homely ſervants, and his ſmiling heir.
Now tall and ſtrait the pratling infant grew;
A ſprightly boy, with cheeks of crimſon hue.
His father plac'd him in a country ſchool,
To learn Diviſion, and the Golden Rule:
But when the fair aſpiring youth began
To walk on tiptoe to the verge of man;
His diſcontented thoughts began to rove
Beyond the proſpect of his father's grove.
In vain the hawthorn ſpreads her ſnowy pride,
And the pale lily gilds the fountain-ſide:
He loaths the country, and his fellow-ſwains;
For mighty projects fill his working brains:
And when black ſhade inveſts the ſleepy ſky,
And the ſtill herds on dewy hillocks lie;
When reſtleſs nature finds herſelf repos'd,
And lazy eyelids are in ſlumber clos'd;

Then fancy bore the metamorphos'd ſwain
Far from his neat-herds, and deſpiſed plain;
By ſlaves attended; drawn by ſhining wheels;
With flowing purple at his graceful heels;
With royal gold his manly temples crown'd;
And thus the monarch took his awful round;
Till ſpiteful morning rais'd her infant brow,
And call'd the prince to guide his ſlaviſh plough.

But ſtill to court our happy youth could ſpeed
Without th' aſſiſtance of inchanter's reed;
Sometimes a hunting with his lordſhip ride,
Or loll on couches, wrapt in ſilken pride:
But when the ſoul her gay excurſions made,
His ſtupid limbs forgot their uſual trade;
In ſolemn pauſes he would often ſtand,
And drop the pitch-fork from his careleſs hand.
This ſtrange behaviour much amaz'd his ſire,
And oft the cauſe his fondneſs would enquire:
The tattling goſſips too their cenſures move:
Some call'd it phrenzy, and ſome thought it love.

It happen'd on a ſummer's lovely morn,
As muſing *Mopſus* wander'd thro' the corn,
Where nodding poppies dropt with pearly dew,
And the pure æther wore a healthy blue;
His ear was grated by a noiſy train,
Who call'd for pity in a canting ſtrain.
One ſubtil beldam, of the ſwarthy band,
Said with a ſmile——and gently graſp'd his hand;
I'll tell thee what ſhall hap in future days,
How thou by marriage ſhalt thy fortune raiſe:

I'll tell thee too what love-ſick maids ſhall die
For thoſe ſweet features, and that leering eye.
This pretty jargon won the cheated clown,
Who ſlily dropt the Sibyl half a crown.
The pelf with joy the ſable matron view'd;
Then bleſs'd her patron, and her tale perſu'd.
Lay down thy fork, and throw thy ſcrip aſide:
I ſee, my lad, I ſee thy wealthy bride;
See her gilt chariot cut the ſmoaking fields,
And twelve gay youths attend the gaudy wheels.
She's tall, with ſkin as fair as dropping ſnow;
And her black eyes are like the ripen'd ſloe.
Ah, lucky youth!——my noble lord, I mean,
Go change your dreſs, and leave the ruſtic plain;
For the next journey you ſhall take, be ſure
You'll find this lady at her father's door.
Obſerve her well; I told you ſhe was fair;
Her eyes are black, and ſo's her curling hair.
Take courage, lad; purſue her cloſe, my ſon;
Fair ladies never are by cowards won.
This ſaid, they part: the matron takes her way
O'er the brown fields, in ſearch of further prey.
Mute ſtood the youth—This pleaſing picture brought
The bright *Alethia* to his roving thought;
Alethia fair, by ſhining peers ador'd,
The wealthy heireſs of a neighb'ring lord.
'Tis true, the virgin is of high degree,
But who ſhall alter what the fates decree?
Tranſported, *Mopſus* to his home return'd,
Where his ſwell'd heart with expectation burn'd.

In vain his mother wholſome meat provides,
For down his throat no ſav'ry morſel glides;
Till to his bed the tired ſun withdrew,
And ſummon'd *Mopſus* to his chamber too.
There, with diſorder'd limbs, and waking eyes,
Stretch'd on his couch, the fev'riſh lover lies.
So deathleſs heroes, as romances ſhow,
Nor calls of ſleep, nor pinching hunger know;
But with thin diet mere immortals grow.

Old night had more than half her progreſs run;
The ſtars grew paler at the diſtant ſun;
The chearful eaſt was ſtreak'd with lighter grey;
And the ſhrill lark began to look for day;
The ſky was clear, the zephyrs gently blew;
When daring *Mopſus* left the ſleeping crew.
With face clean waſh'd, and in his beſt array,
In queſt of fortune took his deſp'rate way.

Five miles from hence, upon a riſing plain,
Rich with green furrows of the promis'd grain,
A ſhining palace met the raviſh'd eye,
Whoſe gilded ſpires ſeem'd to reach the ſky.
The great *Coreilus* did inhabit there,
Alethia's father, and a gen'rous peer.
It chanc'd this morn, that, reſtleſs in her mind,
Alethia roſe before her uſual *time* * ;

* In the original, a pin is ſtuck againſt the word *time*; alſo, againſt the words, *ſtood like a poſt*; and a little lower, againſt the word *reſolv'd*, in the following page; which ſeem intended to be alter'd for ſome other, had the Authoreſs liv'd to reviſe her works. Where-ever the pin is found for the future, an aſteriſk [*] will be inſerted.

And to the park, alone, ſhe took her way,
To ſhare the beauties of the infant day,
While *Phœbus* darted from his blazing wheels
His ſlanting rays along the gliſt'ring fields:
Acroſs that path the virgin chanc'd to roam,
Which led our *Mopſus* tow'rd the lofty dome.
The youth, whoſe features own'd the mute ſurpriſe,
Stood like a poſt *, and fix'd his ſtupid eyes:
The conſcious nymph beheld him with a frown;
And turn'd aſide to ſhun the gazing clown:
But *Mopſus* follow'd, and *reſolv'd* * to try,
Nor let th' occaſion paſs neglected by.
He firſt accoſts her with a ſcrape profound,
And made his bonnet kiſs the humble ground.
" Madam, I find the gypſey's words are true;
" And my kind ſtars have ſent me here to you:
" It muſt be you, becauſe you are ſo fair:
" Your eyes are black, and ſo's your curling hair.
" I pray forgive me——Tho' my birth be low,
" 'Tis vain to ſtruggle with the fates, you know."
This broken ſpeech the virgin heard with pain,
Nor gueſs'd the meaning of the ſimple ſwain;
But judg'd of *Mopſus* by the common rule,
And fear'd the villain lurk'd beneath the fool.
Then for relief ſhe rais'd a fearful cry:
The frighted ſervants to their miſtreſs fly.
The ſoft valet that ſcented of perfume,
The ſturdy keeper, and the dirty groom,
On wretched *Mopſus* each his fury throws,
And round his temples rain'd a ſtorm of blows;

Hands, canes, and clubs together chiming in,
Till his bones rattled in his batter'd ſkin.
Then ſorely bruis'd, they drag the youth along,
Whoſe eyes alone implore the cruel throng;
For mighty fear had ſtopt his feeble tongue.

The ſlaves, obedient to their maſter's call,
Conduct their victim to the ſpacious hall.
Coreilus frown'd, and with a haughty air
Firſt aſk'd his name, and next his bus'neſs there.
The youth, whoſe cheeks betray'd his growing fears,
From his wan eye-balls pour'd a flood of tears,
Confeſs'd the project of his teeming brain,
And told the late adventure of the plain.
Then ſmil'd the baron, and addreſs'd the ſwain:
My lord——your ſervant——for no leſs, I find,
No meaner title ſuits your lofty mind:
But you muſt learn to uſe refulgent arms,
E'er you can merit bright *Alethia*'s charms;
To march thro' deſarts, and with monſters fight,
And ſhare the labours of a doughty knight;
Make trembling nations to her beauty yield,
And ſummon giants to the hoſtile field:
By this our ſturdy fathers us'd to prove
Their right to fame, and to their ladies love;
Tho' of their deeds the long-revolving years
Have left no witneſs but their ruſty ſpears;
And our rebellious ſons refuſe to quake
At *Arthur*'s name, or *Lanc'lot* of the lake:
But I expect, before you claim your prize,
My fair *Alethia*, with the charming eyes,

That you exceed them in the ſlaying trade,
And ſpit fell dragons on your ſmoking blade.
If theſe conditions ſhake your flitting mind,
Then ſtill be *Mopſus*, and a peaceful hind:
Range o'er your fields, and keep your ſnowy fold
From ſummer ſurfeits, and the winter's cold:
Let thy white pigs and tender poultry ſhare
Thy lov'd aſſiſtance, and thy daily care:
From hungry vermin guard thy autumn ſtore,
And truſt thoſe tawny oracles no more.
Here ceas'd the baron; but the noiſy train
With loud huzzas perſue the baffled ſwain;
Who ſought his cottage with afflicted mind,
And left *Alethia* and the rout behind.
Now wretched *Mopſus* thro' the neighb'ring towns,
The ſport of milkmaids, and the jeſt of clowns,
Abhors the beams of all-reviving light,
And hides in corners, like the bird of night.
Twice three revolving moons their courſe had run,
Since our ſad hero laſt beheld the ſun:
But thoſe low buildings that his limbs confin'd,
Were much too baſe to hold his lofty mind.
His roving ſpirit took her uſual rounds,
O'er diſtant mountains, and majeſtic towns;
From place to place romantic fancy flew,
But *London* glitter'd in the faireſt view;
And ſtrong deſires led his panting ſoul
To feaſt where *Thames'* renowned waters roll.
His temper ne'er was taught to brook delay:
He thinks, reſolves, and meditates the way.

When the ſtill village took its uſual reſt,
And vexing care had left the peaſant's breaſt;
When drowſy *Robin* on his couch repos'd,
And *Sally*'s eyelids were in ſlumber clos'd;
Then fancy drew before his rolling brain
The gay deluſions of a ſhining dream.
His mimick ſteeds conduct the youth with eaſe
To balls, aſſemblies, drawing-rooms and plays.
Before him now thoſe pompous ſcenes appear,
Which in deſcription charm'd his raviſh'd ear:
He dines with lords on plates of ſolid gold,
And talks with ladies he muſt ne'er behold.
One pictur'd beauty pleas'd the cheated boy;
Fair as *Alethia*, and not half ſo coy:
But as he reach'd to graſp the blooming fair,
His baffled arms enfold a neighb'ring chair.
The rough embrace awoke the ſtarting ſwain,
And put a period to the golden dream:
Then, riſing haſty, he reſolv'd to fly
Beneath the covert of the duſky ſky.
Thought only makes our enterprizes cool;
And daring *Mopſus* ſcorn'd to live by rule:
But yet he fear'd his purſe would ſcarce defray
The doubtful charges of the tedious way.
Then fraudful need, that waits on each degree,
The thief's temptation, and the poet's fee,
Inſtructed careful *Mopſus* where to run,
And, without bond, receive the uſeful ſum.
His good old ſire had in his coffer told
Thrice ten broad pieces of refulgent gold;

Which for his landlord in bright order lay,
And only wait their doom at quarter-day:
Theſe *Mopſus* wiſely in his pocket ſtow'd,
Smil'd at their weight, and ſhook the pleaſing load;
Then with ſoft pace he trod the ſounding floor,
And laſt with caution ſhut the creaking door.
Farewel, he cry'd, low roofs, and humble walls!
Me kinder ſtars and better fortune calls
To ſtately caſtles, and to ſhining halls.
Now Chanticleer more loud began to ſing,
Stretch'd his long neck, and clapp'd his joyful wing,
Till to his voice the little roofs rebound,
And the clock anſwer'd with a ſolemn ſound.
Three times the hammer ſtruck the jarring bell,
When jolly *Mopſus* took his long farewel,
And ſped his way to that majeſtic town,
Where *Paul*'s fair temple rears its lofty crown.
Five days did he the toilſome march purſue,
With ſparing diet, and adventures few:
But the ſixth morn before his raviſh'd eyes
Thro' ſmoaky clouds the haughty buildings riſe.
Now hunger calls; an ill he fain would cure;
But none invite him thro' their friendly door;
And *Mopſus*, who was lately taught to fear,
Thought ev'ry manſion held a ſcornful peer.
From ſtreet to ſtreet he wander'd thro' the croud,
Much wond'ring how they durſt to bawl ſo loud:
He'd often ſtart, expecting ev'ry ſcream
Would wake a counteſs in her morning dream.

Now *Chloe*, who ſat up till four at play,
Made ſhift by twelve to riſe, and drink her tea.
The buſy footmen with their how-d'ye's run:
The park grew brilliant, and the rolling ſun
In his meridian throne began to ſhine,
And *Mopſus'* ſtomach call'd aloud for chine.
Then by a ſtall, where tempting apples lay,
He took his ſtation, and reſolv'd to ſtay,
Till fortune, ſtill propitious to the bold,
Should lead him ſomewhere, e'er the meat was cold.
It chanc'd a rev'rend dame was paſſing by,
Who caſt on *Mopſus* an experienc'd eye.
This matron had, as by her face appears,
In public ſervice ſpent her youthful years:
Now grown too ugly in herſelf to pleaſe,
She thrives by trade, and takes her needful eaſe.
She underſtood her bus'neſs to a hair;
Knew to a penny what her ſtocks would bear:
When ruin'd beauty to her mart came in,
A wiſe director in the bank of ſin.
This beldam view'd him as an eaſy prey,
That little pains required to betray:
Drew near the ſerpent, and her practis'd guile,
With a low courtſey, and a fawning ſmile.
Hail, fortune's fav'rite, whom ſhe courts ſo young!
Freſh as the fields from whence thy beauty ſprung!
I come, induc'd by charitable laws,
To plead in love and beauty's gentle cauſe.
A nymph there is, excelling half her kind,
In charming features, and a ſprightly mind.

Nay, more, attend to what I next unfold;
Ten thouſand pounds of all-enchanting gold
A doating grandame left her, when ſhe dy'd:
How bleſt the youth that wins the blooming bride!
But let me now thy ſtrict attention hold;
For truths like theſe ſhould be in whiſpers told:
Thy artleſs charms have won the ſmiling dame,
Who for thy ſake refuſes wealth and fame.
Now ſpeak thy mind, ſweet youth, and let me bear
A gentle ſentence to the doubting fair.
At this confuſion ſeiz'd the raviſh'd ſwain;
He bow'd, and bluſh'd; and bluſh'd, and bow'd again.
The ſubtil dame beheld him at a ſtand,
And with a ſmile ſhe graſp'd his willing hand.
Come on, ſhe cries, the fair occaſion calls;
And led the ſhepherd to her ſmoaky walls,
Where *Celia* waited, in her beſt array'd;
Celia, the fair, the wretched, ruin'd maid,
Whoſe fatal charms an early conqueſt came;
A young proficient in the ſchool of ſhame.
This guileful nymph receiv'd the ſimple ſwain
With feign'd confuſion, and a baſhful mien:
But dreams of glory fill'd the raviſh'd boy,
And his fluſh'd features own'd the preſent joy.
He ſtruts already with imagin'd fame,
And gaz'd with rapture on the ſhining dame;
And now are loſt in *Celia*'s charming face
Alethia's conqueſt, and his own diſgrace.
But, dinner comes; ragouts and fricaſies,
With ſauces ſtronger than a *Dutchman*'s cheeſe,

Are ſerv'd together in a ſmoking row;
To hungry *Mopſus* a delightful ſhow:
Next, ruddy wine the ſprightly banquet crown'd;
And then ſoft voices to enchanting ſound;
While our briſk youth, unread in future harms,
In the gay bumpers toaſted *Celia*'s charms.
But now the fumes aſcend his glowing brain,
And mighty ſleep arreſts the feeble ſwain:
His careleſs head againſt the table fell,
And his dim eye-balls bid the world farewel:
With joy the damſel heard her victim ſnore,
And from his purſe extracts the ſhining ore.
It chanc'd a thief had lately 'ſcap'd the hands
Of frowning juſtice, and her awful bands:
To theſe fam'd walls the villain ſeem'd to ſteer,
And, 'twas ſuſpected, found his refuge there:
The raging crew perſue their deſtin'd game,
And ſearch the manſion of the guilty dame.
The houſe was clear'd of all; they only found
Unhappy *Mopſus* ſleeping on the ground.
A place there is, at whoſe unpleaſing name
Starts the pale ſinner, and his frighted dame;
Where the hard wretch, whom lectures ne'er could charm,
Is taught repentance by a ruler's arm;
While lifted hammers make the roofs rebound,
And ſwelling curſes aid the dreadful ſound.
Here theſe relentleſs drag the trembling ſwain,
In ſpite of pray'rs, and tears that flow in vain;

For tho' no witneſs of his guilt appear,
'Twas thought ſufficient that they found him there.
Now *Mopſus*, weeping for his native bow'rs,
Exclaims at fate, and blames the cruel pow'rs;
His injur'd father to his ſoul appears,
And his ſick eyes behold a mother's tears.
He ſighs for pity; but his ſighs are vain:
No friend was near to aid the ſtarving ſwain:
Againſt pale hunger 'twas in vain to ſtand:
He wrote a letter with his trembling hand,
Whoſe homely phraſe in little writ, could ſhow
A ſon's misfortunes, and a father's woe;
Exploring * how he muſt in priſon die
Without their mercy, and a ſmall ſupply.
Theſe lines arriv'd, to wound a father's eyes:
And his ſad mother fills the air with cries:
Her ſtately cheeſes in a trice were ſold:
Her huſband turn'd his oxen into gold:
Then, with a caution to be wild no more,
They to their darling ſend the welcome ore.
Now ſtruts the youth——his ſuff'rings at an end;
The prince of *Bridewell*, and the ruler's friend.
A pow'rful guinea brib'd the keeper's will;
He gain'd his freedom, and the law was ſtill.
A peer there was within the ſkirts of fame,
A viſcount; *Simper* was the hero's name;
A gentle lord, much honour'd by the fair
For his rich rich ſword-knot, and his curling hair.
This chief, while luckleſs *Mopſus* was confin'd,
Had learn'd the ſtory of our wand'ring hind:

A fool he wanted long; but never yet
Judg'd one ſo aptly for his purpoſe fit.
Whether by chance, or by the fates decree,
Uncertain, *Mopſus*——but he fix'd on thee.
A ſage he hir'd, whoſe deeply-thoughtful ſkull
Could teach the vulgar when the moon was full;
Who ſcatter'd hate among the friendly ſtars,
And made e'en *Venus* retrograde to *Mars*.
His lordſhip poſted this prophetic ſeer
Away to *Mopſus* with a fawning leer,
To ſhew his art, and for a little ſum
Inform our youth of ages yet to come.
This luckleſs ſhepherd, who would fain be wiſe,
On the mock-wizard fix'd his ardent eyes;
Three times he bow'd, and bleſs'd the awful man:
This greeting paſt——Sir *Sidrophel* began.
O happy youth! could thou behold, like me,
What the kind ſtars have now in ſtore for thee!
What time fair *Venus* triump'd o'er thy *Form* *,
In the ſame houſe a noble lord was born.
Nay, hold——cries *Mopſus*——by my father's ſins,
I think you're wrong——my mother ne'er had twins:
I came that year my father built his barns;
Old *Winfred* bore me ſqualling in her arms.
'Twas *Valentine*, of all the days i'th' year,
As I remember; ſure no lord was there.
Here ſmil'd the ſage—and thus perſu'd his tale:
Nay, prythee mind me, for I ſeldom fail.
This noble lord, the axle of your fate,
'Tis he muſt raiſe you from your humble ſtate.

But ſtay——methinks I ſee a double cauſe;
O, now I find, there's marriage in the clauſe:
His lordſhip's ſiſter———Yes, it muſt be ſhe.
When this ſhall come to paſs—remember me.
Here ceas'd the oracle—The raviſh'd boy,
Whoſe ſparkling eyes confeſs'd the welcome joy,
Two guineas gave—and whiſper'd in his ear,
On marriage-day two hundred pounds a year.
Next comes a footman, with obſequious mien,
Strait as a lath, and as a paſture green;
Two pounds of powder round his temples ſpread,
And pale as *Mario*, when his finger bled.
Good maſter *What-d'-ye-call*, if that's your name;
My bus'neſs is with you—Yes, ſir, the ſame.
Why then, in brief, my lord has ſent to call
Your charming preſence to his ſtately hall;
And, if you pleaſe, I'd lead you with me now.
The raviſh'd ſhepherd anſwer'd with a bow.
Now joyful *Mopſus* bleſs'd the fates again;
All his paſt ſuff'rings ſeem an idle dream;
And the ſly guardian led his ſimple ward
To the proud palace of his wanton lord.
The wond'ring boy, with rapture and ſurprize,
Round the gay parlours roll'd his dazzled eyes;
Where gaudy carpets preſs the aking ſight,
And the pier-glaſs reflects a glaring light.
There gilt beaufaits their ſhining doors unfold,
And here ſoft paintings, in a verge of gold.
Now thro' his brain the uſual vapours fly,
From the ſage prophet to the gypſey's lye;

Quick and more quick the nimble ſpirits flow,
And fancy'd honours round his temples glow.
But ſee, my lord in courtly diſhabille,
Juſt wak'd from dreams of hazard and quadrille;
At ev'ry ſtep he took a lazy yawn,
And his pale cheek confeſs'd the morning qualm;
Firſt turn'd aſide, and whiſper'd with his man;
And then his lordſhip with a ſmile began:
Accept an office, gentle ſwain, he cry'd,
Which numbers ſeek, and crouds have been deny'd:
A tender charge I to your care conſign,
A beauteous ſiſter, and that ſiſter mine.
Your faith I aſk, and only that deſire,
The firſt perfection of a lady's 'ſquire.
Your taſk is only to oblige the fair;
A ſoft employment, and a pleaſing care:
Conſult your eaſe;—* 'tis much the ſame to me:
Chooſe what you like, and let your choice be free.
Here ceas'd the baron—but the gazing boy
Stood wrapt in viſions of ecſtatic joy:
Loſt in amaze, his tongue could hardly ſtir;
But ſoftly anſwer'd——At your ſervice, ſir.
Now *Phillis* comes, who with her blaſted fame
Had loſt the virtue, and the ſenſe of ſhame;
Agrees to wed the fool her lord preſcribes,
Won by ſoft language, and perſuaſive bribes,
To wander thro' the tedious path of life,
A ſlighted miſtreſs, and an odious wife.
Miſs *Philly* plays the prude—looks wond'rous grave,
While the good lord preſents her humble ſlave;

Scarce deigns to ſmile; but with a toſs or two
Cries, with a piſh, perhaps the wretch may do.
Now the ſmart valet, ſcented with perfume,
Our *Mopſus* follow'd to his lady's room:
But the chang'd tyrant ſeems more humble now,
And ſofter ſmiles adorn her gentle brow:
Yet the ſhock'd youth ſtood gazing at the fair,
Who call'd for combs, and ſpread her ſhining hair:
Thro' fear and haſte he ſtumbles o'er the ſtools:
The lady laughs, and calls him fifty fools:
She aſks for powder, patches, paints, and creams:
Her ſervant ſtares, and wonders what ſhe means.

Next morning, e'er the ſun's refulgent eye
Had warm'd the curtains of the bluſhing ſky;
While ſleeping *Mopſus* on his couch was laid,
Beſide his pillow ſtood a gentle maid:
A billet-doux her better hand ſupplies;
She calls——he ſtarting, rubb'd his drowſy eyes;
Then takes the paper, and tranſported ſees
The back ſubſcrib'd—To gentle *Mopſus*, Theſe.
The phraſe was ſuch as warm romance inſpires,
Compos'd of tortures, racks, and darts, and fires:
The ſubject-matter, which the lines contain,
Was but a challenge to the ſimple ſwain;
That if he durſt to meet the deſp'rate fair
In yonder chapel e'er the hour of pray'r;
The ready prieſt ſhould bind their faithful hands,
She hopes in bliſsful, but in laſting bands.
Then haſte! O haſte! prevent the growing day;
For thouſand dangers wait the leaſt delay.

The youth, tranſported in the laſt extreme,
Still rubb'd his eyes, and fear'd 'twas all a dream:
Then ſtarted from his bed; but while he dreſt,
Hugg'd the dear billet to his glowing breaſt.
Now eager *Mopſus* to the chapel run;
Nor ſtay'd the witneſs of the riſing ſun;
Where *Phillis* waited in her ſhining pride,
And the fall'n miſtreſs there commenc'd a bride:
But ſoon, too ſoon, the diſappointed boy
Found a quick period to his promis'd joy.
Now ſwells with laughter the inſulting peer;
Pale *Mopſus* trembles, and the ſervants ſneer;
But, undeceiv'd, what ſoul-diſtracting pain,
What ſobbing anguiſh fill'd the mourning ſwain,
Who found, inſtead of coronets and fame,
His counteſs dwindled to a hackney dame!
Then, doubly wretched, from the roofs of pride
The youth retires with his mincing bride,
And ſought a lodging neareſt to the ſky;
For, tho' dejected, ſtill his aim was high:
There, when five nights had their dark progreſs run,
The ſixth gay morning brought a ſmiling ſon.
But *Mopſus*, cold with ſorrow and ſurpriſe,
Gaz'd on the infant with affrighted eyes:
The careful nurſe rich cordials muſt prepare
For his ſick lady, and adopted heir;
While with affliction, better gueſs'd than told,
The ſighing huſband mourns the flying gold.
At length his ſpouſe bewails her loſs of time,
Neglected beauties, and declining prime:

Muſt ſhe, who has by more prevailing charms
Divorc'd a counteſs from her huſband's arms;
Whom practice taught, and nature form'd to pleaſe;
In a loath'd garret ſpend her irkſome days?
No; let the prude, who never walk'd aſtray,
'Cauſe none would tempt her from the dubious way,
Grow lean with railing, and with envy pine;
Be charming freedom and ſoft plenty mine.
Thus ſhe: and fortune ſeconds her deſire;
She grows the darling of a keeping 'ſquire;
And the ſoft dame, who from the poliſh'd times
Had learn'd, that ſtarving was the worſt of crimes,
Reſolves to leave her ſpouſe and little ſon,
To ſhine once more before her glaſs was run.
Thus happier *Mopſus* loſt the ſcourge of life
(So unbelievers often term a wife):
The ſlighted infant too reſign'd its breath,
And ſought its refuge in the arms of death.
Now preſſive want induc'd the longing ſwain,
Once more to ſeek his late deſpiſed plain:
According *, e'er the regent of the day
Through the cold Scorpion drove his ſhorten'd ray,
Repentant *Mopſus* trudg'd before the wind,
And left the city and his woes behind.
No ſhining ſlaves his weary ſteps attend,
A ſcrip his ſubſtance, and a ſtaff his friend;
No more theſe viſions in his boſom ſwell:
For his ſick heart has bid the court farewel.
At length, with viſage pale, and garments poor,
The youth appear'd before his father's door;

The neighbours hail the late-returning boy:
His father claſp'd him with a parent's joy:
His mother's eyes with tears of pleaſure run;
She dropp'd her knitting, and embrac'd her ſon.
Here with calm virtue, and a peaceful mind,
In rural plenty dwells the ſober hind:
His equal days in one ſmooth tenor run;
The ſame at riſing as declining ſun:
No more deluſions in his fancy riſe,
Grown grave by ſorrow; by experience wiſe.

ADVICE to *SOPHRONIA.*

WHEN youth and charms have ta'en their wanton flight,
And tranſient beauty bids the fair good night;
When her once ſparkling eyes ſhall dimly roll;
Then let the matron dreſs her lofty ſoul;
Quit affectation, partner of her youth,
For goodneſs, prudence, purity, and truth.
Theſe virtues will her laſting peace prepare,
And give a ſanction to her ſilver hair.
Theſe precepts let the fond *Sophronia* prove,
Nor vainly dreſs her blinking eyes with love.
Can roſes flouriſh on a leafleſs thorn,
Or dewy woodbines grace a wintry morn?
The weeping *Cupids* languiſh in your eye;
On your brown cheek the ſickly beauties die.
Time's rugged hand has ſtrok'd your viſage o'er;
The gay vermilion ſtains your lip no more.

None can with juſtice now your ſhape admire;
The drooping lilies on your breaſt expire.
Then, dear *Sophronia*, leave thy fooliſh whims:
Diſcard your lover with your fav'rite ſins:
Conſult your glaſs; then prune your wanton mind;
Nor furniſh laughter for ſucceeding time.
'Tis not your own, 'tis gold's all-conqu'ring charms
Invite *Myrtillo* to your ſhrivel'd arms:
And ſhall *Sophronia*, whoſe once lovely eyes
Beheld thoſe triumphs which her heart deſpis'd;
Who look'd on merit with a haughty frown;
At five-and-fifty take a beardleſs clown?
Ye pitying fates, this wither'd damſel ſave,
And bear her ſafely to her virgin grave!

CORYDON. PHILLARIO.

OR,

MIRA's PICTURE.

A PASTORAL.

WITHIN the bounds of yonder fruitful plain
Liv'd *Corydon*, a harmleſs ſhepherd ſwain;
Whoſe care was chiefly to his flock confin'd,
Whoſe ſmiling features ſpoke a chearful mind.
Behind his dwelling ſtood a friendly hill;
Before it; paſtures, and a purling rill.

From the great mart of buſineſs, and of fame,
To this retreat the gay *Phillario* came;
He came——But how he ſpent the ling'ring hours,
Amid ſtill meadows, and ambroſial bow'rs;
Whether he liv'd on blackberries and whey,
Or if he ſigh'd for ombre and bohea;
Whether he thought a ſummer's day too long;
To tell, is not the purpoſe of my ſong:
'Tis their diſcourſe alone that fills our tale.
Begin——One morning, in a flow'ry vale,
This couple walk'd to hear the linet ſing,
And ſhare the beauties of the dawning ſpring:
Phillario thus—What nymph, O ſhepherd! reigns
The rural toaſt of theſe delightful plains?
For much I fear th' *Arcadian* nymphs outſhine
The ſhiv'ring beauties of this northern clime.

CORYDON.

Young *Daphne* ſome, and ſome *Amynta* praiſe;
Some dote on *Delia* for her graceful eaſe:
Some wand'ring ſwain bright *Cynthia*'s eyes inſpires;
Another *Claudia*'s charming voice admires:
Some like no face but *Phillida*'s the fair;
And ſome *Cymene*'s, with the raven hair.

PHILLARIO.

But who is ſhe that walks on yonder hill,
With ſtudious brows, and night-cap diſhabille?
That looks a ſtranger to the beams of day;
And counts her ſteps, and mutters all the way?

CORYDON.

'Tis *Mira*, daughter to a friend of mine;
'Tis ſhe that makes your what-d'ye-call—your rhyme.

I own the girl is ſomething out o'th' way:
But how d'ye like her? good *Phillario*, ſay!

PHILLARIO.

Like her!——I'd rather beg the friendly rains
To ſweep the nuiſance from thy loaded plains;
That———

CORYDON.

———Hold, *Phillario!* ſhe's a neighbour's child:
'Tis true, her linen may be ſomething ſoil'd.

PHILLARIO.

Her linen, *Corydon!*——Herſelf, you mean.
Are ſuch the dryads of thy ſmiling plain?
Why, I could ſwear it, if it were no ſin,
That yon lean rook can ſhew a fairer ſkin.

CORYDON.

What tho' ſome freckles in her face appear?
That's only owing to the time o'th' year.
Her eyes are dim, you'll ſay: Why, that is true:
I've heard the reaſon, and I'll tell it you.
By a ruſh-candle (as her father ſays)
She ſits whole ev'nings reading wicked plays.

PHILLARIO.

She read!—She'd better milk her brindled cows:
I wiſh the candle does not ſinge her brows,
So like a dry furze-faggot; and, beſide,
Not quite ſo even as a mouſe's hide.

CORYDON.

Come, come; you view her with malicious eyes:
Her ſhape———

PHILLARIO.

——Where mountains upon mountains riſe!

And, as they fear'd ſome treachery at hand,
Behind her ears her liſt'ning ſhoulders ſtand.

CORYDON.

But ſhe has teeth———

PHILLARIO.

———Conſid'ring how they grow,
'Tis no great matter if ſhe has or no:
They look decay'd with poſſet and with plums,
And ſeem prepar'd to quit her ſwelling gums.

CORYDON.

No more, my friend! for ſee, the ſun grows high,
And I muſt ſend the weeders to my rye:
Thoſe ſpurious plants muſt from the ſoil be torn,
Leſt the rude brambles over-top the corn.

CRUMBLE-HALL.

WHEN friends or fortune frown on *Mira*'s lay,
Or gloomy vapours hide the lamp of day;
With low'ring forehead, and with aching limbs,
Oppreſs'd with head-ach, and eternal whims,
Sad *Mira* vows to quit the darling crime:
Yet takes her farewel, and repents in rhyme.
But ſee (more charming than *Armida*'s wiles)
The ſun returns, and *Artemiſia* ſmiles:
Then in a trice the reſolutions fly;
And who ſo frolick as the Muſe and I?
We ſince once more, obedient to her call;
Once more we ſing, and 'tis of *Crumble-Hall*;

That *Crumble-Hall*, whoſe hoſpitable door
Has fed the ſtranger, and reliev'd the poor;
Whoſe *Gothic* towers, and whoſe ruſty ſpires,
Were known of old to knights, and hungry ſquires.
There powder'd beef and warden-pies were found;
And pudding ſmoked within her ſpacious bound:
Pork, peaſe, and bacon (good old *Engliſh* fare!)
With tainted ven'ſon, and with hunted hare:
With humming beer her vats were wont to flow,
And ruddy nectar in her vaults to glow.
Here came the wights, who battled for renown,
The ſable frier, and the ruſſet-clown:
The loaded tables ſent a ſav'ry gale,
And the brown bowls were crown'd with ſimp'ring ale;
While the gueſts revell'd on the ſmoking ſtore,
Till their ſtretch'd girdles would contain no more.
Of this rude palace might a poet ſing
From cold *December* to returning ſpring;
Tell how the building ſpreads on either hand,
And two grim giants o'er the portals ſtand;
Whoſe griſled beards are neither comb'd nor ſhorn,
But look ſevere, and horribly adorn.
Then ſtep within—there ſtands a goodly row
Of oaken pillars——where a gallant ſhow
Of mimic pears and carv'd pomgranates twine,
With the plump cluſters of the ſpreading vine.
Strange forms above preſent themſelves to view;
Some mouths that grin, ſome ſmile, and ſome that ſpew.

Here a ſoft maid, or infant, ſeems to cry:
Here ſtares a tyrant with diſtorted eye:
The roof——no *Cyclops* e'er could reach ſo high:
Not *Polypheme*, tho' form'd for dreadful harms,
The top could meaſure with extended arms.
Here the pleas'd ſpider plants her peaceful loom:
Here weaves ſecure, nor dreads the hated broom.
But at the head (and furbiſh'd once a year)
The heralds myſtic compliments appear:
Round the fierce dragon *honi ſoit* entwines,
And royal *Edward* o'er the chimney ſhines.

Safely the mice thro' yon dark paſſage run,
Where the dim windows ne'er admit the ſun.
Along each wall the ſtranger blindly feels;
And trembling dreads a ſpectre at his heels.

The ſav'ry kitchen much attention calls;
Weſtphalia hams adorn the ſable walls:
The fires blaze; the greaſy pavements fry;
And ſteaming odours from the kettles fly.

See! yon brown parlour on the left appears,
For nothing famous but its leathern chairs,
Whoſe ſhining nails like poliſh'd armour glow,
And the dull clock beats audible and ſlow.

But on the right we ſpy a room more fair;
The form—'tis neither long, nor round, nor ſquare;
The walls how lofty, and the floor how wide,
We leave for learned *Quadrus* to decide.
Gay *China* bowls o'er the broad chimney ſhine,
Whoſe long deſcription would fatigue the Nine:
And much might of the tapeſtry be ſung:
But we're content to ſay, the parlour's hung.

We count the ſtairs, and to the right aſcend,
Where on the walls the gorgeous colours blend.
There doughty *George* beſtrides the goodly ſteed;
The dragon's ſlaughter'd, and the virgin freed:
And there (but lately reſcu'd from their fears)
The nymph and ſerious *Ptolemy* appears:
Their aukward limbs unwieldy are diſplay'd;
And, like a milk-wench, glares the royal maid.
From hence we turn to more familiar rooms;
Whoſe hangings ne'er were wrought in *Grecian* looms:
Yet the ſoft ſtools, and eke the eaſy chair,
To ſleep invite the weary and the fair.
Shall we proceed?—Yes, if you'll break the wall:
If not, return, and tread once more the hall.
Up ten ſtone ſteps now pleaſe to drag your toes,
And a brick paſſage will ſucceed to thoſe.
Here the ſtrong doors were aptly fram'd to hold
Sir *Wary*'s perſon, and Sir *Wary*'s gold.
Here *Biron* ſleeps with books encircled round;
And him you gueſs a ſtudent moſt profound.
Not ſo—in form the duſty volumes ſtand:
There's few that wear the mark of *Biron*'s hand.
Would you go farther?——Stay a little then:
Back through the paſſage——down the ſteps again;
Thro' yon dark room——Be careful how you tread
Up theſe ſteep ſtairs——or you may break your head.
Theſe rooms are furniſh'd amiably and full;
Old ſhoes, and ſheep-ticks bred in ſtacks of wool;
Grey *Dobbin*'s gears, and drenching-horns enow;
Wheel-ſpokes——the irons of a tatter'd plough.

No farther——Yes, a little higher, pray:
At yon ſmall door you'll find the beams of day,
While the hot leads return the ſcorching ray.
Here a gay proſpect meets the raviſh'd eye:
Meads, fields, and groves, in beauteous order lie.
From hence the Muſe precipitant is hurl'd,
And drags down *Mira* to the nether world.
Thus far the palace——Yet there ſtill remain
Unſung, the gardens and the menial train.
Its groves anon——its people firſt we ſing;
Hear, *Artemeſia*, hear the ſong we bring.
Sophronia firſt in verſe ſhall learn to chime,
And keep her ſtation, tho' in *Mira*'s rhyme;
Sophronia ſage! whoſe learned knuckles know
To form round cheeſe-cakes of the pliant dough;
To bruiſe the curd, and thro' her fingers ſqueeze
Ambroſial butter with the temper'd cheeſe:
Sweet tarts and pudding too her ſkill declare;
And the ſoft jellies hid from baneful air.
O'er the warm kettles, and the ſav'ry ſteams,
Grave *Colinettus* of his oxen dreams:
Then, ſtarting, anxious for his new-mown hay,
Runs headlong out to view the doubtful day:
But dinner calls with more prevailing charms;
And ſurly *Gruffo* in his aukward arms
Bears the tall jug, and turns a glaring eye,
As tho' he fear'd ſome inſurrection nigh
From the fierce crew that gaping ſtand a-dry.
O'er-ſtuff'd with beef, with cabbage much too full,
And dumpling too (fit emblem of his ſkull!)

With mouth wide open, but with cloſing eyes
Unwieldy *Roger* on the table lies.
His able lungs diſcharge a rattling ſound;
Prince barks, *Spot* howls, and the tall roofs rebound.
Him *Urs'la* views; and, with dejected eyes,
" Ah! *Roger*, ah!" the mournful maiden cries;
" Is wretched *Urs'la* then your care no more,
" That, while I ſigh, you thus can ſleep and ſnore?
" Ingrateful *Roger!* wilt thou leave me now?
" For you theſe furrows mark my fading brow:
" For you my pigs reſign their morning due:
" My hungry chickens loſe their meat for you:
" And was it not, ah! was it not for thee,
" No goodly pottage would be dreſs'd by me.
" For thee theſe hands wind up the whirling jack,
" Or place the ſpit acroſs the ſloping rack.
" I baſte the mutton with a chearful heart,
" Becauſe I know my *Roger* will have part."
Thus ſhe——But now her diſh-kettle began
To boil and blubber with the foaming bran.
The greaſy apron round her hips ſhe ties,
And to each plate the ſcalding clout applies:
The purging bath each glowing diſh refines,
And once again the poliſh'd pewter ſhines.
Now to thoſe meads let frolic fancy rove,
Where o'er yon waters nods a pendent grove,
In whoſe clear waves the pictur'd boughs are ſeen,
With fairer bloſſoms, and a brighter green.
Soft flow'ry banks the ſpreading lakes divide:
Sharp-pointed flags adorn each tender ſide.

See! the pleas'd ſwans along the ſurface play;
Where yon cool willows meet the ſcorching ray,
When fierce *Orion* gives too warm a day.

But hark! what ſcream the wond'ring ear invades!
The *Dryads* howling for their threaten'd ſhades:
Round the dear grove each nymph diſtracted flies
(Tho' not diſcover'd but with poet's eyes:)
And ſhall thoſe ſhades, where *Philomela*'s ſtrain
Has oft to ſlumber lull'd the hapleſs ſwain;
Where turtles us'd to clap their ſilken wings;
Whoſe rev'rend oaks have known a hundred ſprings;
Shall theſe ignobly from their roots be torn,
And periſh, ſhameful as the abject thorn;
While the ſlow car bears off their aged limbs,
To clear the way for ſlopes and modern whims;
Where baniſh'd nature leaves a barren gloom,
And aukward art ſupplies the vacant room?
Yet (or the Muſe for vengeance calls in vain)
The injur'd nymphs ſhall haunt the ravag'd plain:
Strange ſounds and forms ſhall teaze the gloomy green;
And fairy elves by *Urs'la* ſhall be ſeen:
Their new-built parlour ſhall with echoes ring:
And in their hall ſhall doleful crickets ſing.

Then ceaſe, *Diracto*, ſtay thy deſp'rate hand;
And let the grove, if not the parlour, ſtand.

UPON

HER PLAY

Being returned to her,

Stain'd with CLARET.

WELCOME, dear wanderer, once more!
Thrice welcome to thy native cell!
Within this peaceful humble door
Let thou and I contented dwell!

But ſay, O whither haſt thou rang'd?
Why doſt thou bluſh a crimſon hue?
Thy fair complexion's greatly chang'd:
Why, I can ſcarce believe 'tis you.

Then tell, my ſon, O tell me, where
Didſt thou contract this ſottiſh dye?
You kept ill company, I fear,
When diſtant from your parent's eye.

Was it for this, O graceleſs child!
Was it for this you learn'd to ſpell?
Thy face and credit both are ſpoil'd:
Go drown thyſelf in yonder well.

I wonder how thy time was ſpent:
No news (alas!) haſt thou to bring?
Haſt thou not climb'd the monument?
Nor ſeen the lions, nor the king?

But now I'll keep you here ſecure:
No more you view the ſmoaky ſky:
The court was never made (I'm ſure)
For idiots, like thee and I.

ORIGINAL

POEMS

BY

Mrs. MADAN.

Mrs. MADAN

(Formerly Miſs COWPER)

IS the Wife of Colonel *Madan*, a Lady, who, among her other excellent qualities, has fine talents for poetry. The following original pieces will, we doubt not, make the reader long for more by the ſame hand, with which indeed we ſhould be glad to oblige him: but this Lady, notwithſtanding her extraordinary genius, could never yet be prevailed on to commit any thing to print. A very affecting tenderneſs runs through the whole epiſtle from ABELARD, and whether we conſider the numbers, diction, or ſentiments, it is certainly much ſuperior to all thoſe pieces that have appeared on the ſame ſubject: and indeed this Lady's ABELARD is no mean companion to *Pope*'s ELOISA.

The curious reader will perhaps look on it as an odd accident, that ELOISA's Letter ſhould have been put into metre by a man, and that ABELARD's ſhould at length come to us in elegant verſe from the hands of a Lady.

ORIGINAL POEMS

BY

Mrs. MADAN.

ABELARD to ELOISA.

IN my dark cell, low proſtrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
Too ſoon my ſoul the well-known name confeſt,
My beating heart ſprung fiercely in my breaſt,
Thro' my whole frame a guilty tranſport glow'd,
And ſtreaming torrents from my eyes faſt flow'd.
O *Eloiſa!* art thou ſtill the ſame?
Doſt thou ſtill nouriſh this deſtructive flame?
Have not the gentle rules of peace and heav'n
From thy ſoft ſoul this fatal paſſion driven?

Alas! I thought you diſengag'd and free;
And can you ſtill, ſtill ſigh and weep for me?
What powerful deity, what hallow'd ſhrine,
Can ſave me from a love, a faith like thine?
Where ſhall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whoſe rugged feet the ſurging billows lave,
When not thoſe gloomy cloiſter ſolemn walls,
O'er whoſe rough ſides the languid ivy crawls,
When my dread vows, in vain, their force oppoſe?
Oppos'd to love——alas!——how vain are vows!
In fruitleſs penitence I wear away,
Each tedious night, and ſad revolving day;
I faſt, I pray, and with deceitful art,
Veil thy dear image in my tortur'd heart;
My tortur'd heart conflicting paſſions move,
I hope, deſpair, repent——yet ſtill I love:
A thouſand jarring thoughts my boſom tear,
For Thou, not God, O *Eloiſa*, art there.
To the falſe world's deluding pleaſures dead,
Nor longer by its wand'ring fires miſled,
In learn'd diſputes harſh precepts I infuſe,
And give the counſel I want pow'r to uſe.
The rigid maxims of the grave and wiſe
Have quench'd each milder ſparkle of my eyes;
Each lovely feature of this once lov'd face,
By grief revers'd, aſſumes a ſterner grace:
O *Eloiſa!* ſhould the fates once more,
Indulgent to my view, thy charms reſtore,
How from my arms would'ſt thou with horror ſtart
To miſs the form familiar to thy heart!

Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment ſee
To ſpeak me *Abelard*——but love to thee.
Lean abſtinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn deſpair
Have *Abelard* the young, the gay, remov'd,
And in the hermit ſunk the man you lov'd.
Wrapt in the gloom theſe holy manſions ſhed,
The thorny paths of penitence I tread;
Loſt to the world, from all its intereſts free,
And torn from all my ſoul held dear in thee,
Ambition with its train of frailties gone,
All loves and forms forgot——but Thine alone,
Amid the blaze of day, the duſk of night,
My *Eloiſa* riſes to my ſight;
Veil'd as in *Paraclet*'s ſecluded tow'rs
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours,
I hear her ſighs, ſee the ſwift falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pant with all her cares.
O vows! O convent! your ſtern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart;
Let other ſighs a worthier ſorrow ſhow,
Let other tears from ſin repentant flow:
Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the duſt my heaving ſoul.
Forgiving pow'r! thy gracious call I meet,
Who firſt impower'd this rebel heart to beat;
Who through this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends inſpir'd life's active flame.
O! change the temper of this lab'ring breaſt,
And form anew each beating pulſe to reſt!

Let ſpringing grace, fair faith, and hope remove
The fatal traces of deſtructive love!
Deſtructive love from his warm manſions tear,
And leave no tracks of *Eloiſa* there!
Are theſe the wiſhes of my inmoſt ſoul?
Would I its ſoft, its tend'reſt ſenſe controul?
Would I this touch'd, this glowing heart refine
To the cold ſubſtance of this marble ſhrine?
Transform'd like theſe pale ſwarms that round me move,
Of bleſt inſenſibles——who know no love?
Ah! rather let me keep this hapleſs flame,
Adieu! falſe honour, unavailing fame!
Not your harſh rules, but tender love ſupplies
The ſtreams that guſh from my deſpairing eyes;
I feel the traytor melt about my heart,
And thro' my veins with treach'rous influence dart;
Inſpire me, heav'n! aſſiſt me, grace divine!
Aid me, ye ſaints! unknown to pains like mine;
You! who on earth ſerene all griefs could prove,
All but the tort'ring pangs of hopeleſs love;
A holier rage in your pure boſoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt:
A ſympathiſing grief alone can lure,
The hand that heals muſt feel what I endure.
Thou, *Eloiſe*, alone canſt give me eaſe,
And bid my ſtruggling ſoul ſubſide to peace;
Reſtore me to my long-loſt heav'n of reſt,
And take thyſelf from my reluctant breaſt;
If crimes like mine could an allay receive,
That bleſt allay thy wond'rous charms might give.

Thy form that firſt to love my heart inclin'd,
Still wanders in my loſt, my guilty mind.
I ſaw thee as the new-blown bloſſoms fair,
Sprightly as light, more ſoft than ſummer's air,
Bright as their beams thy eyes a mind diſcloſe,
Whilſt on thy lips gay bluſh'd the fragrant roſe;
Wit, youth, and love, in each dear feature ſhone,
Preſt by my fate, I gaz'd——and was undone.

There dy'd the gen'rous fire, whoſe vig'rous flame
Enlarg'd my ſoul, and urg'd me on to fame.
Nor fame, nor wealth, my ſoften'd heart could move,
Dully inſenſible to all but love.
Snatch'd from myſelf, my learning taſteleſs grew,
Vain my philoſophy oppos'd to you;
A train of woes ſucceed, nor ſhould we mourn
The hours that cannot, ought not to return.

As once to love I ſway'd your yielding mind
Too fond, alas! too fatally inclin'd,
To virtue now let me your breaſt inſpire,
And fan, with zeal divine, the heav'nly fire;
Teach you to injur'd heav'n all chang'd to turn,
And bid the ſoul with ſacred rapture burn.
O! that my own example might impart
This noble warmth to your ſoft trembling heart!
That mine with pious undiſſembled care
Could aid the latent virtue ſtruggling there.

Alas! I rave—nor grace, nor zeal divine
Burn in a heart oppreſs'd with crimes like mine.
Too ſure I find, while I the tortures prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love,

On black deſpair my forc'd devotion's built;
Abſence for me has ſharper pangs than guilt.
Yet, yet, my *Eloiſe*, thy charms I view,
Yet my ſighs breathe, my tears pour forth for you;
Each weak reſiſtance ſtronger knits my chain,
I ſigh, weep, love, deſpair, repent——in vain.
Haſte, *Eloiſa*, haſte, your lover free,
Amidſt your warmeſt pray'r——O, think on me!
Wing with your riſing zeal my grov'ling mind,
And let me mine from your repentance find!
Ah! labour, ſtrive, your love, yourſelf controul!
The change will ſure affect my kindred ſoul;
In bleſt conſent our purer ſighs ſhall breathe,
And heav'n aſſiſting, ſhall our crimes forgive.
But if unhappy, wretched, loſt, in vain,
Faintly th' unequal combat you ſuſtain;
If not to heav'n you feel your boſom riſe,
Nor tears refin'd fall contrite from your eyes;
If ſtill your heart its wonted paſſions move,
If ſtill, to ſpeak all pains in one—you love;
Deaf to the weak eſſays of living breath,
Attend the ſtronger eloquence of death.
When that kind pow'r this captive ſoul ſhall free,
Which only then can ceaſe to doat on thee;
When gently ſunk to my eternal ſleep,
The *Paraclete* my peaceful urn ſhall keep;
Then, *Eloiſa*, then your lover view,
See his quench'd eyes no longer gaze on you;
From their dead orbs that tender utt'rance flown,
Which firſt to thine my heart's ſoft fate made known.

This breaſt no more, at length to eaſe conſign'd,
Pant like the waving aſpin in the wind;
See all my wild, tumultuous paſſion o'er,
And thou, amazing change! belov'd no more;
Behold the deſtin'd end of human love——
But let the ſight your zeal alone improve;
Let not your conſcious ſoul, to ſorrow mov'd,
Recal how much, how tenderly I lov'd:
With pious care your fruitleſs griefs reſtrain,
Nor let a tear your ſacred veil profane:
Not e'en a ſigh on my cold urn beſtow,
But let your breaſt with new-born raptures glow;
Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone
And to your mind immortal joys make known;
Let heav'n relenting ſtrike your raviſh'd view,
And ſtill the bright, the bleſt perſuit renew!
So with your crimes ſhall your misfortunes ceaſe,
And your rack'd ſoul be calmly huſh'd to peace.

VERSES

Written in her Brother's

COKE upon LITTLETON.

O Thou, who labour'ſt in this rugged mine,
May'ſt thou to gold th' unpoliſh'd ore refine!
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow!
Doubt not to reap, if thou canſt bear to plough.

To tempt thy care, may, each revolving night,
Purſes and maces ſwim before thy ſight!
From hence in times to come, advent'rous deed!
May'ſt thou eſſay to look and ſpeak like *Mead!*
When the black bag and roſe no more ſhall ſhade
With martial air the honours of thy head;
When the full wig thy viſage ſhall encloſe,
And only leave to view thy learned noſe;
Safely mayſt thou defy beaux, wits, and ſcoffers,
While tenants, in fee-ſimple, ſtuff thy coffers!

POEMS

BY

Mrs. MARY MASTERS.

Mrs. MARY MASTERS,

NOW living, is a native of *Ottley*, near *Leeds* in *Yorkſhire*. Her genius to poetry (ſhe herſelf informs us) was always brow-beat and diſcountenanced by her parents; and, till her merit got the better of her fortune, ſhe was ſhut out from all commerce with the polite world. Her pieces are indeed moſtly of a ſerious caſt, and leſs adapted to the taſte of the generality of readers, than thoſe of a more lively turn: but there are in them very evident marks of uncommon talents. And indeed there are few men, that would have wrote ſo well under the ſame diſcouragements, and diſadvantages of education.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. MARY MASTERS.

DEFENCE of *MYRTILLO* *.

LONG hath it been the critic's poor delight
To damn the piece they wanted ſenſe to write.
Where-e'er ſuperior qualities abound,
The ſnarling crew too ſurely will be found:
Myrtillo now provokes their venom'd wit,
He has excell'd, and therefore merits it.
But the bright youth above their malice ſhines,
Secure in his unperiſhable lines:
So barking curs perſue the gen'rous horſe,
Who bleſt with nobler parts and greater force,
Diſdains their little fury to engage,
And is unmov'd at ſuch enervate rage.

* The poems here vindicated make up a ſmall volume publiſhed by the Author at 18 years of age, under the title of, *Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, by a Young Gentleman.*

Here I ſhould ſtop, leſt I myſelf expoſe
To the reſentment of *Myrtillo*'s foes.
For what am I, a poor illit'rate maid,
That durſt their learn'd authority invade?
True; but my ſafety is in being mean;
A fooliſh thing that's plac'd below their ſpleen.
Yet had I merit to deſerve their hate,
I'd mock their cenſure, and provoke my fate.
Judicious heat my glowing boſom fires,
And equitable rage my ſoul inſpires.
I hate the carping tribe, their knowledge ſlight,
Nor would enjoy their learning with their ſpite.
Void of their envy and its pointed ſtings,
I taſte good-nature's more delightful ſprings.
Where I ſee merit I admire it too,
A gen'rous virtue which they never knew.
With pleaſure I *Myrtillo*'s lines peruſe
The charming products of a vig'rous Muſe.
All that is ſoft, that's delicate and fine,
Does in his verſe in nameleſs beauties join.
Such moving language, and the ſenſe ſo ſtrong;
While ev'ry grace adorns the pleaſing ſong;
Nature and art to give me joys unite,
And ev'ry word adminiſters delight.
But if there's ought defective or untrue,
Take it, ye Critics, that belongs to you.

PSALM XXXIX.

I Said, I will with ſtricteſt caution tread,
And ever jealous my own raſhneſs dread;
Leſt haply my unguarded tongue betray
Impatient ſenſe of Providence's ſway.
My mouth as with a bridle I'll reſtrain,
And wicked men ſhall watch my words in vain.
Determin'd thus I kept my ſilence long,
Nor good nor evil iſſu'd from my tongue.
But ſecret muſings ſecret pains impart,
And grief ſuppreſt inflam'd my burning heart;
Till warm reflection kindled in my breaſt,
And thus my tongue my fervent thought expreſt.
Teach me, O Lord, to mark with wiſdom's eyes
The narrow bounds in which my being lies;
The ſcanty meaſures of my years to weigh,
And know my frail affinity with clay.
Behold how tranſient is the creature man!
His longeſt period lies within a ſpan.
His age e'en ſeems as nothing in thine eye,
And all his glory is but vanity.
Soon flit his viſionary joys away,
Himſelf the empty pageant of a day:
Yet the fond wretch conſumes himſelf with care,
Collecting riches for an unknown heir.
Since then each man is vanity and duſt,
In whom ſhall I repoſe my hope and truſt?

Where ſhall my ſoul for real good attend?
Where but on thee, my never-failing friend?
Of guilt and ſhame remove the preſſive load,
And let me ſtill find favour with my God.
Oh! let me from my enemies have reſt,
And be exempted from the ſcorner's jeſt.
Speechleſs I ſuffer what's ordain'd by thee,
And by my ſilence own the juſt decree:
Yet oh! remove, or mitigate my woe,
Alas! I faint beneath the pond'rous blow:
How ſhould a worm before thy terrors ſtand?
Or bear the cruſh of an Almighty hand?
When thy juſt vengeance chaſtens man for ſin,
And conſcience ſtings the guilty wretch within;
His frame decays, his blooming beauty dies,
And from his cheek the lively colour flies.
So eating moths conſume the weaver's toils,
Fret the rich web, and triumph in their ſpoils.
Surely each man is vain to an extream,
Himſelf a vapour, and his life a dream.
Hear, mighty God, conſider all my pray'rs,
And give an anſwer to my falling tears.
Lo! thou has fix'd my ſhort abode on earth,
A ſtranger and a pilgrim from my birth:
A traveller, who ſoon muſt diſappear,
E'en ſuch am I, and ſuch my fathers were.
Oh! for a while reprieve me from the tomb,
Pity my youth, and heal its fading bloom.
Suſpend my fate, my waſted ſtrength repair,
Before I leave the well-known objects here,

E'er in the grave I ſhall forgotten lie,
Loſt to my friends, and hid from ev'ry eye.

To *LUCINDA.*

LUCINDA, you in vain diſſuade
Two hearts from mutual love,
What am'rous youth, or tender maid,
Could e'er their flames remove?

What if the charms in him I ſee
Only exiſt in thought;
Yet *Cupid*, like the *Mede*'s decree,
Is firm and changeth not.

Seek not to know my paſſions ſpring,
The reaſon to diſcover;
For reaſon is an uſeleſs thing,
When we've commenc'd the lover.

Should lovers quarrel with their fate,
And aſk the reaſon why,
They are condemn'd to dote on that,
Or for this object die?

They muſt not hope for a reply,
And this is all they know;
They ſigh, and weep, and rave, and die,
Becauſe it muſt be ſo.

Love is a mighty God you know,
That rules with potent ſway:
And when he draws his awful bow,
We mortals muſt obey.

Since you the fatal ſtrife endur'd,
And yielded to his dart:
How can I hope to be ſecur'd,
And guard a weaker heart?

PSALM XXXVII.

Inſcribed to an INJURED FRIEND.

FRET not thyſelf when wicked men prevail,
And bold iniquity bears down the ſcale.
They and their glory quickly ſhall decay,
Swept by the hand of Providence away,
As verdant graſs cut from its vital root,
That, with'ring, dies beneath the heedleſs foot:
In piety reſolv'd, on heav'n depend,
His hand ſhall feed thee, and his arm defend;
Delight in him, who hath the pow'r to bleſs,
And what thy ſoul deſires thou ſhalt poſſeſs.
In all thy ways on Providence recline,
So ſhall he vindicate each juſt deſign.
Thy virtue in full proſpect ſhall be ſhewn,
Clear as the morn, bright as the mid-day ſun.
In humble ſilence ever patient be,
Wait the event of his divine decree.

Tho' guilty policy her ſchemes fulfil,
Fret not thyſelf, nor imitate the ill.
Sudden the ſons of vice ſhall be deſtroy'd,
And deſolate the place they once enjoy'd.
But he that's humble, merciful and juſt,
And in his God repoſes all his truſt,
Shall ſee his days protracted, void of cares,
And paſs with pleaſure all his ſmiling years.

The harden'd wretch that's grown from bad to worſe,
May grind his teeth, or vent the dreadful curſe;
Or the black ſchemes of hidden miſchief lay,
Heav'n's fav'rite children eager to betray.
Th' Almighty views him with a ſcornful eye,
Knowing the day of his deſtruction nigh.
In vain he draws the ſword, and bends the bow,
And levels at the juſt the murd'ring blow.
His own falſe heart ſhall feel the fatal wound,
And the ſnapt bow lay ſhiver'd on the ground.
The humble pittance by the good enjoy'd,
With labour gain'd, with probity employ'd,
Is better far, and more to be deſir'd,
Than wealthy ſtores by wicked men acquir'd:
Whoſe arms ſhall fail, whoſe ſtrength ſhall weakneſs prove,
But the juſt man no pow'r on earth ſhall move.
His God is his ſupport, his joy, his reſt,
And to eternity he ſhall be bleſt.
When heavy judgments ſweep o'er guilty lands,
Secure in conſcious innocence he ſtands:
When fountains fail, and earth denies her grain,
When pinching want and meagre famine reign,

In his fair fields ſhall fruitful harveſts grow,
And his freſh ſprings with chryſtal ſtreams o'erflow.
But ſtubborn ſinners ſhall no mercy find,
For as light vapours fly before the wind,
As offer'd lambs on glowing altars lay,
Whoſe burning fat conſumes and melts away,
So ſhall they periſh all and diſappear,
As clouds of ſmoke diſpers'd in thinner air.
All that is juſt the wicked man declines,
Falſe are his words, and fraudful his deſigns.
With eaſe he'll promiſe, and with eaſe betray,
"Lend me," ſays he, but never means to pay.
What diff'rent virtues grace the pious mind!
Here mercy is with chearing bounty join'd;
Here open-handed Charity is ſeen,
And ſoft Compaſſion with a gentle mien;
Such is the man who long heav'n's favour ſhares,
And leaves the copious bleſſing to his heirs.
But he that travels on in wicked ways
Is moſt accurſt, and ſhort ſhall be his days.
A good man's ſteps are all with caution trod,
At once the charge and fav'rite of his God:
And if he ſlips (as ſure the beſt may err)
He's ſtill ſupported by Almighty care.
From blooming youth to my declining years,
I ne'er beheld the righteous or his heirs
Unfriended, wand'ring, piteouſly implore
The dole of Charity from door to door.
His pray'rs, his pity, ev'ry gracious deed
Entails a laſting bleſſing on his ſeed.

Obſerve what's right, let ſin be moſt abhorr'd,
Immortal life ſhall be the great reward.
For truth and virtue are by heav'n approv'd,
And the juſt man ſhall be by heav'n belov'd.
Protected by his God, he knows no fear,
For ever ſafe beneath his guardian care.
That friend of ſaints will lengthen out their days,
When ſudden death cuts off the wicked race.
But he whoſe life is regular and pure,
Shall make his name to lateſt times endure.
Nor thro' unnumber'd ages ſhall decline,
The patrimonial honours of his line.
What wiſdom dictates he with pleaſure tells,
While his glad tongue on ſweet inſtruction dwells.
Within his heart his Maker's law preſides,
And firm he treads whom true religion guides.
In vain he's watch'd by his inſidious foe,
That ſeeks to ſlay him with a ſecret blow.
For heav'n, ſtill careful of its ſervant's good,
Shall free him from the hand diſtain'd with blood.
Or, if malicious ſycophants combine,
If wicked men in wicked counſels join,
And thro' black perjury and canker'd ſpight,
Perverted judgment ſeize his legal right;
Intrepid he ſuſtains the preſſive ill,
Conſcious his God will hold him guiltleſs ſtill.
With patient hope the path of God perſue,
Thine eyes a ſtrange viciſſitude ſhall view.
Thy right reſtor'd with larger tracks of land,
And pow'r, unknown before, ſhall bleſs thy hand.

Thy late inſulting foe to thee ſhall bend,
And thou ſhalt mark his miſerable end.
I have myſelf a potent villain ſeen,
Like the young laurel, vig'rous, lovely, green,
With pow'r inveſted, ſtretch from ſide to ſide,
Vain with ſucceſs, and ſwell'd with inward pride.
Yet ſoon this mighty man was ſhrunk to earth,
'Twas ſcarce remember'd that he e'er had birth.
I ſought the place where he ſo lately ſhone,
'Twas all a waſte, the faithleſs maſter gone.
Behold the man whoſe life's unblemiſh'd round,
Is with fair truth, and bright perfection crown'd:
With what compoſure he reſigns his breath,
Serenely ſmiling in the arms of death!
But the tranſgreſſing tribe ſhall ſoon decay,
Tho' mercy for a while their fate delay.
A certain vengeance on their race ſhall fall,
And one vaſt ruin overwhelm them all.
To the juſt man proſperity is given,
And his redeemer is the Lord of heav'n.
But if a trial of his faith be meant,
And for that end ſevere afflictions ſent,
His arm ſuſtains him in the day of woe,
And gives him ſtrength to bear the chaſt'ning blow.
When angry men, a vile perfidious band,
Approach to wound him with unhallow'd hand;
To heav'n he looks, expecting ſafety thence,
And the Moſt High will be his ſure defence,
Will cruſh his foes, and their mad pow'r reſtrain,
For none e'er truſted in the Lord in vain.

POEMS

By the Right Honourable

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

POEMS

By the Right Honourable

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

TOWN ECLOGUES.

MONDAY.

ROXANA, *or, The Drawing-Room.*

ROXANA, from the court retiring late,
Sigh'd her ſoft ſorrows at St. *James*'s gate:
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breaſt,
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppreſs'd;
They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear;
She in theſe gentle ſounds expreſs'd her care.
" Was it for this, that I theſe roſes wear,
" For this new-ſet the jewels for my hair?

" Ah! princeſs! with what zeal have I perſu'd!
" Almoſt forgot the duty of a prude.
" Thinking I never could attend too ſoon,
" I've miſs'd my pray'rs to get me dreſs'd by noon.
" For thee, ah! what for thee did I reſign?
" My pleaſures, paſſions, all that e'er was mine.
" I ſacrific'd both modeſty and eaſe,
" Left operas, and went to filthy plays;
" Double entendres ſhock'd my tender ear,
" Yet even this for thee I choſe to bear.
" In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
" And ev'ry joy of life before me lay,
" By honour prompted, and by pride reſtrain'd,
" The pleaſures of the young my ſoul diſdain'd:
" Sermons I ſought, and with a mien ſevere
" Cenſur'd my neighbours, and ſaid daily pray'r.
" Alas! how chang'd!—with the ſame ſermon mien
" That once I pray'd, the *What-d'ye-call't* I've ſeen.
" Ah! cruel princeſs, for thy ſake I've loſt
" That reputation which ſo dear had coſt:
" I, who avoided ev'ry publick place,
" When bloom and beauty bid me ſhew my face;
" Now near thee conſtant ev'ry night abide
" With never-failing duty by thy ſide,
" Myſelf and daughters ſtanding on a row,
" To all the foreigners a goodly ſhow!
" Oft had your drawing-room been ſadly thin,
" And merchants wives cloſe by the chair been ſeen;
" Had not I amply fill'd the empty ſpace,
" And ſav'd your highneſs from the dire diſgrace.

" Yet *Coquetilla*'s artifice prevails,
" When all my merit and my duty fails:
" That *Coquetilla*, whoſe deluding airs
" Corrupt our virgins, and our youth enſnare;
" So ſunk her character, ſo loſt her fame,
" Scarce viſited before your highneſs came;
" Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you chuſe,
" When zeal and fame and virtue you refuſe.
" Ah! worthy choice! not one of all your train
" Whom cenſure blaſts not, and diſhonours ſtain.
" Let the nice hind now ſuckle dirty pigs,
" And the proud pea-hen ſnatch the cuckoo's eggs!
" Let *Iris* leave her paint and own her age,
" And grave *Suffolka* wed a giddy page!
" A greater miracle is daily view'd,
" A virtuous princeſs with a court ſo lewd.
" I know thee, Court! with all thy treach'rous
" wiles,
" Thy falſe careſſes and undoing ſmiles!
" Ah! princeſs, learn'd in all thy courtly arts
" To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts.
" Large lovely bribes are the great ſtateſman's aim;
" And the neglected patriot follows fame.
" The prince is ogled; ſome the king perſue;
" But your *Roxana* only follows you.
" Deſpis'd *Roxana*, ceaſe, and try to find
" Some other, ſince the princeſs proves unkind;
" Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,
" If not a greater, a more firm ſupport."

TUESDAY.

St. *JAMES*'s COFFEE-HOUSE.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

THOU, who ſo many favours haſt receiv'd,
Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,
Oh! *H——d*, to my lays attention lend,
Hear how two lovers boaſtingly contend;
Like thee ſucceſsful, ſuch their bloomy youth,
Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.
St. *James*'s bell had toll'd ſome wretches in,
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could ſin)
The happier ſinners now their charms put out,
And to their mantuas their complexions ſuit:
The opera queens had finiſh'd half their faces,
And city-dames already taken places;
Fops of all kinds to ſee the lion run;
The beauties ſtay till the firſt act's begun,
And beaux ſtep home to put freſh linen on.
No well-dreſs'd youth in coffee-houſe remain'd,
But penſive *Patch*, who on the window lean'd;
And *Silliander*, that alert and gay,
Firſt pick'd his teeth, and then began to ſay.

SILLIANDER.

Why all theſe ſighs? ah! why ſo penſive grown?
Some cauſe there is why thus you ſit alone.
Does hapleſs paſſion all this ſorrow move?
Or doſt thou envy where the ladies love?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy muſt perſue,
'Tis ſure, at leaſt, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy, you are in the right,
'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they ſlight.
Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boaſt,
A club of ladies where 'tis me they toaſt.

PATCH.

Toaſting does ſeldom any favour prove;
Like us, they never toaſt the thing they love.
A certain duke one night my health begun;
With chearful pledges round the room it run,
Till the young *Sylvia*, preſs'd to drink it too,
Started, and vow'd ſhe knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health! ſhe dy'd with ſhame;
Yet bluſh'd whenever ſhe pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates perſue me, may I never find
The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
If fair Miſs *Flippy*'s fan I did not tear,
And one from me ſhe condeſcends to wear.

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive;
'Tis then a favour when the ſex will give.
A lady (but ſhe is too great to name)
Beauteous in perſon, ſpotleſs is her fame,
With gentle ſtrugglings let me force this ring;
Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I could ſay ſomething—ſee this billet-doux—
And as for preſents—look upon my ſhoe—
Theſe buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,
But a young counteſs fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My counteſs is more nice, more artful too,
Affects to fly, that I may fierce perſue:
This ſnuff-box which I begg'd ſhe ſtill deny'd,
And when I ſtrove to ſnatch it ſeem'd to hide;
She laugh'd and fled, and as I ſought to ſeize,
With affectation cram'd it down her ſtays:
Yet hop'd ſhe did not place it there unſeen,
I preſs'd her breaſts and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Laſt night as I ſtood ogling of her Grace,
Drinking delicious poiſon from her face,
The ſoft enchantreſs did that face decline,
Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine;
With ſudden art ſome ſecret did pretend,
Lean'd croſs two chairs to whiſper to a friend,
While the ſtiff whalebone with the motion roſe,
And thouſand beauties to my ſight expoſe.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was aſk'd to come)
I drank bohea in *Celia*'s dreſſing-room:
Warm from her bed, to me alone within,
Her night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;
Her night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace,
And her bright hair play'd careleſs round her face;

Reaching the kettle, made her gown unpin,
She wore no waiſtcoat, and her ſhift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See *Titiana* driving to the park!
Hark! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark;
In her all beauties of the ſpring are ſeen,
Her cheeks are roſy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See, *Tintoretta* to the opera goes!
Haſte, or the croud will not permit our bows;
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are ſtar-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in *Celia*'s ſtockings ſhine?
Reveal that ſecret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

What are her garters? tell me if you can;
I'll freely own thee for the happier man.
Thus *Patch* continu'd his heroic ſtrain,
While *Silliander* but contends in vain.
After a conqueſt ſo important gain'd,
Unrival'd *Patch* in ev'ry ruelle reign'd.

WEDNESDAY.

The Tête à Tête.

DANCINDA.

" NO, fair *Dancinda*, no; you ſtrive in vain
" To calm my care and mitigate my pain;

" If all my ſighs, my cares, can fail to move,
" Ah! ſooth me not with fruitleſs vows of love."
Thus *Strephon* ſpoke. *Dancinda* thus reply'd:
What muſt I do to gratify your pride?
Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)
How much you triumph in this tender heart:
What proof of love remains for me to grant?
Yet ſtill you teaze me with ſome new complaint.
Oh! would to heav'n!—but the fond wiſh is vain—
Too many favours had not made it plain!
But ſuch a paſſion breaks thro' all diſguiſe,
Love reddens on my cheek and wiſhes in my eyes.
Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind!)
I own the ſecret conflict of my mind?
You cannot know what ſecret pain I prove,
When I with burning bluſhes own I love.
You ſee my artleſs joy at your approach,
I ſigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch;
And in your abſence all the world I ſhun;
I hate mankind, and curſe the chearing ſun.
Still as I fly ten thouſand ſwains perſue;
Ten thouſand ſwains I ſacrifice to you.
I ſhew you all my heart without diſguiſe:
But theſe are tender proofs that you deſpiſe——
I ſee too well what wiſhes you perſue;
You would not only conquer, but undo:
You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,
Would ſeek a cure in my eternal ſhame;
And not content my honour to ſubdue,
Now ſtrive to triumph o'er my virtue too.

Oh! Love, a God indeed to womankind,
Whoſe arrows burn me, and whoſe fetters bind,
Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,
And blaſt theſe traytors that profane thy name,
Who, by pretending to thy ſacred fire,
Raiſe curſed trophies to impure deſire.
Have you forgot with what enſnaring art
You firſt ſeduc'd this fond uncautious heart?
Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,
Turn, cruel beauty; whither would you fly?
Why all theſe doubts? why this diſtruſtful fear?
No impious wiſhes ſhall offend your ear:
Nor ever ſhall my boldeſt hopes pretend
Above the title of a tender friend;
Bleſt, if my lovely Goddeſs will permit
My humble vows, thus ſighing at her feet.
The tyrant Love that in my boſom reigns,
The God himſelf ſubmits to wear your chains.
You ſhall direct his courſe, his ardour tame,
And check the fury of his wildeſt flame.
Unpractis'd youth is eaſily deceiv'd;
Sooth'd by ſuch ſounds, I liſten'd and believ'd;
Now, quite forgot that ſoft ſubmiſſive fear,
You dare to aſk what I muſt bluſh to hear.
Could I forget the honour of my race,
And meet your wiſhes, fearleſs of diſgrace;
Could paſſion o'er my tender youth prevail,
And all my mother's pious maxims fail;
Yet to preſerve your heart (which ſtill muſt be,
Falſe as it is, for ever dear to me)

This fatal proof of love I would not give,
Which you'd contemn the moment you receive.
The wretched ſhe, who yields to guilty joys,
A man may pity, but he muſt deſpiſe.
Your ardour ceas'd, I then ſhould ſee you ſhun
The wretched victim by your arts undone.
Yet if I could that cold indiff'rence bear,
What more would ſtrike me with the laſt deſpair,
With this reflection would my ſoul be torn,
To know I merited your cruel ſcorn.
Has love no pleaſures free from guilt or fear?
Pleaſures leſs fierce, more laſting, more ſincere?
Thus let us gently kiſs and fondly gaze,
Love is a child, and like a child it plays.
O *Strephon*, if you would continue juſt,
If love be ſomething more than brutal luſt,
Forbear to aſk what I muſt ſtill deny,
This bitter pleaſure, this deſtructive joy,
So cloſely follow'd by the diſmal train
Of cutting ſhame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.
She paus'd; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan;
He took a pinch of ſnuff, and thus began;
Madam, if love—but he could ſay no more,
For Madamoiſelle came rapping at the door.
The dangerous moments no adieus afford;
—Begone, ſhe cries, I'm ſure I hear my lord;
The lover ſtarts from his unfiniſh'd loves,
To ſnatch his hat, and ſeek his ſcatter'd gloves:
The ſighing dame to meet her dear prepares,
While *Strephon* curſing, ſlips down the back-ſtairs.

*SATURDAY**.

The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched *Flavia* on her couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the anguiſh of a wounded mind;
A glaſs revers'd in her right hand ſhe bore,
For now ſhe ſhunn'd the face ſhe ſought before.
" How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown
" A frightful ſpectre, to myſelf unknown!
" Where's my complexion? where my radiant bloom,
" That promis'd happineſs for years to come?
" Then with what pleaſure I this face ſurvey'd!
" To look once more, my viſits oft delay'd!
" Charm'd with the view, a freſher red would riſe,
" And a new life ſhot ſparkling from my eyes!
" Ah! faithleſs glaſs, my wonted bloom reſtore;
" Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!
" The greateſt good the Gods on men beſtow,
" Ev'n youth itſelf to me is uſeleſs now.

* We have purpoſely omitted the two Eclogues, entitled *Thurſday, The Baſſette-Table*, and *Friday, The Toilette*, becauſe, though hitherto publiſhed among this Lady's pieces, ſhe is really not the author of them. *The Toilette* was written by *Gay*, and is printed among his poems, and *Pope* was the author of *The Baſſette-Table*, which is inſerted in the edition of his works publiſhed by Mr. *Warburton*.

" There was a time (oh! that I could forget!)
" When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet;
" And at the ring, where brighteſt beauties ſhine,
" The earlieſt cherries of the ſpring were mine.
" Witneſs, O *Lilly*; and thou, *Motteux*, tell
" How much japan theſe eyes have made ye ſell.
" With what contempt ye ſaw me oft deſpiſe
" The humble offer of the raffled prize;
" For at the raffle ſtill each prize I bore,
" With ſcorn rejected, or with triumph wore!
" Now beauty's fled, and preſents are no more!
" For me the patriot has the houſe forſook,
" And left debates to catch a paſſing look:
" For me the ſoldier has ſoft verſes writ:
" For me the beau has aim'd to be a wit.
" For me the wit to nonſenſe was betray'd;
" The gameſter has for me his dun delay'd,
" And overſeen the card I would have pay'd.
" The bold and haughty, by ſucceſs made vain,
" Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain:
" The baſhful 'ſquire touch'd by a wiſh unknown,
" Has dar'd to ſpeak with ſpirit not his own;
" Fir'd by one wiſh, all did alike adore;
" Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!
" As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
" New unaffected ſcenes of ſorrow riſe!
" Far from my ſight that killing picture bear,
" The face diſfigure, and the canvas tear!
" That picture, which with pride I us'd to ſhow,
" The loſt reſemblance but upbraids me now.

" And thou, my toilette! where I oft have ſate,
" While hours unheeded paſs'd in deep debate,
" How curls ſhould fall, or where a patch to place;
" If blue or ſcarlet beſt became my face;
" Now on ſome happier nymph your aid beſtow;
" On fairer heads, ye uſeleſs jewels, glow!
" No borrow'd luſtre can my charms reſtore;
" Beauty is fled, and dreſs is now no more;
" Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye ſhine;
" Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine;
" But 'midſt your triumphs with confuſion know,
" 'Tis to my ruin all your charms ye owe.
" Would pitying heav'n reſtore my wonted mien,
" Ye ſtill might move unthought of and unſeen:
" But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boaſt
" Of beauty faded, and of empire loſt!
" What now is left but weeping to deplore
" My beauty fled, and empire now no more!
" Ye cruel chymiſts, what with-held your aid!
" Could no pomatums ſave a trembling maid?
" How falſe and trifling is that art ye boaſt;
" No art can give me back my beauty loſt!
" In tears, ſurrounded by my friends I lay,
" Maſk'd o'er, and trembled at the ſight of day;
" *Mirmilio* came my fortune to deplore,
" (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)
" Cordials, he cry'd, my ſpirits muſt reſtore!
" Beauty is fled, and ſpirit is no more!
" *Galen*, the grave; officious *Squirt*, was there,
" With fruitleſs grief and unavailing care:

" *Machaon* too, the great *Machaon*, known
" By his red cloak and his ſuperior frown;
" And why, he cry'd, this grief and this deſpair?
" You ſhall again be well, again be fair;
" Believe my oath; (with that an oath he ſwore)
" Falſe was his oath; my beauty is no more!
" Ceaſe, hapleſs maid, no more thy tale perſue,
" Forſake mankind, and bid the world adieu!
" Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway;
" All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey:
" Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow,
" Men mock the idol of their former vow.
" Adieu! ye parks!—in ſome obſcure receſs,
" Where gentle ſtreams will weep at my diſtreſs,
" Where no falſe friend will in my grief take part,
" And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;
" There let me live in ſome deſerted place,
" There hide in ſhades this loſt inglorious face.
" Ye operas, circles, I no more muſt view!
" My toilette, patches, all the world adieu!

EPISTLE

From *ARTHUR GREY*, the Footman,

After his Condemnation for attempting a RAPE.

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wiſh, nor you to dread:
I aſk not life, for life to me were vain,
And death a refuge from ſeverer pain.

My only hope in theſe laſt lines I try;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.
Long had I liv'd as ſordid as my fate,
Nor curs'd the deſtiny that made me wait
A ſervile ſlave: content with homely food,
The groſs inſtinct of appetite perſu'd:
Youth gave me ſleep at night, and warmth of blood.
Ambition yet had never touch'd my breaſt;
My lordly maſter knew no ſounder reſt;
With labour healthy, in obedience bleſt.
But when I ſaw——oh! had I never ſeen
That wounding ſoftneſs, that engaging mien!
The miſt of wretched education flies,
Shame, fear, deſire, deſpair and love ariſe,
The new creation of thoſe beauteous eyes.
But yet that love perſu'd no guilty aim,
Deep in my heart I hid the ſecret flame.
I never hop'd my fond deſire to tell,
And all my wiſhes were to ſerve you well.
Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
And kiſs'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
Preſent the ſparkling wine, or change the plate!
How when you ſung my ſoul devour'd the ſound,
And ev'ry ſenſe was in the rapture drown'd!
Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move;
——You knew not that ſtupidity was love!
But oh! the torment not to be expreſs'd,
The grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breaſt,

When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
Sate by your ſide, or led you from the play!
I ſtill contriv'd near as I could to ſtand,
(The flambeau trembling in my ſhaking hand)
I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, thoſe fingers preſs'd,
For thus their paſſion by my own I gueſs'd,
And jealous fury all my ſoul poſſeſs'd.
Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
And madneſs would have thrown me at your feet.
Turn, lovely nymph (for ſo I would have ſaid)
Turn from thoſe triflers who make love a trade;
This is true paſſion in my eyes you ſee;
They cannot, no——they cannot love like me.
Frequent debauch has pall'd their fickly taſte,
Faint their deſire, and in a moment paſt:
They ſigh not from the heart, but from the brain;
Vapours of vanity, and ſtrong champagne.
Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inſpire,
After long talking of their painted fire,
To ſome lewd brothel they at night retire;
There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
Enjoy your beauties in a ſtrumpet's arms.
Such are the joys thoſe toaſters have in view,
And ſuch the wit and pleaſure they perſue:
——And is this love that ought to merit you?
Each opera-night a new addreſs begun,
They ſwear to thouſands what they ſwear to one.
Not thus I ſigh——but all my ſighs are vain——
Die, wretched *Arthur*, and conceal thy pain:
'Tis impudence to wiſh, and madneſs to complain.

Fix'd on this view, my only hope of eaſe,
I waited not the aid of ſlow diſeaſe:
The keeneſt inſtruments of death I ſought,
And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
This all the night—when I remember well,
The charming tinkle of your morning bell!
Fir'd by the ſound, I haſten'd with your tea,
With one laſt look to ſmooth the darkſome way.——
But oh! how dear that fatal look has coſt!
In that fond moment my reſolves were loſt.
Hence all my guilt, and all your ſorrows riſe——
I ſaw the languid ſoftneſs of your eyes;
I ſaw the dear diſorder of your bed;
Your cheek all glowing with a tempting red;
Your night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace;
Your flowing hair play'd careleſs round your face,
Your night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;
——Fancy improv'd the wond'rous charms within!
I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breaſt,
And hardly, hardly I forbore the reſt;
Eager to gaze, unſatisfy'd with ſight,
My head grew giddy with the near delight!
——Too well you know the fatal following night!
Th' extremeſt proof of my deſire I give,
And ſince you will not love, I will not live.
Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
Careleſs and fearleſs of the woes to come.
But when you ſee me waver in the wind,
My guilty flame extinct, my ſoul reſign'd,
Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel conſequence of furious love.

Think the bold wretch, that could ſo greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and ſincere:
Think when I held the piſtol to your breaſt,
Had I been of the world's large rule poſſeſs'd,
That world had then been your's, and I been bleſt!
Think that my life was quite below my care,
Nor fear'd I any hell beyond deſpair——
If theſe reflections, though they ſeize you late,
Give ſome compaſſion for your *Arthur*'s fate:
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

The LOVER. A BALLAD.

To Mr. *C*——.

AT length, by ſo much importunity preſs'd,
Take, *C*——, at once the inſide of my breaſt;
This ſtupid indiff'rence ſo often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to ſhame.
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's ſermon ſo ſtrong in my head:
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh! was there a man (but where ſhall I find
Good ſenſe and good nature ſo equally join'd?)
Would value his pleaſure, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boaſt, nor would lewdly deſign;

Not over ſevere, yet not ſtupidly vain,
For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

III.

No pedant, yet learned; not rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, becauſe he has nothing to ſay;
To all my whole ſex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me.
In publick preſerve the decorum that's juſt,
And ſhew in his eyes he is true to his truſt;
Then rarely approach, and reſpectfully bow,
But not fulſomely pert, or foppiſhly low.

IV.

But when the long hours of publick are paſt,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at laſt,
May ev'ry fond pleaſure that moment endear;
Be baniſh'd afar both diſcretion and fear!
Forgetting or ſcorning the airs of the croud,
He may ceaſe to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till loſt in the joy, we confeſs that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

V.

And that my delight may be ſolidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handſomely mix'd,
In whoſe tender boſom my ſoul may confide,
Whoſe kindneſs can ſooth me, whoſe counſel can guide:
From ſuch a dear lover as here I deſcribe,
No danger ſhould fright me, no millions ſhould bribe:
But till this aſtoniſhing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaſte, I will keep myſelf ſo.

VI.

I never will ſhare with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.

The toaſters and ſongſters may try all their art,
But never ſhall enter the paſs of my heart.
I loath the lewd rake, the dreſs'd fopling deſpiſe:
Before ſuch perſuers the nice virgin flies:
And as *Ovid* has ſweetly in parables told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

The LADY's RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window.

WHILST thirſt of praiſe, and vain deſire of fame,
In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtſhip pleas'd, of ſilly toaſters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a croud;
On each poor fool beſtowing ſome kind glance,
Each conqueſt owing to ſome looſe advance;
While vain coquets affect to be perſu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not groſsly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part ſhe is to blame that has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

The GENTLEMAN's ANSWER.

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame
In ev'ry ſtate and ev'ry age the ſame;
With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toaſt,
And where they leaſt are happy, ſwear they're moſt;

No diff'rence making 'twixt coquet and prude;
And her that ſeems, yet is not really lewd;
While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
And taſte no joys but what their fancies give;
Let this great maxim be my action's guide,
May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er deny'd;
Nor think a woman won that's willing to be try'd.

An EPISTLE to Lord *B——t.*

HOW happy you! who varied joys perſue;
And ev'ry hour preſents you ſomething new!
Plans, ſchemes, and models, all *Palladio*'s art,
For ſix long months have gain'd upon your heart:
Of colonades, of corridores you talk,
The winding ſtair-caſe, and the cover'd walk;
You blend the orders with *Vitruvian* toil,
And raiſe with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile:
But the dull workman's ſlow performing hand
But coldly executes his lord's command,
With dirt and mortar ſoon you grow diſpleas'd,
Planting ſucceeds, and avenues are rais'd,
Canals are cut, and mountains level made;
Bowers of retreat, and galleries of ſhade:
The ſhaven turf preſents a lively green;
The bord'ring flow'rs in myſtic knots are ſeen:
With ſtudied art on nature you refine——
The ſpring beheld you warm in this deſign,
But ſcarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,
Yourn inclination fails, and wiſhes freeze:

You quit the grove ſo lately you admir'd;
With other views your eager hopes are fir'd.
Poſt to the city you direct your way;
Not blooming paradiſe could bribe your ſtay:
Ambition ſhews you power's brighteſt ſide,
'Tis meanly poor in ſolitude to hide:
Tho' certain pains attend the cares of ſtate,
A good man owes his country to be great;
Should act abroad the high diſtinguiſh'd part,
Or ſhew at leaſt the purpoſe of his heart.
With thoughts like theſe the ſhining courts you ſeek:
Full of new projects for almoſt a week:
You then deſpiſe the tinſel glitt'ring ſnare;
Think vile mankind below a ſerious care:
Life is too ſhort for any diſtant aim;
And cold the dull reward of future fame:
Be happy then, while yet you have to live;
And love is all the bleſſing heav'n can give.
Fir'd by new paſſion you addreſs the fair;
Survey the opera as a gay parterre:
Young *Cloe*'s bloom had made you certain prize,
But for a ſide-long glance from *Celia*'s eyes:
Your beating heart acknowledges her pow'r;
Your eager eyes her lovely form devour;
You feel the poiſon ſwelling in your breaſt,
And all your ſoul by fond deſire poſſeſt.
In dying ſighs a long three hours are paſt;
To ſome aſſembly with impatient haſte,
With trembling hope and doubtful fear you move,
Reſolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love:

But there *Belinda* meets you on the ſtairs,
Eaſy her ſhape, attracting all her airs;
A ſmile ſhe gives, and with a ſmile can wound;
Her melting voice has muſick in the ſound;
Her ev'ry motion wears reſiſtleſs grace;
Wit in her mien, and pleaſure in her face:
Here while you vow eternity of love,
Cloe and *Celia* unregarded move.

Thus on the ſands of *Afric*'s burning plains,
However deeply made, no long impreſs remains:
The lighteſt leaf can leave its figure there;
The ſtrongeſt form is ſcatter'd by the air.
So yielding the warm temper of your mind,
So touch'd by ev'ry eye, ſo toſs'd by wind;
Oh! how unlike the heav'n my ſoul deſign'd!
Unſeen, unheard, the throng around me move;
Not wiſhing praiſe, inſenſible of love:
No whiſpers ſoften, nor no beauties fire;
Careleſs I ſee the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

So num'rous herds are driven o'er the rock;
No print is left of all the paſſing flock:
So ſings the wind around the ſolid ſtone:
So vainly beat the waves with fruitleſs moan.
Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,
Who dare attempt to fix impreſſions there:
But ſhould ſome ſwain, more ſkilful than the reſt,
Engrave his name upon this marble breaſt,
Not rolling ages could deface that name;
Thro' all the ſtorms of life 'tis ſtill the ſame:

Tho' length of years with moſs may ſhade the ground,
Deep, tho' unſeen, remains the ſecret wound.

EPILOGUE

To *MARY*, Queen of *SCOTS*.

Deſigned to be ſpoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WHAT could luxurious woman wiſh for more,
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?
Their ev'ry wiſh was in this *Mary* ſeen,
Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen!
Vain uſeleſs bleſſings with ill conduct join'd!
Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.
Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,
Beauty, what poor omnipotence haſt thou!
Queen *Beſs* had wiſdom, council, pow'r, and laws:
How few eſpous'd a wretched beauty's cauſe!
Learn hence, ye fair, more ſolid charms to prize,
Contemn the idle flatt'rers of your eyes.
The brighteſt object ſhines but while 'tis new:
That influence leſſens by familiar view.
Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway,
All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey;
Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow,
Men mock the idol of their former vow.
Two great examples have been ſhewn to-day,
To what ſure ruin paſſion does betray;

What long repentance to ſhort joys is due;
When reaſon rules, what glory does enſue!
If you will love, love like *Eliza* then;
Love for amuſement, like thoſe traytors men.
Think that the paſtime of a leiſure hour
She favour'd oft—but never ſhar'd her pow'r.
The traveller, by deſart wolves pẽrſu'd,
If by his art the ſavage foe's ſubdu'd,
The world will ſtill the noble act applaud,
Tho' victory was gain'd by needful fraud.
Such is, my tender ſex, our helpleſs caſe;
And ſuch the barb'rous heart, hid by the begging face.
By paſſion fir'd, and not with-held by ſhame,
They cruel hunters are; we, trembling game.
Truſt me, dear ladies, (for I know 'em well)
They burn to triumph, and they ſigh to tell:
Cruel to them that yield, cullies to them that fell.
Believe me, 'tis by far the wiſer courſe,
Superior art ſhould meet ſuperior force:
Hear, but be faithful to your int'reſt ſtill:
Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.

RECEIPT for the VAPOURS.

Written to Lady J——N.

WHY will *Delia* thus retire,
And languiſh life away?
While the ſighing croud admire,
'Tis too ſoon for hartſhorn-tea.

All thoſe diſmal looks and fretting
Cannot *Damon*'s life reſtore;
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never ſee him more.

Once again conſult your toilet,
In the glaſs your face review:
So much weeping ſoon will ſpoil it,
And no ſpring your charms renew.

I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean:
The diſeaſe, alas! is common,
Single, we have all the ſpleen.

All the morals that they tell us
Never cur'd the ſorrow yet:
Chuſe, among the pretty fellows,
One of humour, youth, and wit.

Prythee hear him every morning,
At the leaſt an hour or two;
Once again at night returning,
I believe the doſe will do.

POEMS

BY

The Hon. Mrs. MONK.

Honourable Mrs. MONK

WAS the daughter of the Right Honourable Lord *Moleſworth*, of *Ireland*; and wife to *George Monk*, Eſq; She acquired, without a maſter, purely by the force of her own genius, a perfect knowledge of the *Latin*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh* tongues. She alſo tranſlated many parts of the beſt authors in thoſe languages, and wrote many other poems. Soon after her death they were collected and publiſhed by her father under the following title, MARINDA, *Poems and Tranſlations upon ſeveral Occaſions.*

This Lady died about the year 1715, and, on her death-bed at *Bath*, wrote a very affecting copy of verſes to her huſband in *London*, which are not printed in her works, but the reader will meet with in this collection.

POEMS

BY

The Honourable Mrs. MONK.

On PROVIDENCE.

From FILICAIA.

AS a kind mother with indulgent eye
Views her fair charge, and melts with ſympathy,
And one's dear face imprints with kiſſes ſweet,
One to her boſom claſps, one on her knee,
Softly ſuſtains in pleaſing dignity,
And one permits to cling about her feet;
And reads their various wants, and each requeſt
In look or action, or in ſigh expreſs'd:
This little ſupplicant in gracious ſtile
She anſwers, that ſhe bleſſes with a ſmile;
Or if ſhe blames their ſuit, or if approves,
And whether pleas'd or griev'd, yet ſtill ſhe loves:

With like regard high Providence divine
Watches affectionate o'er human race,
One feeds, one comforts, does to all incline,
And each aſſiſts with kind parental care;
Or, once denying us ſome needful grace,
Only denies to move an ardent pray'r:
Or, courted for imaginary wants,
Seems to deny, but in denying grants.

On the INVENTION of LETTERS.

From BREBEUF.

THE noble art from *Cadmus* took its riſe
Of painting words, and ſpeaking to the eyes:
He firſt in wond'rous magick fetters bound
The airy voice, and ſtopt the flying ſound:
The various figures by his pencil wrought
Gave colour, and a body to the thought.

SONETTO.

From PETRARCH.

THoughtful alone, thro' barren waſtes I ſtray,
Slow ling'ring ſteps pace out the meaſur'd way:
With jealous fear around my eyes I caſt,
To ſhun the paths by human footſteps trac'd.
Vain are all other coverts to conceal,
From ſight of men, the torments that I feel:

A lifeleſs figure, and a joyleſs mien
Diſcloſe the fire that ſmother'd burns within.
The rocky hills and ſtreams that ſilent flow,
The groves and dales are conſcious of my woe,
And only they the fatal ſecret know.
But to howe'er remote a part I rove,
Or pathleſs waſte, or hill, or dale, or grove,
I'm ſtill perſu'd by my companion, Love.

SONETTO.

From Monſignor DELLA CASA.

O Sleep, thou gentle offspring of ſtill night's
Soft humid ſhades; ſick mortals ſweet repoſe,
Pleaſing forgetfulneſs of all the ills
That human life imbitter and perplex!
Aid now my ſoul, that languiſhes, and finds
No reſt; and eaſe my weak and weary limbs:
Bend hitherwards, O Sleep, thy aery flight,
And o'er me drop thy dark extended wing.
Where is that ſilence, ſhy of day and ſun,
And thoſe light dreams that with uncertain ſteps
Wav'ring attend on the nocturnal walks?
Alas! in vain I thee invoke, in vain
Court the cool ſable ſhades: O reſtleſs bed
Fill'd full with thorns! O racking dreadful nights!

SONETTO.

From MARINI.

SOFT Sleep, thou ſon of Silence and of Night,
Parent of wild imaginary forms,
Thro' whoſe dark quiet paths the lover oft
Straying does haply find his wiſh'd-for bliſs;
Now ev'ry heart, but mine, in ſweet repoſe
Slumbers amidſt theſe light and aery ſhades,
Forſake thy cloſer caverns, gentle Sleep,
Thy grots *Cimmerian*, gloomy as my thoughts.
Approach me with thy lov'd forgetfulneſs,
Bring that bright form, whereon I joy to gaze,
Let it ſpeak comfort to my lone deſires.
But if to ſee the ſemblance of the fair
In thee's deny'd me, I at leaſt ſhall find
The image of that death I long to meet.

From TASSO's JERUSALEM. Lib. XVI.

STA. XIV.

SEE how on yonder buſh
The virgin roſe
Breaks from her verdure with a bluſh,
And does but half her charms diſcloſe,

Which leſs diſclos'd, the brighter ſtill appear;
See how grown bolder ſhe diſplays
Her boſom bare, ſee how ſhe then decays;
No more that flow'r remains,
That flow'r no more which thouſand nymphs and ſwains
Long'd in their wreaths to wear.

XV.

Thus with the day
The bud and bloſſom of our mortal life
Paſſeth away,
And no glad ſpring returns to chear
Our drooping ear.
Come then with eager ſtrife
Gather your roſes this fair morn,
The evening ſoon your day ſhuts in;
Gather your roſes and your heads adorn,
Whilſt you can love, and be belov'd again.

A TALE.

A Band of *Cupids* t' other day
Together met to laugh and play,
When on a ſudden, come, who flies?
Says one; but whither, t' other cries?
Why? whither, but to *Cloe*'s eyes?
Reply'd a third. The wanton crew
(Like ſwarms of bees to roſes) flew
Around the beauteous *Cloe*'s face,
And crouded hard to get a place.
This on her nether lip does fix,
Whilſt on her cheek another ſticks.

This ſwings upon her flowing hair,
In her fair eyes a lovely pair
Of youths ſtand with their torches lit,
Two others on her eye-brows ſit,
Each with his bow; amongſt the reſt
One miſs'd her chin, and on her breaſt
Fell headlong, but, ſoon looking up, did cry,
None of you've got ſo good a place as I.

EPIGRAM.

COME, *Megg*, be quick, and make the bed,
Now tuck the feet, now place the head,
I'll kiſs you if you don't beſtir ye;
Quoth *Megg*, I can't abide to hurry.

On a ROMANTICK LADY.

THIS poring over your *Grand Cyrus*
Muſt ruin you, and will quite tire us.
It makes you think, that an affront 'tis,
Unleſs your lover's an *Orontes*,
And courts you with a paſſion frantick,
In manner and in ſtile romantick.
Now tho' I count myſelf no *Zero*,
I don't pretend to be an hero.
Or a by-blow of him that thunders,
Nor are you one of the ſev'n wonders.
But a young damſel very pretty,
And your true name is Miſtreſs *Betty*.

An EPITAPH on a GALLANT LADY.

O'ER this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair *Roſalind*:
All mankind was pleaſed with her,
And ſhe with all mankind.

ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

From the SPANISH *of* QUEVEDO.

UPON a time, as poets tell,
Their *Orpheus* went down to hell
To fetch his wife, nor could he gueſs
To find her in a likelier place.
Down he went ſinging, as they ſay,
And troling ballads all the way;
No wonder that, the reaſon's clear,
For then he was a widower.
Timber and ſtones with ſpeed did fly
After his noble harmony:
The ſelf-ſame thing I've ſeen befall
The woeful'ſt ſcraper of them all.
To hell he came, and told his caſe,
Torment and pain ſtraight quit the place;
Each fiend was happy when compar'd
With ſuch a wretched wedded bard.
He had the luck, with doleful ditty,
Deaf *Pluto* to inſpire with pity,

And got (if you will call it gain,
And not a plague) his wife again.
With his petition he comply'd,
But him to theſe conditions ty'd,
That he ſhould take, not look upon her:
Both hard commands to man of honour.
So on the loving couple went,
He led her up the ſteep aſcent;
But when the man does downward ſtray,
The woman then does lead the way.
The fond wretch turn'd his head too ſoon:
If 'twas on purpoſe, 'twas well done:
But if by chance, a hit indeed
Which did beyond his hopes ſucceed.
Happy's the married wight that e'er
Comes once to be a widower;
But twice of one wife to get free,
Is luck in its extremity.
This is the firſt, laſt inſtance of this kind,
No fool will e'er again ſuch fortune find.

SONG.

THE budding roſe
That ſmiles on *Phœbus'* dawning rays,
Then bluſhing glows,
And her fair boſom wide diſplays;
Then on the ground
Scatters her fading honours round;

Should teach coy *Sylvia* this great truth,
That ſhe ſhould make the beſt of youth.
But the diſdainful ſhe no more
Is at this emblem mov'd, than at our plaints before.

EPIGRAM.

To CLOE.

CLOE her goſſips entertains
With ſtories of her child-bed pains,
And fiercely againſt *Hymen* rails;
But *Hymen*'s not ſo much to blame:
She knows, unleſs her mem'ry fails,
Before ſhe'd wed, ſhe'd much the ſame.

VERSES

Wrote on her Death-Bed at Bath, *to her Huſband, in* London.

THOU, who doſt all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleaſing ſource of all my earthly joy:
Thou tend'reſt huſband, and thou beſt of friends,
To thee this firſt, this laſt adieu I ſend.
At length the conqu'ror death aſſerts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy ſight.
He wooes me to him with a chearful grace;
And not one terror clouds his meagre face.

He promiſes a laſting reſt from pain;
And ſhews that all life's fleeting joys are vain.
Th' eternal ſcenes of heav'n he ſets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet reſiſt his pow'r;
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour:
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obſtruct my journey to the ſkies.
But ſay, thou deareſt, thou unwearied friend;
Say, ſhould'ſt thou grieve to ſee my ſorrows end?
Thou know'ſt a painful pilgrimage I've paſt;
And ſhould'ſt thou grieve that reſt is come at laſt?
Rather rejoice to ſee me ſhake off life,
And die as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

POEMS

BY

The Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle.*

MARGARET,

Dutcheſs of NEWCASTLE.

WAS born at St. *John*'s, near *Colcheſter*, in *Eſſex*, about the end of the reign of King *James* I. and was the youngeſt daughter of Sir *Charles Lucas*. She had from her infancy an inclination to learning; and it is plain, from the uncommon turn of her compoſitions, that ſhe poſſeſſed a wild native genius, which, if duly cultivated, might probably have ſhewn itſelf to advantage in the higher ſorts of poetry.

In 1643, ſhe was made one of the maids of honour to the Queen of King *Charles* I. and when that Princeſs left *England*, this Lady attended her to her native country. At *Paris* ſhe met with the Marquis of *Newcaſtle*, then a widower, who was married to her in that place, *anno* 1645.

The Dutcheſs died at *London*, *anno* 1673, and was buried in *Weſtminſter-Abby*: where an elegant monument is erected to her memory, on which is inſcribed an epitaph, containing that remarkable panegyric on her family, which is taken notice of by the Spectator; *A noble family! for all the brothers were valiant, and all the ſiſters virtuous.*

POEMS

BY

The Dutcheſs of NEWCASTLE.

MIRTH and MELANCHOLY.

AS I was muſing by myſelf alone,
My thoughts brought ſev'ral things to work upon:
At laſt came two, which diverſly were dreſt,
One Melancholy, t'other Mirth expreſt;
Here Melancholy ſtood in black array,
And Mirth was all in colours freſh and gay.

MIRTH.

Mirth laughing came, and running to me, flung
Her fat white arms about my neck, there hung,

Embrac'd and kiſs'd me oft, and ſtroak'd my cheek,
Saying, ſhe would no other lover ſeek;
I'll ſing you ſongs, and pleaſe you ev'ry day,
Invent new ſports to paſs the time away;
I'll keep your heart, and guard it from that thief,
Dull Melancholy, Care, or ſadder Grief,
And make your eyes with Mirth to overflow;
With ſpringing blood your cheeks ſoon fat ſhall grow;
Your legs ſhall nimble be, your body light,
And all your ſpirits, like to birds in flight.
Mirth ſhall digeſt your meat, and make you ſtrong,
Shall give you health, and your ſhort days prolong;
Refuſe me not, but take me to your wife;
For I ſhall make you happy all your life.
But Melancholy, ſhe will make you lean,
Your cheeks ſhall hollow grow, your jaws be ſeen;
Your eyes ſhall buried be within your head,
And look as pale as if you were quite dead;
She'll make you ſtart at ev'ry noiſe you hear,
And viſions ſtrange ſhall to your eyes appear;
Thus would it be, if you to her were wed.
Nay, better far it were that you were dead.
Her voice is low, and gives an hollow ſound,
She hates the light, and is in darkneſs found;
Or ſits with blinking lamps, or tapers ſmall,
Which various ſhadows make againſt the wall.
She loves nought elſe but noiſe, which diſcord makes,
As croaking frogs, whoſe dwelling is in lakes;
The raven's hoarſe, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And ſhrieking owls, which fly i'th' night alone;

The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where ruſhing waters run about;
The roaring winds, which ſhake the cedars tall,
Plough up the ſeas, and beat the rocks withal.
She loves to walk in the ſtill moon-ſhine night,
And in a thick dark grove ſhe takes delight;
In hollow caves, thatch'd houſes, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone ſhe dwells.
Then leave her to herſelf alone to dwell,
Let you and I in Mirth and Pleaſure ſwell,
And drink long luſty draughts from *Bacchus'* bowl,
Until our brains on vap'rous waves do roll;
Let's joy ourſelves in amorous delights;
There's none ſo happy as the carpet knights.

MELANCHOLY.

Then Melancholy, with ſad and ſober face,
Complexion pale, but of a comely grace,
With modeſt countenance thus ſoftly ſpake:
May I ſo happy be your love to take?
True, I am dull, yet by me you ſhall know
More of yourſelf, and ſo much wiſer grow;
I ſearch the depth and bottom of mankind,
Open the eye of ignorance that's blind;
All dangers to avoid I watch with care,
And do 'gainſt evils that may come prepare;
I hang not on inconſtant fortune's wheel,
Nor yet with unreſolving doubts do reel;
I ſhake not with the terrors of vain fears,
Nor is my mind fill'd with unuſeful cares;

I do not ſpend my time like idle Mirth,
Which only happy is juſt at her birth;
And ſeldom lives ſo long as to be old,
But if ſhe doth, can no affections hold:
Mirth good for nothing is, like weeds doth grow,
Or ſuch plants as cauſe madneſs, reaſon's foe.
Her face with laughter crumples on a heap,
Which makes great wrinkles, and ploughs furrows deep;
Her eyes do water, and her ſkin turns red,
Her mouth doth gape, teeth bare, like one that's dead;
She fulſome is, and gluts the ſenſes all,
Offers herſelf, and comes before a call;
Her houſe is built upon the golden ſands,
Yet no foundation has whereon it ſtands;
A palace 'tis, and of a great reſort,
It makes a noiſe, and gives a loud report,
Yet underneath the roof diſaſters lie,
Beat down the houſe, and many kill'd thereby:
I dwell in groves that gilt are with the ſun,
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run;
In ſummers hot down in a ſhade I lie,
My muſick is the buzzing of a fly;
I walk in meadows, where grows freſh green graſs,
In fields, where corn is high, I often paſs;
Walk up the hills, where round I proſpects ſee,
Some bruſhy woods, and ſome all champains be;
Returning back, I in freſh paſtures go
To hear how ſheep do bleat, and cows do lowe;

In winter cold, when nipping froſts come on,
Then I do live in a ſmall houſe alone;
Although 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a ſoul that's pure and clear from ſin;
And there I dwell in quiet and ſtill peace,
Not fill'd with cares how riches to increaſe:
I wiſh nor ſeek for vain and fruitleſs pleaſures,
No riches are, but what the mind intreaſures.
Thus am I ſolitary, live alone,
Yet better lov'd, the more that I am known;
And though my face ill-favour'd at firſt ſight,
After acquaintance it will give delight.
Refuſe me not, for I ſhall conſtant be,
Maintain your credit and your dignity.

DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

PEACE and WAR.

PEACE.

WAR makes the vulgar multitude to drink
In at the ear, the foul and muddy ſink
Of factious tales, by which they dizzy grow,
That the clear ſight of truth they do not know,
But reeling ſtand, know not what way to take,
And when they chuſe, 'tis wrong, ſo War they make.

WAR.

Thou flatt'ring and moſt unjuſt Peace, which draws
The vulgar by thy rhet'rick to hard laws,

Which makes them ſilly, and content to be
To take up voluntary ſlavery,
Thou mak'ſt great inequalities beſide;
Some bear like aſſes, ſome on horſe-back ride.

PEACE.

O War, thou cruel enemy to life,
Unquiet neighbour, breeding always ſtrife;
Tyrant thou art, to reſt wilt give no time,
And bleſſed peace thou puniſheſt as crime;
All natural affections are by thee
Maſſacred, none eſcape thy cruelty;
The root of all religion thou pull'ſt up,
Doſt ev'ry branch of ceremony lop;
Civil ſociety to manners baſe
Thou turn'ſt, no laws nor cuſtoms can get place;
Each mind within itſelf cannot agree,
But all do ſtrive for ſuperiority:
In the whole world thou doſt diſturbance make,
To ſave themſelves none know what ways to take.

WAR.

O Peace, thou idle drone, which lov'ſt to dwell,
If it but keep thee ſafe, in a poor cell;
Thy life thou ſleep'ſt away, thoughts lazy lie:
Sloth buries Fame, makes all great actions die.

PEACE.

I am the bed of reſt, and couch of eaſe,
My converſation doth all creatures pleaſe;
The parent I of learning and of arts,
Religion's nurſe, and comfort to all hearts;
I am the guardian, virtue ſafe do keep,
Under my roof ſhe may ſecurely ſleep;

I am adorn'd with paſtimes and with ſports,
Each ſev'ral creature ſtill to me reſorts.

WAR.

A ſchool am I, where all men may grow wiſe;
For prudent wiſdom in experience lies;
A theatre, where noble minds do ſtand,
A mint of honour, coin'd for valour's hand:
I am a throne, which is for valour fit,
And a great court, where royal fame may ſit;
A field, in which ambition much doth run;
Courage ſtill ſeeks me, cowards only ſhun.

Wherein POETRY chiefly conſiſts.

MOST of our modern writers now adays,
Conſider not the fancy, but the phraſe;
As if fine words were wit, or one ſhould ſay,
A woman's handſome, if her cloaths be gay,
Regarding not what beauty's in the face,
Nor what proportion doth the body grace;
As when her ſhoes be high, to ſay ſhe's tall,
And when ſhe is ſtrait lac'd, to ſay ſhe's ſmall;
When painted, or her hair is curl'd with art,
Though of itſelf but plain, and her ſkin ſwart,
We cannot ſay, that from her thanks are due
To Nature, nor thoſe arts in her we view,
Unleſs ſhe them invented, and ſo taught
The world to ſet forth that, which is ſtark naught;
But fancy is the eye, gives life to all,
Words, the complexion, as a whited wall;

Fancy the form is, fleſh, blood, ſkin and bone,
Words are but ſhadows, ſubſtance they have none:
But number is the motion, gives the grace,
And is the count'nance of a well-form'd face.

NATURE's COOK. *

DEATH is the cook of nature, and we find
Creatures dreſt ſeveral ways to pleaſe her mind;
Some Death doth roaſt with fevers burning hot,
And ſome he boils with dropſies in a pot;
Some are conſum'd for jelly by degrees,
And ſome with ulcers, gravy out to ſqueeze;
Some, as with herbs, he ſtuffs with gouts and pains,
Others for tender meat he hangs in chains;
Some in the ſea he pickles up to keep,
Others he, as ſous'd brawn, in wine doth ſteep;
Some fleſh and bones he with the Pox chops ſmall,
And doth a French fricaſſee make withall;
Some on grid-ir'ns of calentures are broil'd,
And ſome are trodden down, and ſo quite ſpoil'd:
But ſome are bak'd, when ſmother'd they do die,
Some meat he doth by hectick fevers fry;
In ſweat ſometimes he ſtews with ſavory ſmell,
An hodge-podge of diſeaſes he likes well;

* This piece is taken from that part of this lady's poems which is entitled *Fancies*, and is ſomewhat extravagant. The next poem called *Wit*, concludes that diviſion of her works, and may ſerve to ſhew us her own opinion of ſuch performances.

Some brains he dreſſeth with apoplexy,
Or ſawce of megrims, ſwimming plenteouſly;
And tongues he dries with ſmoak from ſtomachs ill,
Which, as the ſecond courſe he ſends up ſtill;
Throats he doth cut, blood puddings for to make,
And puts them in the guts, which cholicks rack;
Some hunted are by him for deer, that's red,
And ſome as ſtall-fed oxen knock'd o'th' head;
Some ſing'd and ſcal'd for bacon, ſeem moſt rare,
When with ſalt rheum and phlegm they powder'd are.

W I T.

GIVE me a wit, whoſe fancy's not confin'd,
That buildeth on itſelf, with no brain joyn'd;
Nor like two oxen yoked and forc'd to draw,
Or like two witneſſes to one deed in law;
But like the ſun that needs no help to riſe,
Or like a bird i'th' air which freely flies;
For good wits run like parallels in length,
Need no triang'lar points to give them ſtrength;
Or like the ſea which runneth round without,
And graſps the earth with twining arms about:
Thus true born wits to others ſtrength may give,
Yet by their own, and not by others live.
Thoſe verſes ſtill to me do ſeem the beſt,
Where lines run ſmooth, and wit's with eaſe expreſt;
Where fancies flow, as gentle waters glide,
And flowry banks of rhet'rick on each ſide;

Which with delight the readers do invite,
To read again, wiſhing they could ſo write;
For verſes ſhould like to a beauteous face,
Both in the eye and in the heart take place,
That readers may, like lovers, wiſh to be
Always in their dear miſtreſs company.

The PASTIME and RECREATION OF THE QUEEN of FAIRIES in *Fairyland*, The CENTRE of the EARTH.

QUEEN Mab, and all her company
Dance on a pleaſant mole-hill high,
To ſmall ſtraw-pipes, wherein great pleaſure
They take, and keep juſt time and meaſure;
All hand in hand, around, around,
They dance upon this fairy-ground;
And when ſhe leaves her dancing ball,
She doth for her attendants call.
To wait upon her to a bower,
Where ſhe doth ſit beneath a flower;
To ſhade her from the moon-ſhine bright,
Where gnats do ſing for her delight;
A dewy waving leaf's made fit
For the Queen's bath, where ſhe doth ſit,
And her white limbs in beauty ſhew,
Like a new fallen flake of ſnow;

Her maids do put her garments on,
Made of the pure light from the ſun,
Which do ſo many colours take,
As various objects ſhadows make:
Then to her dinner ſhe goes ſtrait,
Where Fairies all in order wait;
A cover of a cob-web made,
Is there upon a muſh-room laid;
Her ſtool is of a thiſtle-down,
And for her cup an acorn's crown,
Which of ſtrong nectar full is fill'd,
That from ſweet flowers is diſtill'd;
When din'd, ſhe goes to take the air
In coach, which is a nut-ſhell fair;
The lining ſoft and rich within,
Made of a gliſtering adder's ſkin,
And there ſix crickets draw her faſt,
When ſhe a journey takes in haſte;
Or elſe two ſerve to pace a round,
And trample on the fairy ground.
In hawks ſometimes ſhe takes delight,
Which hornets are moſt ſwift in flight;
Whoſe horns inſtead of talons will
A fly, as hawks a partridge, kill.
But if ſhe will a hunting go,
Then ſhe the lizzard makes the doe,
Which is ſo ſwift and fleet in chaſe,
As her ſlow coach cannot keep pace:
Then on a graſhopper ſhe'l ride,
And gallop in the foreſt wide;

Her bow is of a willow branch,
To ſhoot the lizzard on the haunch;
Her arrow ſharp, much like a blade,
Of a roſe-mary leaf is made:
Then home ſhe's called by the cock,
Who gives her warning what's o'clock;
And when the moon doth hide her head,
Their day is done, ſhe goes to bed;
Meteors do ſerve, when they are bright,
As torches do, to give her light;
Glow-worms for candles lighted up,
Stand on her table, while ſhe ſup.
But women, that inconſtant kind,
Can ne're fix in one place their mind;
For ſhe impatient of long ſtay,
Drives to the upper-earth away.

The PASTIME

OF THE

QUEEN of *FAIRIES*,

When ſhe comes upon the Earth out of the Centre.

THIS lovely, ſweet, and beauteous Fairy Queen,
Begins to riſe, when *Heſperus* is ſeen;
For ſhe is kin unto the God of night,
Unto *Diana*, and the ſtars ſo bright;

And ſo to all the reſt in ſome degrees,
Yet not ſo near relation as to theſe:
As for *Apollo*, ſhe diſclaims him quite,
And ſwears, ſhe ne'er will come within his light;
This makes the cock give notice, as they ſay,
That when he riſes, ſhe may go her way;
And makes the owl her favourite to be,
Becauſe *Apollo*'s face ſhe hates to ſee:
For owls do ſleep all day, and in the night
They ſhout and hollow, that th' are out of ſight;
And ſo the glow-worm all day hides his head,
But lights his taper-tail, when he's abed,
To wait upon the faireſt Fairy Queen,
Whilſt ſhe is ſporting on the meady-green:
Her paſtime only is, when ſhe's on earth,
To pinch the ſluts, which make Hobgoblin mirth;
Or changes children, while the nurſes ſleep,
Making the father rich, whoſe child they keep:
This Hobgoblin's the Queen of Fairies fool,
Turning himſelf to horſe, cow, tree, or ſtool,
Or any thing to croſs by harmleſs play,
As to lead travellers out of their way;
To kick down milk-pails, cauſe curds not to turn
To cheeſe, or hinder butter in the churn,
Which makes the farmers wife to ſcold and fret,
That ſhe can neither cheeſe nor butter get;
The good-wife ſad, ſquats down upon a ſtool,
Not at all thinking it was Hob the fool,
And frowning ſits, then Hob gives her a ſlip,
And down ſhe falls, whereby ſhe hurts her hip:

Thus many pranks doth Hob play on our ſtage,
With *Tom Thumb*, his companion, the Queen's page;
In this the Queen of Fairies takes delight,
In ſummers even, and in winters night;
And when as ſhe is weary of theſe plays,
She takes her coach and doth go on her ways,
Unto her paradiſe the center deep,
Where ſhe the ſtore-houſe doth of nature keep.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

Mrs. KATHERINE PHILIPS

(The celebrated ORINDA)

WAS the daughter of *John Fowler*, Merchant, and was born in *London* in the year 1631. She was educated in the preſbyterian principles, which her better judgment occaſioned her to deſert. About the year 1647, ſhe was married to *James Philips* of *Cardigan*, Eſq; To this gentleman ſhe proved an excellent wife, and, by her good management, extricated him from difficulties, which the reader will find hinted at in the little piece addreſſed to *Antenor*, by which name ſhe always mentions her huſband.

Her humility, good nature, and agreeable converſation endeared her to all her acquaintance; and her elegant writings procured her the friendſhip and correſpondence of many learned men, and perſons of the firſt rank in *England:* and on her going to *Ireland* with the Viſcounteſs of *Dungannon*, her merit ſoon recommended her to the Earls of *Ormond*, *Orrery*, *Roſcommon*, and many other perſons of diſtinction. Beſides her poems, ſhe tranſlated the *Pompey* and *Horace* of *Corneille*, which were both performed with great applauſe. The *Horace* was repreſented at court by perſons of quality, to which the Duke of *Monmouth* ſpoke the prologue.

Mrs. *Philips* died in *London* of the ſmall-pox *June* 22, 1664, in the 33d year of her age. Her death was lamented by ſeveral eminent poets, and among the reſt, by *Cowley* and *Roſcommon*.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

CONTENT.

To my deareſt *LUCASIA.*

CONTENT, the falſe world's beſt diſguiſe,
The ſearch and faction of the wiſe,
Is ſo abſtruſe and hid in night,
That, like that Fairy Red-Croſs Knight,
Who treach'rous Falſehood for clear Truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not.

For courts Content would gladly own,
But ſhe ne'er dwelt about a throne:
And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,
Are things which do mens ſenſes cheat.
But grave experience long ſince this did ſee
Ambition and Content would ne'er agree.

Some vainer would Content expect
From what their bright outſides reflect:
But ſure Content is more divine
Than to be digg'd from rock or mine:
And they that know her beauties will confeſs
She needs no luſtre from a glitt'ring dreſs.

In mirth ſome place her, but ſhe ſcorns
Th' aſſiſtance of ſuch crackling thorns,
Nor owes herſelf to ſuch thin ſport,
That is ſo ſharp and yet ſo ſhort:
And painters tell us they the ſame ſtrokes place,
To make a laughing and a weeping face.

Others that there are that place Content
In liberty from government:
But whomſoe'er paſſions deprave,
Though free from ſhackles, he's a ſlave.
Content and bondage differ only then,
When we are chain'd by vices, not by men.

Some think the camp Content does know,
And that ſhe ſits o'th' victor's brow:
But in his laurel there is ſeen
Often a cypreſs-bough between.
Nor will Content herſelf in that place give,
Where noiſe and tumult and deſtruction live.

But yet the moſt diſcreet believe
The ſchools this jewel do receive,

And thus far's true without diſpute,
Knowledge is ſtill the ſweeteſt fruit.
But whilſt men ſeek for truth they loſe their peace.
And who heaps knowledge ſorrow doth increaſe.

But now ſome ſullen hermit ſmiles,
And thinks he all the world beguiles,
And that his cell and diſh contain
What all mankind wiſh for in vain.
But yet his pleaſure's follow'd with a groan,
For man was never born to be alone.

Content herſelf beſt comprehends
Betwixt two ſouls, and they two friends,
Whoſe either joys in both are fix'd,
And multiply'd by being mix'd:
Whoſe minds and intereſts are ſo the ſame;
Their griefs, when once imparted, loſe that name.

Theſe far remov'd from all bold noiſe,
And (what is worſe) all hollow joys,
Who never had a mean deſign,
Whoſe flame is ſerious and divine,
And calm and even, muſt contented be,
For they've both union and ſociety.

Then, my *Lucaſia*, we who have
Whatever love can give or crave;
Who can with pitying ſcorn ſurvey
The trifles which the moſt betray;

With innocence and perfect friendſhip fir'd,
By virtue join'd, and by our choice retir'd.

Whoſe mirrors are the chryſtal brooks,
Or elſe each others hearts and looks;
Who cannot wiſh for other things
Than privacy and friendſhip brings:
Whoſe thoughts and perſons chang'd and mix'd are one,
Enjoy Content, or elſe the world hath none.

TO THE
QUEEN of INCONSTANCY,
REGINA COLLIER, in *Antwerp*.

UNworthy, ſince thou haſt decreed
Thy love and honour both ſhall bleed,
My friendſhip could not chuſe to die
In better time or company.

What thou haſt got by this exchange
Thou wilt perceive, when the revenge
Shall by thoſe treacheries be made,
For which our faith thou haſt betray'd.

When thy idolaters ſhall be
True to themſelves, and falſe to thee,
Thou'lt ſee that in heart-merchandiſe,
Value, not number, makes the price.

Live to that day, my innocence
Shall be my friendſhip's juſt defence:
For this is all the world can find,
While thou wert noble, I was kind.

The deſp'rate game that thou doſt play
At private ruins cannot ſtay;
The horrid treach'ry of that face
Will ſure undo its native place.

Then let the *Frenchmen* never fear
The victory while thou art there:
For if ſins will call judgments down,
Thou haſt enough to ſtock the town.

Againſt PLEASURE.

An ODE.

THERE's no ſuch thing as pleaſure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but ſhine and diſappear,
Whoſe charm is but deceit:
The empty bribe of yielding ſouls,
Which firſt betrays, and then controuls.

'Tis true, it looks at diſtance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of *Sodom* will impair,
And periſh at a touch:

It being than in fancy leſs,
And we expect more than poſſeſs.

For by our pleaſures we are cloy'd,
And ſo deſire is done;
Or elſe, like rivers, they make wide
The channel where they run:
And either way true bliſs deſtroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleaſure eaſily,
But ne'er true bliſs poſſeſs;
For many things muſt make it be,
But one may make it leſs.
Nay, were our ſtate as we could chuſe it,
'Twould be conſum'd by fear to loſe it.

What art thou then, thou winged air,
More weak and ſwift than fame?
Whoſe next ſucceſſor is deſpair,
And its attendant ſhame.
Th' experience-prince then reaſon had,
Who ſaid of pleaſure, "it is mad."

The ENQUIRY.

IF we no old hiſtorian's name
Authentick will admit,
And think all ſaid of friendſhip's fame
But poetry or wit:
Yet what's rever'd by minds ſo pure
Muſt be a bright idea ſure.

But as our immortality
By inward ſenſe we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be deſign'd:
So here how could ſuch copies fall,
If there were no original?

But if truth be in antient ſong,
Or ſtory we believe,
If the inſpir'd and graver throng
Have ſcorned to deceive;
There have been hearts whoſe friendſhip gave
Them thoughts at once both ſoft and brave.

Among that conſecrated few,
Some more ſeraphick ſhade
Lend me a favourable clue
Now miſts my eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the world with fame,
Left you ſo little of your flame?

Why is't ſo difficult to ſee
Two bodies and one mind?
And why are thoſe who elſe agree
So differently kind?
Hath nature ſuch fantaſtick art,
That ſhe can vary ev'ry heart?

Why are the bands of friendſhip, ty'd
With ſo remiſs a knot,
That by the moſt it is defy'd,
And by the reſt forgot?

Why do we ſtep with ſo light ſenſe
From friendſhip to indifference?

If friendſhip ſympathy impart,
Why this ill-ſhuffled game,
That heart can never meet with heart,
Or flame encounter flame?
What does this cruelty create?
Is't the intrigue of love or fate?

Had friendſhip ne'er been known to men,
(The ghoſt at laſt confeſt)
The world had been a ſtranger then
To all that heav'n poſſeſt.
But could it all be here acquir'd,
Not heav'n itſelf would be deſir'd.

A COUNTRY-LIFE.

HOW ſacred and how innocent
A Country-life appears,
How free from tumult, diſcontent,
From flattery or fears!

This was the firſt and happieſt life,
When man enjoy'd himſelf;
Till pride exchanged peace for ſtrife,
And happineſs for pelf.

'Twas here the poets were inſpir'd,
Here taught the multitude;
The brave they here with honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude.

That golden age did entertain
No paſſion but of love;
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in friendſhip and in health,
On roots, not beaſts, they fed.

They knew no law nor phyſick then,
Nature was all their wit:
And if there yet remain to men
Content, ſure this is it.

What bleſſings doth this world afford
To tempt or bribe deſire?
Her courtſhip is all fire and ſword,
Who would not then retire?

Then welcome, deareſt ſolitude,
My great felicity;
Though ſome are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not ſo, but we.

Them that do covet only reſt,
A cottage will ſuffice:
It is not brave to be poſſeſt
Of earth, but to deſpiſe.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Becauſe I think it ſo.

When all the ſtormy world doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.

Secure in theſe unenvy'd walls
I think not on the ſtate,
And pity no man's caſe that falls
From his ambition's height.

Silence and innocence are ſafe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all theſe little arts can laugh
That do the world ſubdue.

While others revel it in ſtate,
Here I'll contented ſit,
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit.

Let ſome in courtſhip take delight,
And to th' *Exchange* reſort;
Then revel out a winter's night,
Not making love, but ſport.

Theſe never know a noble flame,
'Tis luſt, ſcorn, or deſign:
While vanity plays all their game,
Let peace and honour mine.

When the inviting ſpring appears,
To *Hide-Park* let them go,
And haſting thence be full of fears
To loſe *Spring-Garden* ſhow.

Let others (nobler) ſeek to gain
In knowledge happy fate,
And others buſy them in vain
To ſtudy ways of ſtate.

But I, reſolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to ſpin
My future minutes out.

And from this hermitage of mine
I baniſh all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys.

There are below but two things good,
Friendſhip and Honeſty,
And only thoſe of all I would
Aſk for felicity.

In this retir'd and humble ſeat,
Free from both war and ſtrife,
I am not forc'd to make retreat,
But chuſe to ſpend my life.

TO

Lady *ELIZABETH BOYLE*,

Singing a SONG, of which *ORINDA* was the AUTHOR.

SUBDUING fair! what will you win
To uſe a needleſs dart?
Why then ſo many to take in
One undefended heart?

I came expos'd to all your charms,
'Gainſt which, the firſt half hour
I had no will to take up arms,
And in the next no pow'r.

How can you chuſe but win the day?
Who can reſiſt your ſiege?
Who in one action know the way
To vanquiſh and oblige?

Your voice which can in melting ſtrains
  Teach beauty to be blind,
Confines me yet in ſtronger chains,
  By being ſoft and kind.

Whilſt you my trivial fancy ſing,
  You it to wit refine,
As leather once ſtamp'd by a king
  Became a current coin.

By this my verſe is ſure to gain
  Eternity with men,
Which by your voice it will obtain,
  Though never by my pen.

I'd rather in your favour live
  Then in a laſting name,
And a much greater rate would give
  For happineſs then fame.

On the WELCH LANGUAGE.

IF honour to an ancient name be due,
  Or riches challenge it for one that's new,
The *Britiſh* language claims in either ſenſe,
Both for its age, and for its opulence.
But all great things muſt be from us remov'd,
To be with higher reverence belov'd.
So landſkips which in proſpects diſtant lye,
With greater wonder draw the pleaſed eye.

Is not great *Troy* to one dark ruin hurl'd?
Once the fam'd ſcene of all the fighting world.
Where's *Athens* now, to whom *Rome* learning owes,
And the ſafe lawrels that adorn'd her brows?
A ſtrange reverſe of fate ſhe did endure,
Never once greater, than ſhe's now obſcure.
E'en *Rome* herſelf can but ſome footſteps ſhow
Of *Scipio*'s times, or thoſe of *Cicero*.
And as the *Roman* and the *Grecian* ſtate,
The *Britiſh* fell, the ſpoil of time and fate.
But though the language hath the beauty loſt,
Yet ſhe has ſtill ſome great remains to boaſt.
For 'twas in that, the ſacred bards of old,
In deathleſs numbers did their thoughts unfold.
In groves, by rivers, and on fertile plains,
They civiliz'd and taught the liſt'ning ſwains;
Whilſt with high raptures, and as great ſucceſs,
Virtue they cloath'd in muſick's charming dreſs.
This *Merlin* ſpoke, who in his gloomy cave,
Ev'n deſtiny herſelf ſeem'd to enſlave.
For to his ſight the future time was known,
Much better than to others is their own:
And with ſuch ſtate, predictions from him fell,
As if he did decree, and not foretell.
This ſpoke king *Arthur*, who, if fame be true,
Could have compell'd mankind to ſpeak it too.
In this once *Boadicia* valour taught,
And ſpoke more nobly than her ſoldiers fought:
Tell me what hero could do more than ſhe,
Who fell at once for fame and liberty?

Nor could a greater ſacrifice belong,
Or to her childrens, or her country's wrong.
This ſpoke *Caractacus*, who was ſo brave,
That to the *Roman* fortune check he gave:
And when their yoke he could decline no more,
He it ſo decently and nobly wore,
That *Rome* herſelf with bluſhes did believe,
A *Briton* would the law of honour give;
And haſtily his chains away ſhe threw,
Leſt *Rome*'s own captive ſhould *Rome*'s ſelf ſubdue.

The VIRGIN.

THE things that make a virgin pleaſe,
She that ſeeks, will find them theſe;
A beauty, not to art in debt,
Rather agreeable than great;
An eye, wherein at once do meet,
The beams of kindneſs, and of wit;
An undiſſembled innocence,
Apt not to give, nor take offence:
A converſation, at once, free
From paſſion, and from ſubtlety;
A face that's modeſt, yet ſerene,
A ſober, and yet lively mien;
The virtue which does her adorn,
By honour guarded, not by ſcorn;
With ſuch wiſe lowlineſs indu'd,
As never can be mean, or rude;

That prudent negligence enrich,
And times her ſilence and her ſpeech;
Whoſe equal mind does always move,
Neither a foe, nor ſlave to love;
And whoſe religion's ſtrong and plain,
Not ſuperſtitious, nor profane.

Againſt LOVE.

HENCE *Cupid* with your cheating toys,
Your real griefs, and painted joys,
Your pleaſure which it ſelf deſtroys.
Lovers like men in fevers burn and rave,
And only what will injure them do crave.
Mens weakneſs makes love ſo ſevere,
They give him power by their fear,
And make the ſhackles which they wear.
Who to another does his heart ſubmit,
Makes his own idol, and then worſhips it.
Him, whoſe heart is all his own,
Peace and liberty does crown,
He apprehends no killing frown.
He feels no raptures which are joys diſeas'd,
And is not much tranſported, but ſtill pleas'd.

To my ANTENOR, *March* 16, 1660-1.

MY dear *Antenor* now give o'er,
For my ſake talk of graves no more,

Death is not in our power to gain,
And is both wiſh'd and fear'd in vain.
Let's be as angry as we will,
Grief ſooner may diſtract than kill,
And the unhappy often prove
Death is as coy a thing as love.
Thoſe whoſe own ſword their death did give,
Afraid were or aſham'd to live;
And by an act ſo deſperate,
Did poorly run away from fate;
'Tis braver much t' out-ride the ſtorm,
Endure its rage and ſhun his harm;
Affliction nobly undergone,
More greatneſs ſhews than having none.
But yet the wheel in turning round,
At laſt may lift us from the ground,
And when our fortune's moſt ſevere,
The leſs we have, the leſs we fear.
And why ſhould we that grief permit,
Which can nor mend nor ſhorten it?
Let's wait for a ſucceeding good,
Woes have their ebb as well as flood:
And ſince the parliament have reſcu'd you,
Believe that providence will do ſo too.

TENDRES DESIRS,

From French *Proſe.*

GO ſoft deſires, love's gentle progeny,
And on the heart of charming *Sylvia* ſeize,
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the only cure for my diſeaſe;
But if you miſs her breaſt whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and viſit mine no more.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

Mrs. PILKINGTON

WAS daughter to Dr. *John Van Lewen*, and was born in *Dublin* in the year 1712. She had a lively genius, and a natural turn to poetry, which qualifications very early gained her the friendſhip of Dr. *Swift*, and ſeveral other perſons of learning and diſtinction in *Ireland*. But as this Lady has been her own biographer, we ſhall refer the curious reader, for further particulars concerning her, to her own Memoirs: and ſhall only obſerve, that it is a pity this Lady was not bleſs'd with diſcretion, and, we may add, good fortune, in ſome proportion to her genius.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

The PETITION of the BIRDS

To Mr. *PILKINGTON*,

On his Return from SHOOTING.

AH ſhepherd, gentle ſhepherd, ſpare
Us plum'd inhabitants of air,
That hop, and inoffenſive rove
From tree to tree, from grove to grove.
What phrenzy has poſſeſt your mind?
To be deſtructive of your kind?
Admire not if we kindred claim,
Our ſep'rate natures are the ſame;

To each of us thou ow'ſt a part,
To grace thy perſon, head, or heart;
The chaſte, the fond, the tender Dove,
Inſpires thy breaſt with pureſt love;
The tow'ring Eagle claims a part
In thy courageous, gen'rous heart;
On thee the Finch beſtow'd a voice,
To bid the raptur'd ſoul rejoice;
The Hawk has giv'n thee eyes ſo bright,
They kindle love and ſoft delight;
Thy ſnowy hue and graceful mien
May in the ſtately Swan be ſeen;
The Robin's plumes afford the red,
Which thy ſoft lips and cheeks beſpread;
Thy filial piety and truth
The Stork beſtow'd to crown thy youth.
Did we theſe ſev'ral gifts beſtow,
To give perfection to a foe?
Did we ſo many virtues give,
To thee too fierce to let us live?
Suſpend your rage, and ev'ry grove
Shall echo ſongs of grateful love.
Let pity ſooth and ſway your mind,
And be the Phœnix of mankind.

Delville, the Seat of the Rev. Dr. DELANY.

HAIL, happy *Delville!* bliſsful ſeat!
The Muſe's beſt belov'd retreat!
With proſpects large and unconfin'd;
Bleſt emblem of their maſter's mind!

Where fragrant gardens, painted meads,
Wide op'ning walks, and twilight ſhades,
Inſpiring ſcenes! elate the heart!
Nature improv'd, and rais'd by art;
So paradiſe delightful ſmil'd,
Blooming, and beautifully wild.
Thrice happy ſage, who ſafe retir'd,
By heav'n and by the muſe inſpir'd;
In poliſh'd arts, or lays ſublime,
Or God-like acts employ your time.
Here nature's beauties you explore,
And ſearching her myſterious ſtore,
Through all her operations find
The image of the ſov'reign mind,
And in each inſect, plant and flow'r,
Contemplate the creating pow'r:
Nor is thy love of him alone
In fruitleſs ſpeculation ſhewn;
Through life you happily exert,
The chriſtian virtues of your heart;
To give new ſchemes of culture birth,
And bleſs and beautify the earth;
To raiſe th' afflicted from deſpair,
And make the friendleſs wretch thy care:
To thee the higheſt bliſs is given,
A ſoul to praiſe, and copy heav'n.

To the Rev. Dr. *SWIFT*,

On his BIRTH-DAY.

WHILE I the God-like men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold,
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er;
Where *Cato*, *Plutarch*, *Flaccus* ſhine
In ev'ry excellence divine;
I grieve, that our degen'rate days
Produce no mighty ſouls like theſe;
Patriot, philoſopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and ſeldom heard.
Spare your reflection, *Phœbus* cries,
'Tis as ungrateful as unwiſe;
Can you complain this ſacred day,
That virtues, or that arts decay?
Behold in *Swift* reviv'd appears,
The virtues of unnumber'd years;
Behold in him with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and ſage unite;
And know, *Ierne* in that name
Shall rival *Greece* and *Rome* in fame.

The STATUES:

OR,

The TRIAL of CONSTANCY.

A TALE.

For the LADIES.

IN a fair iſland in the ſouthern main,
Bleſt with indulgent ſkies and kindly rain,
A princeſs liv'd, of origin divine,
Of bloom celeſtial, and imperial line.
In that ſweet ſeaſon, when the mounting ſun
Prepares with joy his radiant courſe to run;
Led by the Graces, and the dancing Hours,
And wakes to life the various race of flow'rs;
The lovely Queen forſook her ſhining court,
For rural ſcenes, and healthful ſylvan ſport.
It ſo befel, that as in chearful talk
Her nymphs and ſhe perſu'd their ev'ning walk;
On the green margin of the oozy deep,
They found a graceful youth diſſolv'd in ſleep,
Whoſe charms the Queen ſurvey'd with fond delight,
And hung enamour'd o'er the pleaſing ſight:
By her command the youth was ſtrait convey'd,
And, ſleeping, ſoftly in her palace laid.

Now ruddy morning purpled o'er the ſkies,
And beamy light unſeal'd the ſtranger's eyes,
Who cry'd aloud, ye Gods, unfold this ſcene!
Where am I! what can all theſe wonders mean?
Scarce had he ſpoke, when with officious care,
Attendant nymphs a fragrant bath prepare;
He roſe, he bath'd, and on his lovely head
Ambroſial ſweets, and precious oil they ſhed:
To deck his poliſh'd limbs, a robe they brought,
In all the various dyes of beauty wrought:
Then led him to the Queen, who on a throne
Of burniſh'd gold, and beamy diamonds ſhone:
But oh! what wonder ſeiz'd her beauteous gueſt!
What love, what extaſy, his ſoul poſſeſt!
Entranc'd he ſtood, and on his falt'ring tongue
Imperfect words, and half-form'd accents hung:
Nor leſs the Queen the blooming youth admir'd,
Nor leſs delight and love her ſoul inſpir'd.
O ſtranger! ſaid the Queen, if hither driven
By adverſe winds, or ſent a gueſt from heav'n,
To me the wretched never ſue in vain,
This fruitful iſle acknowledges my reign;
Then ſpeak thy wiſhes, and thy wants declare,
And no denial ſhall attend your pray'r;
She paus'd and bluſh'd,—the youth his ſilence broke,
And kneeling thus the charming Queen beſpoke:
O Goddeſs! for a form ſo bright as thine
Speaks thee deſcended of celeſtial line;
Low at your feet a proſtrate King behold,
Whoſe faithleſs ſubjects ſold his life for gold;

I fly a cruel tyrant's lawleſs hand,
And ſhipwreck drove my veſſel on your ſtrand.
But why do I complain of fortune's frowns?
Or what are title, honours, ſceptres, crowns,
To this ſweet moment? while in fond amaze
On ſuch tranſporting excellence I gaze!
Such ſymmetry of ſhape! ſo fair a face!
Such finiſh'd excellence, ſuch perfect grace!
Hear then my only wiſh, and oh! approve
The ardent pray'r which ſupplicates thy love.
From *Neptune* know, O Prince, my birth I claim,
Replies the Queen, and *Lucida*'s my name:
This iſland, theſe attendant nymphs he gave,
The fair-hair'd daughters of the azure wave!
But he whoſe fortune gains me for a bride
Muſt have his conſtancy ſeverely try'd.
One day each moon am I compell'd to go
To my great father's wat'ry realms below,
Where coral groves celeſtial red diſplay,
And blazing di'monds emulate the day;
In this ſhort abſence if your love endures,
My heart and empire are for ever yours;
And hoary *Neptune*, to reward your truth,
Shall crown you with immortal bloom and youth;
But inſtant death will on your falſehood wait,
Nor can my tenderneſs prevent your fate.
Twice twenty times in wedlock's ſacred band,
My royal father join'd my plighted hand;
Twice twenty noble youths, alas! are dead,
Who in my abſence ſtain'd the nuptial bed;

Your virtues, Prince, may claim a nobler throne,
But mine is yielded on theſe terms alone.
Delightful terms! reply'd the raptur'd youth,
Accept my conſtancy, my endleſs truth.
Perfidious, faithleſs men! enrag'd, he cry'd,
They merited the fate by which they dy'd;
Accept a heart incapable of change,
Thy beauty ſhall forbid deſire to range;
No other form ſhall to mine eye ſeem fair,
No other voice attract my liſt'ning ear,
No charms but thine ſhall e'er my ſoul approve,
So aid thy vot'ry, potent God of Love!
Now loud applauſes through the palace ring,
The duteous ſubjects hail their God-like King:
To feaſtful mirth they dedicate the day,
While tuneful voices chant the nuptial lay,
Love ditty'd airs, hymn'd by the vocal quire,
Sweetly attemper'd to the warbling lyre;
But when the ſun deſcending ſought the main,
And low-brow'd night aſſum'd her ſilent reign;
They to the marriage-bed convey'd the bride,
And laid the raptur'd bridegroom by her ſide.
Now roſe the ſun, and with auſpicious ray
Diſpell'd the dewy miſts, and gave the day;
When *Lucida*, with anxious care oppreſs'd,
Thus wak'd her ſleeping lord from downy reſt:
Soul of my ſoul, and monarch of my heart,
This day, ſhe cry'd, this fatal day we part;
Yet if your love uninjur'd you retain,
We ſoon ſhall meet in happineſs again,

To part no more; but rolling years employ
In circling bliſs, and never-fading joy:
Alas! my boding ſoul is loſt in woe,
And from mine eyes the tears unbidden flow.
Joy of my life, diſmiſs thoſe needleſs fears,
Reply'd the King, and ſtay thoſe precious tears;
Should lovely *Venus* leave her native ſky,
And at my feet, imploring fondneſs, lie,
E'en ſhe, the radiant Queen of ſoft deſires,
Should, diſappointed, burn with hopeleſs fires.
The heart of man the Queen's experience knew
Perjur'd and falſe, yet wiſh'd to find him true:
She ſigh'd retiring, and in regal ſtate,
The King conducts her to the palace gate;
Where ſacred *Neptune*'s chryſtal chariot ſtands,
The wond'rous work of his celeſtial hands:
Six harneſs'd ſwans the bright machine convey
Swift through the air, or pathleſs wat'ry way;
The birds with eagle-ſpeed the air divide,
And plunge the Goddeſs in the ſounding tide.
Slow to the court the penſive King returns,
And ſighs in ſecret, and in ſilence mourns;
So in the grove ſad *Philomel* complains
In mournful accents, and melodious ſtrains:
Her plaintive woes fill the reſounding lawn,
From ſtarry Veſper to the roſy dawn.
The King, to mitigate his tender pain,
Seeks the apartment of the virgin train,
With ſportive mirth ſad abſence to beguile,
And bid the melancholy moments ſmile;

But there deſerted lonely rooms he found,
And ſolitary ſilence reign'd around.
He call'd aloud, when, lo! a hag appears,
Bending beneath deformity and years,
Who ſaid, my Liege, explain your ſacred will,
With joy your ſov'reign purpoſe I fullfil.
My will! deteſted wretch! avoid my ſight,
And hide that hideous ſhape in endleſs night.
What! does thy Queen, o'er-run with rude diſtruſt,
Reſolve by force to keep a huſband juſt?
You wrong, reply'd the hag, your royal wife,
Whoſe care is love, and love to guard your life.
The race of mortals are by nature frail,
And ſtrong temptations with the beſt prevail.
Be that my care, he ſaid, be thine to ſend
The virgin train, let them my will attend.
The beldam fled—The chearful nymphs advance,
And tread to meaſur'd airs the mazy dance;
The raptur'd Prince with greedy eye ſurveys
The blooming maids, and covets ſtill to gaze;
No more recalls the image of his ſpouſe;
How falſe is man! nor recollects his vows;
With wild inconſtancy for all he burns,
And ev'ry nymph ſubdues his heart by turns,
At length a maid, ſuperior to the reſt,
Array'd in ſmiles, in virgin beauty dreſt,
Receiv'd his paſſion, and return'd his love,
And ſoftly woo'd him to the ſilent grove.
Enclos'd in deepeſt ſhades of full-grown wood,
Within the grove a ſpacious grotto ſtood,

Where forty youths in marble ſeem to mourn,
Each youth reclining on a fun'ral urn:
Thither the nymph directs the monarch's way,
He treads her footſteps, joyful to obey.
There, fir'd with paſſion, claſp'd her to his breaſt,
And thus the tranſport of his ſoul confeſs'd.

Delightful beauty! deck'd with ev'ry charm
High fancy paints! or glowing love can form!
I ſigh, I gaze, I tremble, I adore!
Such lovely looks ne'er bleſt my ſight before!
Here, under covert of th' imbow'ring ſhade,
For love's delights and tender tranſports made,
No buſy eye our raptures to detect,
No envious tongue to cenſure or direct;
Here yield to love, and tenderly employ
The ſilent ſeaſon in extatic joy.

With arms enclos'd, his treaſure to retain,
He ſigh'd and woo'd, but woo'd and ſigh'd in vain:
She ruſh'd indignant from his fond embrace,
While rage with bluſhes paints her virgin face;
Yet ſtill he ſues with ſuppliant hands and eyes,
While ſhe to magic charms for vengeance flies.

A limpid fountain murmur'd through the cave;
She fill'd her palm with the tranſlucent wave,
And ſprinkling cry'd, receive, falſe man, in time,
The juſt reward of thy deteſted crime.
Thy changeful ſex in perfidy delight,
Deſpiſe perfection, and fair virtue ſlight,
Falſe, fickle, baſe, tyrannic, and unkind,
Whoſe hearts, nor vows can chain, nor honour bind:

Mad to poſſeſs, by paſſion blindly led;
And then as mad to ſtain the nuptial bed:
Whoſe roving ſouls no excellence, no age,
No form, no rank, no beauty, can engage;
Slaves to the bad, to the deſerving worſt,
Sick of your twentieth love, as of your firſt.
The ſtatues, which this hollow'd grot adorn,
Like thee were lovers, and like thee forſworn;
Whoſe faithleſs hearts no kindneſs could ſecure,
Nor for a day preſerve their paſſion pure;
Whom neither love nor beauty could reſtrain,
Nor fear of endleſs infamy and pain.
In me behold thy Queen; for know with eaſe
We deities aſſume each form we pleaſe;
Nor can the feeble ken of mortal eyes
Perceive the Goddeſs through the dark diſguiſe.
Now feel the force of heav'n's avenging hand,
And here inanimate for ever ſtand.
She ſpoke——Amaz'd the liſt'ning monarch ſtood,
And icy horror froze his ebbing blood;
Thick ſhades of death upon his eyelids creep,
And clos'd them faſt in everlaſting ſleep;
No ſenſe of life, no motion he retains,
But fix'd, a dreadful monument remains;
A Statue now, and if reviv'd once more,
Would prove, no doubt, as perjur'd as before.

CARTE BLANCHE.

O Spotleſs paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, conſtrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to deſtroy
Thy purity to pleaſe a boy? *
Ungrateful I, thus to abuſe
The faireſt ſervant of the Muſe.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choiceſt ſecrets of my heart,
Ah, what atonement can be made
For ſpotleſs innocence betrav'd?
How fair, how lovely didſt thou ſhow,
Like lilly'd banks, or falling ſnow!
But now, alas, become my prey,
No floods can waſh thy ſtains away.
Yet this ſmall comfort I can give,
That which deſtroy'd ſhall make thee live.

Sent with a QUILL to Dr. *SWIFT*,

Upon hearing he had received a BOOK and STAND-DISH.

SHALL then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?

* My brother teized me one evening to write ſome verſe as a ſchool-exerciſe for him, I aſked him what I ſhould write upon; why, ſaid he pertly, what ſhould you write upon but the paper? ſo taking it for my ſubject, I wrote the following lines.

To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To muſick, painting, poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celeſtial harmony inſpire,
* When fix'd to ſtrike the ſweetly warbling wire;
I to the faithful canvaſs have conſign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from *Raphael*'s ſky-dipt pencils riſe,
Such heav'nly ſcenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aſpire to higher praiſe!
Ambitious to tranſcribe your deathleſs lays;
Nor thou, immortal bard, my aid refuſe,
Accept me as the ſervant of your muſe;
Then ſhall the world my wondrous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchleſs Pen revere.

O D E

In Imitation of *H O R A C E.*

I Envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and ſtate;
Give me but innocence and health,
I aſk not to be great.

I in this ſweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For ſceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

* Quills of the Harpſichord.

Great *Cincinnatus* at his plough,
With brighter luſtre ſhone,
Than guilty *Cæſar* e'er could ſhew,
Though ſeated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and reſtleſs nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A ſtranger to the calm delights
Of ſtudy and repoſe.

Then free from envy, care, and ſtrife,
Keep me, ye pow'rs divine;
And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
May I that life reſign.

MEMORY.

IN what receſſes of the brain,
Does this amazing pow'r remain,
By which all knowledge we attain?

What art thou, Memory? what tongue can tell,
What curious artiſt trace thy hidden cell,
Wherein ten thouſand diff'rent objects dwell?

Surpriſing ſtore-houſe! in whoſe narrow womb,
All things, the paſt, preſent, and to come,
Find ample ſpace, and large and mighty room.

O falſely deem'd the foe of ſacred wit!
Thou, who the nurſe and guardian art of it,
Laying it up till ſeaſon due and fit.

Then proud the wond'rous treaſure to produce,
As underſtanding points it, to conduce
Either to entertainment, or to uſe.

Nor love, nor holy friendſhip, without thee,
Could ever of the leaſt duration be;
Nor gratitude, nor truth, nor piety.

Where thou art not, the chearleſs human mind
Is one vaſt void, all darkſome, ſad and blind;
No trace of any thing remains behind.

The ſacred ſtores of learning all are thine;
'Tis only thou record'ſt the faithful line;
'Tis thou mak'ſt human-kind almoſt divine.

And when at length we quit this mortal ſcene,
Thou ſtill ſhalt with our tender friends remain,
And time and death ſhall ſtrike at thee in vain.

Lord, let me ſo this wond'rous gift employ,
It may a fountain be of endleſs joy,
Which time, nor accident, may ne'er deſtroy.

Still let my faithful Memory impart,
And deep engrave it on my grateful heart,
How juſt, and good, and excellent thou art.

ADVICE

To the PEOPLE of *DUBLIN*,

In their CHOICE of a RECORDER.

IS there a man, whoſe fix'd and ſteady ſoul
No flatt'ry can ſeduce, no fear controul;
Conſtant to virtue, reſolutely juſt,
True to his friend, his country, and his truſt;
Like *Tully*, guardian of the *Roman* ſtate,
Is patriot, lawyer, orator complete;
If ſuch there be, O! let your noble zeal
Advance him to defend the public weal.
Painters and poets are in this alike,
Mean artiſts oft a ſtrong reſemblance ſtrike;
And who can this unfiniſh'd picture ſee,
But owns, O *Stannard!* it was drawn for thee.

To *STREPHON*.

Written for a LADY to her LOVER.

BEHOLD the ſpring in freſh attire,
Gay blooming ſeaſon of deſire,
With fragrant breath ſalutes the grove,
Awaking nature, joy and love;

The woods in verdant beauty dreſs'd,
Have her enliv'ning pow'r confeſs'd,
What means this coldneſs in your breaſt?
Not all the kindly warmth in mine
Can thaw that frozen heart of thine.
Go then, Inconſtant, go, and rove,
Forget thy vows, neglect thy love;
Some ſenſeleſs, taſteleſs, girl purſue,
Bought ſmiles befit ſuch ſwains as you;
While for the worſt I ſee you change,
You give me a complete revenge.

QUEEN *MAB* to *POLLIO*.

THE Queen of the Fairies this ſummons does ſend
To *Pollio*, her counſellor, couſin, and friend;
We order you here to attend us to-night,
We revel by moon-light with pomp and delight!
Our grove we illuminate, glorious to ſee,
With glittering glow-worms begemming each tree;
We'll drink up the dew that impearls the ſweet flow'rs,
And in circling joys ſpend our circling hours.
If you fail in attendance, by my ſceptre I ſwear,
My Fairies ſhall bring you by force through the air.

The SEVENTH ODE OF THE THIRD BOOK of *HORACE* paraphraſed.

Written in the Abſence of her HUSBAND.

Quid fles, Aſteria?

ASTERIA, why will you conſume
In ſighs and tears your roſy bloom?
No more your youthful huſband mourn,
He ſoon ſhall to your arms return:
Propitious winds ſhall waft him o'er,
Enrich'd from *Britain*'s fruitful ſhore.
In vain the nymphs diſplay their charms,
To win him to their longing arms:
Though ſtrong temptations court the youth,
Doubt not his conſtancy and truth;
They fix'd as rocks unmov'd remain,
While winds and waves aſſault in vain.
You only teach his ſoul to know
The ſecret pang, the tender woe;
For you he feels a thouſand fears,
And oft bedews his couch with tears.
Ah! then in kind return beware,
Leſt tempting words your heart enſnare;
Avoid the duſk and ſilent ſhade,
Nor heed the plaintive ſerenade:

Let prudence, that unerring guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and act preſide;
So ſhall your faith and virtue prove
Worthy his matchleſs truth and love.

CONSOLATORY VERSES

To her HUSBAND.

NO more, lov'd partner of my ſoul,
At diſappointments grieve,
Can flowing tears our fate controul,
Or ſighs our woes relieve?

Adverſity is virtue's ſchool
To thoſe who right diſcern;
Let us obſerve each painful rule,
And each hard leſſon learn.

When wintry clouds obſcure the ſky,
And heav'n and earth deform,
If fix'd the ſtrong foundations lie,
The caſtle braves the ſtorm.

Thus fix'd on faith's unfailing rock,
Let us endure awhile
Misfortune's rude, impetuous ſhock,
And glory in our toil.

Ill fortune cannot always laſt,
Or though it ſhould remain,
Yet we each painful moment haſte
A better world to gain:

Where calumny no more ſhall wound,
Nor faithleſs friends deſtroy,
Where innocence and truth are crown'd
With never-fading joy.

SORROW.

WHILE ſunk in deepeſt ſolitude and woe,
My ſtreaming eyes with ceaſeleſs ſorrow flow,
While anguiſh wears the ſleepleſs night away,
And freſher grief awaits returning day;
Encompaſſed round with ruin, want and ſhame,
Undone in fortune, blaſted in my fame;
Loſt to the ſoft endearing ties of life,
And tender names of daughter, mother, wife;
Can no receſs from calumny be found?
And yet can fate inflict a deeper wound!
As one who, in a dreadful tempeſt toſs'd,
If thrown by chance upon ſome deſert coaſt,
Calmly awhile ſurveys the fatal ſhore,
And hopes that fortune can inflict no more;
Till ſome fell ſerpent makes the wretch his prey,
Who 'ſcap'd in vain the dangers of the ſea;
So I who hardly 'ſcap'd domeſtic rage,
Born with eternal ſorrows to engage,
Now feel the pois'nous force of ſland'rous tongues,
Who daily wound me with envenom'd wrongs.
Shed then a ray divine, all gracious heav'n,
Pardon the ſoul that ſues to be forgiven,

Though cruel human-kind relentleſs prove,
And leaſt reſemble thee in acts of love;
Though friends who ſhould adminiſter relief,
Add pain to woe, and miſery to grief,
And oft! too oft! with hypocritic air,
Condemn thoſe faults in which they deeply ſhare:
Yet thou who doſt our various frailties know,
And ſee'ſt each ſpring from whence our actions flow,
Shalt, while for mercy to thy throne I fly,
Regard the lifted hand and ſtreaming eye.

Thou didſt the jarring elements compoſe,
When this harmonious univerſe aroſe;
O ſpeak the tempeſt of the ſoul to peace,
Bid the tumultuous war of paſſion ceaſe;
Receive me to thy kind paternal care,
And guard me from the horrors of deſpair.
And ſince no more I boaſt a mother's name,
Nor in my children can a portion claim,
The helpleſs babes to thy protection take,
Nor puniſh for their hapleſs mother's ſake.

Thus the poor bird, when frighted from her neſt,
With agonizing love, and grief diſtreſs'd,
Still fondly hovers o'er the much-lov'd place,
Though ſtrengthleſs, to protect her tender race;
In piercing notes ſhe movingly complains,
And tells the unattending woods her pains.

* And thou, my ſoul's once fondeſt, deareſt part,
Who ſchem'd my ruin with ſuch cruel art,

* Mem. My Huſband, who was then ſuing for a divorce.

From human laws no longer ſeek to find
A pow'r to looſe that knot which God has join'd,
The props of life are rudely pull'd away,
And the frail building falling to decay,
My death ſhall give thee thy deſir'd releaſe,
And lay me down in everlaſting peace.

A SONG.

STELLA, darling of the Muſes,
Fairer than the blooming ſpring;
Sweeteſt theme the poet chuſes,
When of thee he ſtrives to ſing.

While my ſoul with wonder traces
All thy charms of face and mind,
All the beauties, all the graces
Of the ſex in thee I find.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
In my breaſt alternate riſe;
Words no more can paint my paſſion,
Than the pencil could thine eyes.

Laviſh nature thee adorning,
O'er thy lips and cheeks hath ſpread,
Colours that might ſhame the morning,
Smiling with celeſtial red.

Would the Gods, in bleſt condition,
Our requeſts indulgent view,
Sure each mortal's firſt petition
Would be to reſemble you.

A SONG.

LYING is an occupation
Us'd by all who mean to riſe;
Politicians owe their ſtation
But to well-concerted lyes.

Theſe to lovers give aſſiſtance
To enſnare the fair one's heart;
And the virgin's beſt reſiſtance
Yields to this commanding art.

Study this ſuperior ſcience,
Would you riſe in church or ſtate;
Bid to truth a bold defiance,
'Tis the practice of the great.

EXPOSTULATION.

Written in DISTRESS.

O God! ſince all thy ways are juſt,
Why does thy heavy hand
So ſore afflict the wretched duſt,
Thou didſt to life command?

Thou ſpeak'ſt the word, the ſenſeleſs clay
Was quick'ned with thy breath,
Chearleſs to view the beams of day,
And ſeek the ſhades of death.

Through ev'ry ſcene of life diſtreſs'd,
As daughter, mother, wife;
When wilt thou cloſe my eyes in reſt,
And take my weary life.

To thee paſt, preſent, and to come,
Are evermore the ſame;
Thou knew'ſt of all my woes the ſum,
E'er I my thoughts could frame.

'Twas thou gav'ſt paſſion to my ſoul,
And reaſon alſo gave:
Why didſt thou not make reaſon rule,
And paſſion be its ſlave?

O pardon me, thou Pow'r Divine!
That thus I dare preſume
At thy correction to repine,
Or murmur at my doom.

Lord, give me penitence ſincere
For ev'ry error paſt,
And though my trials are ſevere,
O give me peace at laſt.

To the Reverend Dr. HALES.

HAIL, holy ſage! whoſe comprehenſive mind,
Not to this narrow ſpot of earth confin'd,
Thro' num'rous worlds can nature's laws explore,
Where none but *Newton* ever trod before;
And, guided by philoſophy divine,
See thro' his works th' Almighty Maker ſhine:
Whether you trace him thro' yon rolling ſpheres,
Where, crowned with boundleſs glory, he appears;
Or in the Orient ſun's reſplendent rays,
His ſetting luſtre, or his noontide blaze,
New wonders ſtill thy curious ſearch attend,
Begun on earth, in higheſt heav'n to end.
O! while thou doſt thoſe god-like works purſue,
What thanks, from human kind, to thee are due!
Whoſe error, doubt, and darkneſs, you remove,
And charm down knowledge from her throne above.
Nature, to thee, her choiceſt ſecrets yields,
Unlocks her ſprings, and opens all her fields;
Shews the rich treaſure that her breaſt contains,
In azure fountains, or enamell'd plains;
Each healing ſtream, each plant of virtuous uſe,
To thee their medicinal pow'rs produce:
Pining diſeaſe and anguiſh wing their flight,
And roſy health renews us to delight.
When you, with art, the animal diſſect,
And, with the microſcopic aid, inſpect,

Where, from the heart, unnumber'd rivers glide,
And faithful back return their purple tide;
How fine the mechaniſm, by thee diſplay'd!
How wonderful is ev'ry creature made!
Veſſels, too ſmall for ſight, the fluids ſtrain,
Concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate, ſuſtain:
In deep attention, and ſurprize, we gaze,
And, to life's author, raptur'd, pour out praiſe.
What beauties doſt thou open to the ſight,
Untwiſting all the golden threads of light!
Each parent colour tracing to its ſource,
Diſtinct they live, obedient to thy force!
Nought from thy penetration is conceal'd,
And Light, himſelf, ſhines to thy ſoul reveal'd.
So when the ſacred writings you diſplay,
And on the mental eye ſhed purer day;
In radiant colours truth array'd we ſee,
Confeſs her charms, and guided up by thee,
Soaring ſublime, on contemplation's wings,
The fountain ſeek, whence truth eternal ſprings.
Fain would I wake the conſecrated lyre,
And ſing the ſentiments thou didſt inſpire!
But find my ſtrength unequal to a theme,
Which aſks a *Milton*'s, or a Seraph's flame!
If, thro' weak words, one ray of reaſon ſhine,
Thine was the thought, the errors only mine.
Yet may theſe numbers to thy ſoul impart
The humble incenſe of a grateful heart.
Trifles, with GOD himſelf, acceptance find,
If offer'd with ſincerity of mind;

Then, like the Deity, indulgence ſhew,
Thou, moſt *like Him*, of all his works below.

To Mr. *CIBBER.*

On his aſking for ſomething entire NEW.

WHEN you adviſ'd me, Sir, to chuſe
Some odd new ſubject for the muſe,
From thought to thought unpleas'd I chang'd,
Thro' nature, art, and ſcience rang'd;
Yet ſtill could nought diſcover new,
Till, happily, I fix'd on you.
Your Stoic turn, and chearful mind,
Have mark'd you, out of all mankind,
The oddeſt theme my muſe can find.
Like other men, you nothing do;
The world's one round of joy to you.
The wiſe, the weak, the ſot, the ſage,
Your hours can equally engage:
Tho' ſenſe and merit are your choice,
You can with gayeſt fops rejoice;
Can taſte them all, in ſeaſon fit,
And match their follies, or their wit.
Truth has in you ſo fix'd her ſeat,
Not all your converſe with the great
Has yet miſled you to deceit.
Your breaſt ſo bare, ſo free from blame,
Why ſure your heart and tongue's the ſame!
Moſt hearts the harder grow with years,
But yours yet lends th' afflicted tears;

Has merit pin'd in want and grief?
Your bounteous hand has brought relief.
To you, where frailty ſhades the ſoul,
One ſhining grace commends the whole.
Can no experience make you wiſer,
Nor age convert you to a miſer?
New too in other points I find you,
Where modern wits are thrown behind you.
Some praiſe a patron, and reveal him;
You paint ſo true, you can't conceal him:
Their gaudy praiſe, undue, but ſhames him,
While yours, by likeneſs, only names him.
Not wit, that libels, makes you grave,
At what you ſmile, my ſenſe wou'd rave;
While jealous bards by dunces ſtung,
With verſe provok'd, aveng'd the wrong,
With an uncommon candour, you
Such bards more humanely ſubdue:
Calm and compos'd, your conſcious ſpirit
Can celebrate with praiſe their merit:
Thus yielding conquer; for ſure nature
Muſt feel ſuch praiſe ſting worſe than ſatyr.
Still am I warm'd to ſing your oddneſs,
Your ſingularity in goodneſs!
When to the wealthy and the great,
Adorn'd with honours and eſtate,
My muſe, forlorn! has ſent her pray'r,
Shunn'd were the accents of deſpair,
'Till your excited pity ſped her,
And with collected bounties fed her;

Chear'd her ſad thoughts, like genial ſpring,
And tun'd once more her voice to ſing.
Bear then her grateful notes, and be
Yourſelf her theme and harmony.
Cou'd ſhe, like yours, exalt her lays,
Polite artificer of praiſe!
From the ſweet ſong you'd jealous grow,
And guard the laurel on your brow.
If, which I know, theſe facts are true,
Confeſs, at leaſt, the verſe is new,
That publicly ſpeaks well of you.

To the Hon. Colonel *D—NC—BE.*

SINCE ſo oft to the great of my favours you boaſt,
When, you know, you enjoy'd but ſome kiſſes at moſt;
And thoſe, as you ſay, never ought to be ſold,
For love's too divine, to be barter'd for gold.
Since this is your maxim, I beg a receipt,
To know, how without it a lover can eat.
For tho' the fine heroes, we read in romances,
Subſiſted whole weeks upon amorous fancies;
And yet were ſo ſtrong, if thoſe writers ſay true,
That dragons, and giants, ſome thouſands they ſlew;
Thoſe chiefs were of origin ſurely divine!
And deſcended from *Jove*, as direct as a line.
But in our corrupted, degenerate days,
We find neither heroes, nor lovers, like theſe:

Our men have ſcarce courage to ſpeak to a laſs,
'Till they've had a full meal, and a chirrupping glaſs;
And ſo much in myſelf of the mortal I find,
That my body wants diet, as well as my mind.
Now, pray, Sir, conſider the caſe of your miſtreſs,
Who neither can kiſs, nor write verſe, in diſtreſs:
For *Bacchus*, and *Ceres*, we frequently prove,
Are friends to the muſes, as well as to love.

To his GRACE

The Lord Archbiſhop of *YORK*.

AS God, who now does, as in times of old,
His high beheſts to righteous men unfold;
And from thick miſts purging the viſual ray,
Beams on his choſen ſons celeſtial day;
Late to the pious Prelate, *York*, reveal'd,
What from the ſons of *Belial* lay conceal'd;
The many, flown with inſolence and wine,
Unfit, ſuch ears, to hear of things divine.
Behold, oh choſen meſſenger of grace!
Said God, the wickedneſs of human race!
Britain, behold, my once-lov'd fav'rite iſle,
Lo, all impurities her face defile!
Why are there pray'rs, or public faſts proclaim'd?
My pow'r is mock'd at, and my word blaſphem'd;
Think they, vile worms! with arts, or gloſſing lines,
To 'ſcape my vengeance, or deceive my eyes?

No; as to idol luſts their bodies bow,
So ſhall their limbs the foreign fields beſtrew,
Nay, ev'n the proud metropolis ſhall feel
The red-hot vengeance, and the murd'rous ſteel.
Then holy *York* the Lord of life beſpoke:
Oh, gracious God! this dread decree revoke;
Wilt thou, with wiſdom, juſtice, mercy crown'd,
Alike the virtuous and the vile confound?
Twenty, perhaps, in *Britain* may'ſt thou find,
Who keep thy laws, and write them on their mind;
All, ſure, ſhall periſh, by thy mighty word,
But wilt thou ſpeak in wrath?—far be it from thee,
Lord.
To him, *Jehovah*: by myſelf, I ſwear,
For twenty's ſake, the kingdom will I ſpare.
Oh, be not angry, while I plead again,
Perhaps not twenty may be found, but ten;
Ten men, whom no temptation can ſubdue,
True to religion, to it's altars true.
To him, *Jehovah*: as thy ſoul doth live,
Find me but one, and *England* I forgive.
View then, oh Lord! yon miniſter of ſtate,
See him, in ev'ry action good and great;
Stemming corruption with an outſtretch'd hand;
Who, but himſelf, the torrent can withſtand?
See him, like *Nile*, diffuſing bounty round,
To bleſs a barren, an ungrateful ground;
Thro' various channels pleaſure to impart,
To raiſe the fall'n, to chear the dying heart;
Too oft, alas! in the tranſlucent wave
Do crocodiles and wily ſerpents lave,

Studious to poiſon the delightful ſtream,
Which unpollute flows on;—and mindful whence it
came,
Conſcious of thee, it's ſacred hidden ſource,
To re-unite thy bounty, bends it's force.
Wiſely thou ſpeak'ſt, the living Lord reply'd,
Nor be thou, righteous advocate, deny'd;
Superior worth arreſts the lifted rod,
So dear is virtue in the ſight of God;
Nor will I vengeance on the guilty take,
But *England* ſpare, for *York* and *Pelham*'s ſake.

EPILOGUE

To VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT.

DUCE on't, I wonder what the author means,
To peſter thus the ſtage with moral ſcenes!
The fool! he ſent me hither to excuſe him;
Faith I'll be even with him, and abuſe him.
I hope he liſtens, while I ſpeak my thoughts
And tell, what he muſt bear to hear, his faults.
Firſt he endeavours, in a free-born nation,
To bring the wearing fetters into faſhion,
Nor would have loving couples go together,
Till they are yok'd by matrimonial tether.
Here he does plainly liberty invade,
And is beſides an enemy to trade:
Should his advice be follow'd thro' the land,
What muſt become of *Drury*, and the *Strand*?

In *France*, when age appears thro' walls of paint,
Each batter'd jade turns devoté, or ſaint;
And when her looks no longer love inſpire,
Does wiſely to a nunnery retire:
But here ſhould pretty females leave off ſinning,
What muſt they do? betake themſelves to ſpinning!
Why, ſure, 'twou'd vex the heart of *Jew*, or *Turk*,
To ſee the pretty playful creatures work.
Well, after all his railing thus at harlots,
'Tis ſaid, he lik'd them once, by lying varlets;
And that, unleſs he perfectly had known 'em,
He never cou'd ſo perfectly have ſhewn 'em.
But, jeſts apart, the poet bad me ſay,
He to the gen'rous fair commends this play,
To ſhew their matchleſs excellence deſign'd,
And cure the roving madneſs of mankind;
To ſhew the fair, tho' huſbands may be led
By artful wiles, to ſtain the nuptial bed;
Yet virtue ſhall, at laſt, triumphant prove,
And huſbands bleſs the joys of faithful love.
Studious the worthy and the good to pleaſe,
If ſuch with approbation crown his lays,
Our happy author ſeeks no other praiſe.

Written on her DEATH-BED.

MY Lord, my Saviour, and my God,
I bow to thy correcting rod;
Nor will I murmur or complain,
Tho' ev'ry limb be fill'd with pain;
Tho' my weak tongue its aid denies,
And day-light wounds my wretched eyes.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE

WAS the eldeſt daughter of Mr. *Walter Singer*, and was born at *Ilcheſter* in *Somerſetſhire*, *Sept.* 11, 1674. In 1710, ſhe was married to Mr. *Thomas Rowe*; a gentleman, who was equally remarkable for his learning and piety.

This lady had an excellent taſte for the polite arts; ſhe was fond of painting, and very much delighted with muſic; but her ſtrongeſt bent was to poetry and writing. As ſhe had always the ſtricteſt regard to virtue and religion, her poems are chiefly of the ſerious kind, and on religious ſubjects. She died ſuddenly (of an apoplexy as it was judged) on *February* 20, 1736-7, and was buried, according to her own requeſt, under the ſame ſtone with her father in the Meeting-place at *Frome*.

*** Beſides her poems, there are publiſhed a large collection of her letters on moral and religious ſubjects. She was alſo the author of that celebrated work, entitled, *Friendſhip in Death*, or *Letters from the Dead to the Living*.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

In PRAISE of MEMORY.

Inſcribed to the Honourable

The Lady *WORSELY.*

BEST gift that heav'ns indulgence cou'd beſtow!
To thee our ſureſt happineſs we owe:
Thou all the flying pleaſures doſt reſtore,
Which, but for thee, bleſt Memory, were no more:
For we no ſooner graſp ſome frail delight,
But ready for its everlaſting flight,
E'er we can call the haſty bliſs our own,
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.

Thou to the fond ſucceſsful lover's heart
A thouſand melting raptures doſt impart;

When, yet more lovely than herſelf, and kind,
Thou bring'ſt his fancy'd miſtreſs to his mind;
The flatt'ring image wears a livelier grace,
A ſofter mien, and more inticing face.

Thou from the flying minutes doſt retrieve
The joys, *Clarinda*'s wit and humour give;
Thoſe joys that I had once poſſeſs'd in vain,
Did not the dear remembrance ſtill remain:
She ſpeaks, methinks, and all my ſoul inſpires,
Brightens each thought, and gives my muſe new fires;
'Tis ſhe that lends my daring fancy wings,
Softens my lyre, and tunes its warbling ſtrings.

Thou only to the guilty art ſevere,
Who the review of their paſt actions fear;
But to the innocent and virtuous mind,
Art ſtill propitious, ſmiling ſtill, and kind.
To thee we all thoſe charming pleaſures owe,
Tho pleaſures that from gen'rous actions flow,
And they are ſtill the nobleſt we poſſeſs below.

HYMN

To the DEITY.

TO thee, my God, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden ſtores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt gems
On the rich Eaſtern ſhores.

Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatneſs in its gayeſt pride
My reſtleſs thoughts inflame.

Nor pleaſure's ſoft enticing charms
My fond deſires allure:
For greater things than theſe from thee
My wiſhes wou'd ſecure.

Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting ſmiles
That brighten heav'n above,
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
And treaſures of thy love.

Theſe are the mighty things I crave;
O! make theſe bleſſings mine,
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly reſign.

HYMN *on the* SACRAMENT.

AND art thou mine, my deareſt Lord?
Then I have all, nor fly
The boldeſt wiſhes I can form
Unto a pitch more high.

Yes, thou art mine, the contract's ſeal'd
With thine own precious blood;
And ev'n Almighty pow'r's engag'd
To ſee it all made good.

My fears diſſolve: for oh! what more
Could ſtudious bounty do?
What farther mighty proofs are left
Unbounded love to ſhew?

My faith's confirm'd, nor wou'd I quit
My title to thy love,
For all the valu'd things below,
Or ſhining things above.

Nor at the proſp'rous ſinner's ſtate
Do I at all repine;
No, let 'em parcel out the earth,
While heav'n and thou art mine.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

The *Fallen Angels* and a *Human Spirit*

Juſt entered into the other WORLD.

Human SPIRIT.

LONG ſtruggling in the agonies of death,
With horror I reſign'd my mortal breath:
With horror long the fatal gulph I view'd,
And ſhiv'ring on its utmoſt edges ſtood;
Till forc'd to take th' inevitable leap,
I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy ſteep:

And here of every hope bereft, I find
Myſelf a naked, an unbody'd mind.
My lov'd, my fond officious friends, in vain
My fleeting ſoul endeavour'd to retain;
In vain its blooming manſion did invite;
Grandeur, and wealth, and love, and ſoft delight,
With tempting calls in vain its flight would ſtay,
When forc'd by the ſevere decree away.
'Tis paſt———and all like a thin viſion gone,
For which I have my wretched ſoul undone;
And wand'ring on this dark, deteſted ſhore,
My eyes ſhall view the upper light no more.

Fallen ANGELS.

Then welcome to the regions of diſpair!
Thy ruin coſt us much deſign and care,
And thou hadſt 'ſcap'd, but for one happy ſnare;
And in the bliſsful ſkies ſupply'd the place
Of ſome fall'n ſpirit of our nobler race:
Thou could'ſt the thirſt of wine or wealth controul,
And no malicious ſin has ſtain'd thy ſoul;
But for the joys of one forbidden love
Haſt loſt the boundleſs ecſtaſies above.

Human SPIRIT.

And all was freely, freely all was loſt;
How dear has one ſhort dream of pleaſure coſt!
But yet this fatal, this inchanting dream,
I ſhould, perhaps, beyond ev'n heav'n eſteem,
Were it as permanent; but, ah! 'tis gone,
And I a wretch abandon'd and undone,
Of God, of every ſmiling hope, am left,
And all my dear delights on earth bereft:

While here for gilded roofs, and painted bow'rs,
For pleaſant walks, and beds of fragrant flow'rs,
I find polluted dens, and pitchy ſtreams,
And burning paths, with beds of raging flames;
Inſtead of muſic's ſweet inſpiring ſound,
Repeated yells, and endleſs groans go round:
And for the lovely faces of my friends,
I meet the ghaſtly viſages of fiends;
A thouſand nameleſs terrors are behind,
Deſpair, confuſion, fury, ſeize my mind:
But will my griefs no happy period find?

Fallen ANGELS.

Count all the twinkling glories of the ſky,
Count all the drops that in the ocean lie;
Of all the earthly globe the atoms count,
Eternal years their numbers ſtill ſurmount.
Millions of tedious ling'ring ages gone,
Thy miſery, thy hell, is but begun.
As fix'd, as permanent, thy bliſs had been,
But for one darling, one beloved ſin;
Cold to the baits of any other vice,
Beauty alone could thy fond thoughts entice;
By this, (or all our ſtratagems had fail'd,)
By this we o'er thy temp'rate youth prevail'd.
Poor, ſottiſh ſoul! below our envy now,
For what a toy didſt thou a heav'n forego?

Human SPIRIT.

O tell me not from what fair hopes I fell!
Juſt miſſing heaven, but aggravates my hell.

Fallen ANGELS.

Thou know'ſt not what thou'ſt loſt, but we too well
The glories of that happy place can tell.
There endleſs heights of ecſtacy they prove,
There's laſting beauty and immortal love,
There flowing pleaſures in full torrents roll;
For pleaſures form'd, this loſs muſt rack thy ſoul.

Human SPIRIT.

With how much cruel art you aggravate
My miſery's intolerable weight?

Fallen ANGELS.

Our envy once, thou'rt now become our ſcorn,
In vain for thee the Son of God was born;
That mighty favour, that peculiar grace,
Too glorious for the fall'n angelic race,
Serves only to exaſperate thy doom,
And give th' infernal ſhades a darker gloom.

Human SPIRIT.

Oh! that's the wounding circumſtance of all,
To lower depths of woe I cannot fall:
Ye curſt tormentors, now your rage is ſpent,
Your fury can no further hell invent;
A Saviour's title, a Redeemer's blood,
Their worth, till now, I little underſtood.

DESPAIR.

OH! lead me to ſome ſolitary gloom,
Where no enliv'ning beams, nor chearful echoes come;

But ſilent all, and duſky let it be,
Remote and unfrequented, but by me;
Myſterious, cloſe, and ſullen as that grief,
Which leads me to its covert for relief.
Far from the buſy world's deteſted noiſe,
Its wretched pleaſures, and diſtracted joys;
Far from the jolly fools, who laugh, and play,
And dance, and ſing, impertinently gay,
Their ſhort, ineſtimable hours away;
Far from the ſtudious follies of the great,
The tireſome farce of ceremonious ſtate:
There, in a melting, ſolemn, dying ſtrain,
Let me all day upon my lyre complain,
And wind up all its ſoft, harmonious ſtrings,
To noble, ſerious, melancholy things.
And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
The cloſe receſſes of the ſacred place:
Nor let a bird of chearful note come near,
To whiſpher out his airy raptures here.
Only the penſive ſongſtreſs of the grove,
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve;
While drooping winds among the branches ſigh,
And ſluggiſh waters heavily roll by,
Here, to my fatal ſorrows let me give
The ſhort remaining hours I have to live.
Then with a ſullen, deep-fetch'd-groan expire,
And to the grave's dark ſolitude retire.

REVELATION. Chap. xvi.

ALREADY from before the ſacred throne
The ſev'n avenging miniſters are gone;
Charg'd with the laſt great plagues behold they ſtand,
With each his various miſchief in his hand:
Sev'n trumpets give the ſign, at ev'ry call,
In order they the wrathful dregs let fall.
A prelude ſounds: The firſt his vial pours
Amidſt the air, enſu'd by ſulph'rous ſhow'rs;
While from their caves portentous tempeſts riſe,
And pitchy clouds obſcure the angry ſkies.
They ſound again; the ocean's briny flood
The ſecond vial turns to ſtreaming blood:
Again; and lo! a burning comet takes
Its downward way, and drinks the freſher lakes;
The lakes, the ſwelling ſprings, and running ſtreams,
Are all a prey to its malignant beams.
His ſignal now the fourth great angel takes,
And o'er the ſun a livid venom ſhakes;
Its beauteous orb a bloody tincture wears,
And with a fierce malignant horror glares:
The ſilver moon reſigns her trembling ray,
While all the faint nocturnal lights decay.
Another echoing clangor ſhakes the ſky;
And open wide th' infernal portals fly,
Revealing all the diſmal realms below,
The dens of night, and ſeats of endleſs woe;

Aſcending ſmoke pollutes the ſickly air,
While ruddy flames amidſt the darkneſs glare.
Now the ſixth trumpet's direful ſounds ſucceed;
And from their adamantine fetters freed,
The raging fiends from long confinement come,
With monſtrous ſhapes in open air to roam:
A gloomy hoſt! in terrible array
They march along; pale horror leads the way,
And in its ghaſtlieſt form before them walks;
Behind them empty deſolation ſtalks.
The ſeventh ſhrill trumpet utters now its voice,
Through earth and hell reſounds the dreadful noiſe:
"Ariſe, ye dead, ariſe to judgment! come,
"And take, according to your works, your doom!"
Th' extended ſkies are rent from pole to pole,
The lightnings flaſh, the final thunders roll,
The graves divide, the ſtartled dead awake,
And hov'ring ſouls their former manſions take.

HYMN of THANKS

On my Recovery from the SMALL-POX.

MY God, my great deliv'rer, and my truſt,
My life, my love, and ev'ry tender name
That makes my gratitude and homage juſt;
Let heav'nly ardor all my ſoul inflame!

To thee, my muſe, ſome tuneful gift would bring,
And humbly conſecrate her nobleſt verſe;
Fain would ſhe touch, for thee, her ſweeteſt ſtring,
And in immortal ſtrains thy love rehearſe.

But, oh! what words of men can reach the theme?
What human eloquence expreſs thy praiſe?
Immenſe thy pow'r, unſpeakable thy name,
Thy throne ſurrounded with majeſtic rays.

Yet let my grateful zeal accepted prove,
Since weak mortality can give no more;
I cannot ſpeak, 'tis true, but I can love,
I love, and, what I cannot praiſe, adore.

On the DEATH of

Mr. *THOMAS ROWE.*

IN what ſoft language ſhall my thoughts get free,
My dear *Alexis*, when I talk of thee?
Ye Muſes, Graces, all ye gentle train
Of weeping loves, aſſiſt the penſive ſtrain!
But why ſhould I implore your moving art?
'Tis but to ſpeak the dictates of my heart,
And all that knew the charming youth will join
Their friendly ſighs, and pious tears to mine:
For all that knew his merit muſt confeſs,
In grief for him there can be no exceſs.
His ſoul was form'd to act each glorious part
Of life, unſtain'd with vanity or art.
No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,
But what he might have own'd to heav'n and earth.
Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,
And ſhone with more than its own native light.

Whatever noble warmth could recommend
The juſt, the active, and the conſtant friend,
Was all his own——but, oh! a dearer name,
And ſofter ties my endleſs ſorrow claim;
Loſt in deſpair, diſtracted, and forlorn,
The lover I, and tender huſband mourn.
Whate'er to ſuch ſuperior worth was due,
Whate'er exceſs the fondeſt paſſion knew,
I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
My pray'rs themſelves were thine, and only where
Thou waſt concern'd, my virtue was ſincere.
Whene'er I begg'd for bleſſings on thy head,
Nothing was cold, or formal, that I ſaid;
My warmeſt vows to heav'n were made for thee,
And love ſtill mingled with my piety.
O thou waſt all my glory, all my pride!
Through life's uncertain paths, my conſtant guide:
Regardleſs of the world to gain thy praiſe,
Was all that could my juſt ambition raiſe.
Why has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or why has heav'n diſſolv'd the tie ſo ſoon?
Why was the charming youth ſo form'd to move?
Or why was all my ſoul ſo turn'd for love?
But virtue here a vain defence had made,
Where ſo much worth and eloquence could plead.
For he could talk——'twas ecſtacy to hear,
Twas joy, 'twas harmony to ev'ry ear!
Eternal muſick dwelt upon his tongue,
Soft and tranſporting as the muſe's ſong:
Liſt'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to reſt,
And love, and ſilent rapture fill'd my breaſt;

Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
And time was only meaſur'd by delight.
I hear the lov'd, the melting accents ſtill,
And ſtill the kind, the tender tranſport feel:
Again I ſee the ſprightly paſſions riſe,
And life and pleaſure ſparkle in his eyes.
My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace,
But, ah! the dear deluſion mocks my fond embrace;
The ſmiling viſion takes its haſty flight,
And ſcenes of horror ſwim before my ſight.
Grief and deſpair in all their terrors riſe,
A dying lover pale and gaſping lies;
Each diſmal circumſtance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new:
His anguiſh, with the quickeſt ſenſe I feel,
And hear this ſad, this moving language ſtill.
My deareſt wife! my laſt, my fondeſt care!
Sure heav'n for thee will hear a dying pray'r:
Be thou the charge of ſacred Providence,
When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;
Ten thouſand ſmiling bleſſings crown thy head,
When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.
Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry juſt,
My future fame and honour are thy truſt.
From all engagements here I now am free,
But that which keeps my ling'ring ſoul with thee.
How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel:
But haſte to meet me on thoſe happy plains,
Where mighty love in endleſs triumph reigns.

He ceas'd; then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming ſacrifice to death:
But, oh! what words, what numbers can expreſs,
What thought conceive the height of my diſtreſs?
Why did they tear me from thy breathleſs clay?
I ſhould have ſtaid, and wept my life away.
Yet, gentle ſhade, whether thou now doſt rove
Through ſome bleſt vale, or ever verdant grove;
One moment liſten to my grief, and take
The ſofteſt vows that conſtant love can make.
For thee all thoughts of pleaſure I forego,
For thee my tears ſhall never ceaſe to flow;
For thee at once I from the world retire,
To feed, in ſilent ſhades, a hopeleſs fire.
My boſom all thy image ſhall retain,
The full impreſſion there ſhall ſtill remain.
As thou has taught my conſtant heart to prove
The nobleſt height and elegance of love;
That ſacred paſſion I to thee confine,
My ſpotleſs faith ſhall be for ever thine.

POEMS

BY

ANNE, Countess of *Winchelsea*.

ANNE,

COUNTESS of *Winchelſea*,

WAS daughter of Sir *William Kingſmill*, of *Sidmonton*, in the county of *Southampton*. She married *Heneage*, ſecond ſon of *Heneage* Earl of *Winchelſea*; who, upon the death of his nephew *Charles*, ſucceeded him in the title of Earl.

This Lady was of an excellent genius, eſpecially in poetry. One of the moſt conſiderable of her poems is the *Ode on the Spleen*, which was univerſally admired at its firſt publication, and gave occaſion to a poem by the famous Mr. *Nicholas Rowe*. Mr. *Pope* wrote a copy of verſes to this Lady, to which ſhe returned an anſwer, which is not inſerted among her works, but is here printed.

She died, without iſſue, *Auguſt* 5, 1720.

POEMS

BY

ANNE, Counteſs of *Winchelſea.*

The BRASS POT and STONE JUGG.

A FABLE.

A Brazen Pot, by ſcouring vext,
With beef and pudding ſtill perplext,
Reſolv' t' attempt a nobler life,
Urging the Jugg to ſhare the ſtrife
Brother, quoth he (love to endear)
Why ſhould we two continue here,
To ſerve and cook ſuch homely cheer?
Who though we move with awkward pace,
Your ſtony bowels, and my face,
Abroad can't miſs of wealth and place.

Then let us inſtantly be going,
And ſee what in the world is doing.
The bloated Jugg, ſupine and lazy,
Who made no wiſh, but to be eaſy,
Nor, like its owner, e'er did think
Of ought, but to be fill'd with drink;
Yet ſomething mov'd by this fine ſtory,
And frothing higher with vain-glory,
Reply'd, he never wanted metal,
But had not ſides, like ſturdy Kettle,
That in a croud could ſhove and buſtle,
And to preferment bear the juſtle;
When the firſt knock would break his meaſures,
And ſtop his riſe to place and treaſures.
Sure (quoth the Pot) thy ſkull is thicker
Than ever was thy muddieſt liquor:
Go I not with thee for thy guard,
To take off blows, and dangers ward?
And haſt thou never heard that Cully
Is borne through all by daring Bully?
Yourſelf (reply'd the drink-conveyer)
May be my ruin and betrayer:
A ſuperiority you boaſt,
And dreſs the meat, I but the toaſt:
Than mine your conſtitution's ſtronger,
And in fatigues can hold out longer;
And ſhould one bang from you be taken,
I into nothing ſhould be ſhaken.
A *d'autre* cry'd the Pot in ſcorn,
Doſt think there's ſuch a villain born,

That, when he proffers aid and ſhelter,
Will rudely fall to helter-ſkelter?
No more, but follow to the road,
Where each now drags his pond'rous load,
And up the hill were almoſt clamber'd,
When (may it ever be remember'd!)
Down rolls the Jugg, and after rattles
The moſt perfidious of all kettles;
At ev'ry molehill gives a jump,
Nor reſts, till by obdurate thump,
The Pot of Stone, to ſhivers broken,
Sends each miſguided fool a token:
To ſhew them, by this fatal teſt,
That equal company is beſt,
Where none oppreſs, nor are oppreſt.

There's No TO-MORROW.

A FABLE.

Imitated from Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange.*

TWO long had lov'd, and now the nymph deſir'd
The cloak of wedlock, as the caſe requir'd;
Urg'd that, the day he wrought her to this ſorrow,
He vow'd, that he would marry her To-Morrow.
Again he ſwears, to ſhun the preſent ſtorm,
That he, To-Morrow, will that vow perform.

The Morrows in their due ſucceſſions came;
Impatient ſtill on each, the pregnant dame
Urg'd him to keep his word, and ſtill he ſwore the ſame.
When tir'd at length, and meaning no redreſs,
But yet the lye not caring to confeſs,
He for his oath this ſalvo choſe to borrow,
That he was free, ſince there was no To-Morrow;
For when it comes in place to be employ'd,
'Tis then To-day; To-Morrow's ne'er enjoy'd.

" The tale's a jeſt, the moral is a truth;
" To-Morrow and To-Morrow cheat our youth:
" In riper age, To-Morrow ſtill we cry,
" Not thinking that the preſent day we die;
" Unpractis'd all the good we had deſign'd;
" There's No To-Morrow to a willing mind."

The SPLEEN.

A *PINDARICK* POEM.

WHAT art thou, Spleen, which ev'ry thing doſt ape?
Thou *Proteus* to abus'd mankind,
Who never yet thy real cauſe could find,
Or fix thee to remain in one continu'd ſhape.
Still varying thy perplexing form,
Now a dead ſea thou'lt repreſent,
A calm of ſtupid diſcontent,
Then daſhing on the rocks wilt rage into a ſtorm.

Trembling ſometimes thou doſt appear,
Diſſolv'd into a panick fear;
On ſleep intruding doſt thy ſhadows ſpread,
Thy gloomy terrors round the ſilent bed,
And croud with boding dreams the melancholy head:
Or, when the midnight hour is told,
And drooping lids thou ſtill doſt waking hold,
Thy fond deluſions cheat the eyes,
Before them antick ſpectres dance,
Unuſual fires their pointed heads advance,
And airy phantoms riſe.
Such was the monſtrous viſion ſeen,
When *Brutus* (now beneath his cares oppreſt,
And all *Rome*'s fortunes rolling in his breaſt,
Before *Philippi*'s lateſt field,
Before his fate did to *Octavius* lead)
Was vanquiſh'd by the Spleen.

Falſely the mortal part we blame
Of our depreſt and pond'rous frame,
Which, till the firſt degrading ſin
Let thee, its dull attendant, in,
Still with the other did comply,
Nor clogg'd the active ſoul diſpos'd to fly,
And range the manſions of its native ſky.
Nor whilſt in his own heav'n he dwelt,
Whilſt man his paradiſe poſſeſt,
His fertile garden in the fragrant eaſt,
And all united odours ſmelt,

No armed ſweets, until thy reign,
Could ſhock the ſenſe, or in the face
A fluſh'd, unhandſome colour place.
Now the jonquille o'ercomes the feeble brain;
We faint beneath the aromatick pain,
Till ſome offenſive ſcent thy pow'rs appeaſe,
And pleaſure we reſign for ſhort, and nauſeous eaſe.

In ev'ry one thou doſt poſſeſs,
New are thy motions, and thy dreſs:
Now in ſome grove a liſt'ning friend
Thy falſe ſuggeſtions muſt attend,
Thy whiſper'd griefs, thy fancy'd ſorrows hear,
Breath'd in a ſigh, and witneſs'd by a tear;
Whilſt in the light and vulgar croud,
Thy ſlaves more clamorous and loud,
By laughters unprovok'd, thy influence too confeſs.
In the imperious wife thou vapours art,
Which from o'er-heated paſſions riſe
In clouds to the attractive brain,
Until deſcending thence again,
Through the o'er-caſt and ſhow'ring eyes,
Upon her huſband's ſoften'd heart,
He the diſputed point muſt yield,
Something reſign of the conteſted field;
Till lordly man, born to imperial ſway,
Compounds for peace to make that right away,
And woman arm'd with Spleen does ſervilely obey.

The fool, to imitate the wits,
Complains of thy pretended fits,

And dulneſs, born with him, would lay
Upon thy accidental ſway;
Becauſe ſometimes thou doſt preſume
Into the ableſt heads to come:
That often men of thoughts refin'd,
Impatient of unequal ſenſe,
Such ſlow returns, where they ſo much diſpenſe,
Retiring from the croud are to thy ſhades inclin'd.
O'er me, alas! thou doſt too much prevail:
I feel thy force whilſt I againſt thee rail;
I feel my verſe decay, and my crampt numbers fail.
Through thy black jaundice I all objects ſee,
As dark and terrible as thee,
My lines decry'd, and my employment thought
An uſeleſs folly, or preſumptuous fault:
Whilſt in the Muſes paths I ſtray,
Whilſt in their groves, and by their ſacred ſprings
My hand delights to trace unuſual things,
And deviates from the known and common way:
Nor will in fading ſilks compoſe
Faintly th' inimitable roſe,
Fill up an ill-drawn bird, or paint on glaſs
The ſov'reign's blurr'd and undiſtinguiſh'd face,
The threat'ning angel, and the ſpeaking aſs.

Patron thou art to ev'ry groſs abuſe,
The ſullen huſband's feign'd excuſe,
When the ill humour with his wife he ſpends,
And bears recruited wit and ſpirits to his friends.

The ſon of *Bacchus* pleads thy pow'r,
As to the glaſs he ſtill repairs,
Pretends but to remove thy cares,
Snatch from thy ſhades one gay and ſmiling hour,
And drown thy kindom in a purple ſhow'r.
When the coquette, whom ev'ry fool admires,
Would in variety be fair,
And, changing haſtily the ſcene
From light, impertinent, and vain,
Aſſumes a ſoft and melancholy air,
And of her eyes rebates the wand'ring fires
The careleſs poſture, and the head reclin'd,
The thoughtful and compoſed face,
Proclaiming the withdrawn, the abſent mind,
Allows the fop more liberty to gaze,
Who gently for the tender cauſe inquires;
The cauſe indeed is a defect in ſenſe,
Yet is the Spleen alledg'd, and ſtill the dull pretence,
But theſe are thy fantaſtick harms,
The tricks of thy pernicious ſtage,
Which do the weaker ſort engage;
Worſe are the dire effects of thy more pow'rful charms.
By thee religion, all we know,
That ſhould enlighten here below,
Is veil'd in darkneſs, and perplext
With anxious doubts, with endleſs ſcrupies vext,
And ſome reſtraint imply'd from each perverted text.
Whilſt touch not, taſte not, what is freely giv'n,
Is but thy niggard voice, diſgracing bounteous heav'n.

From ſpeech reſtrain'd, by thy deceits abus'd,
To deſarts baniſh'd, or in cells reclus'd,
Miſtaken vot'ries to thy pow'rs divine,
Whilſt they a purer ſacrifice deſign,
Do but the Spleen obey, and worſhip at thy ſhrine.
In vain to chaſe thee ev'ry art we try,
In vain all remedies apply,
In vain the *Indian* leaf infuſe,
Or the parch'd Eaſtern berry bruiſe;
Some paſs in vain thoſe bounds, and nobler liquors uſe.
Now harmony in vain we bring,
Inſpire the flute, and touch the ſtring.
From harmony no help is had;
Muſic but ſooths thee, if too ſweetly ſad,
And if too light, but turns thee gaily mad.
Though the phyſician's greateſt gains,
Although his growing wealth he ſees
Daily encreas'd by ladies fees,
Yet doſt thou baffle all his ſtudious pains.
Not ſkilful *Lower* thy ſource could find,
Or through the well-diſſected body trace
The ſecret, the myſterious ways,
By which thou doſt ſurprize, and prey upon the mind.
Tho' in the ſearch, too deep for human thought,
With unſucceſsful toil he wrought,
'Till thinking thee to've catch'd, himſelf by thee was caught,
Retain'd thy pris'ner, thy acknowledg'd ſlave,
And ſunk beneath thy chain to a lamented grave.

The ATHEIST and the ACORN.

METHINKS the world is oddly made,
And ev'ry thing's amiſs,
A dull preſuming Atheiſt ſaid,
As ſtretch'd he lay beneath a ſhade;
And inſtanced it in this:

Behold, quoth he, that mighty thing,
A Pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little ſtring,
Which upwards cannot make it ſpring,
Or bear it from the ground.

Whilſt on this Oak a fruit ſo ſmall,
So diſproportion'd grows;
That who with ſenſe ſurveys this all,
This univerſal caſual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung
That weight upon a tree,
And left this maſt, thus ſlightly ſtrung,
'Mongſt things which on the ſurface ſprung,
And ſmall and feeble be.

No more the caviller could ſay,
Nor farther faults deſcry;
For, as he upwards gazing lay,
An Acorn, looſen'd from the ſtay,
Fell down upon his eye.

Th' offended part with tears ran o'er,
As puniſh'd for the ſin:
Fool! had that bough a Pumpkin bore,
Thy whimſies muſt have work'd no more,
Nor Scull had kept them in.

The YOUNG RAT and his DAM, The COCK and the CAT.

NO cautions of a matron, old and ſage,
Young Rattlehead to prudence could engage;
But forth the offspring of her bed would go,
Nor reaſon gave, but that he would do ſo.
Much counſel was at parting thrown away,
Ev'n all that Mother-Rat to ſon could ſay;
Who follow'd him with utmoſt reach of ſight,
Then loſt in tears, and in abandon'd plight,
Turn'd to her mourafful cell, and bid the world good-night.
But fortune, kinder than her boding thought,
In little time the vagrant homewards brought,
Rais'd in his mind, and mended in his dreſs,
Who the belle-air did ev'ry way confeſs,
Had learnt to flow'r his wigg, nor bruſh'd away
The falling meal, that on his ſhoulders lay;
And from a nutſhell, wimbled by a worm,
Took ſnuff, and could the government reform.
The Mother, weeping from maternal love,
To ſee him thus prodigiouſly improve,

Expected mighty changes too within,
And wiſdom to avoid the Cat and Gin.
Whom did you chiefly note, ſweetheart, quoth ſhe,
Of all the ſtrangers you abroad did ſee?
Who grac'd you moſt, or did your fancy take?
The younger Rat, then curs'd a noiſy rake,
That barr'd the beſt acquaintance he could make;
And ſcar'd him ſo, he trembled ev'ry part;
Nor to deſcribe him ſcarce could have the heart.
High on his feet (quoth he) himſelf he bore,
And terribly, in his own language, ſwore;
A feather'd arm came out from either ſide,
Which loud he clapp'd, and combatants defy'd,
And to each leg a bayonet was ty'd:
And certainly his head with wounds was ſore;
For that and both his cheeks a ſanguine colour wore.
Near him there lay the creature I admir'd,
And for a friend by ſympathy deſir'd:
Make his, like ours, as far as tail and feet,
With coat of furr in parallel do meet;
Yet ſeeming of a more exalted race,
Though humble meekneſs beautify'd his face:
A purring ſound compos'd his gentle mind,
Whilſt frequent ſlumbers did his eye-lids bind;
Whoſe ſoft contracted paw lay calmly ſtill,
As if unus'd to prejudice, or kill.
I paus'd awhile to meditate a ſpeech,
And now was ſtepping juſt within his reach;
When that rude clown began his hect'ring cry,
And made me for my life, and from th' attempt to fly.

Indeed 'twas time, the ſhiv'ring beldam ſaid,
To ſcour the plain, and be of life afraid.
Thou baſe, degen'rate ſeed of injur'd rats,
Thou verieſt fool (ſhe cry'd) of all my brats;
Would'ſt thou have ſhaken hands with hoſtile cats?
And do'ſt not yet thine own and country's foe,
At this expence of time and travel know?
Alas! that ſwearing, ſtaring, bullying thing,
That tore his throat, and bluſter'd with his wing,
Was but ſome paltry, dunghill, Craven-Cock,
Who ſerves the early houſhold for a clock,
And we his oats and barley often ſteal,
Nor fear he ſhould revenge the pilfer'd meal:
Whilſt that demure and ſeeming harmleſs puſs
Herſelf and mewing chits regales with us.
If then of uſeful ſenſe thou'ſt gain'd no more,
Than e'er thou'dſt paſs'd the threſhold of my door;
Be here, my ſon, content to dreſs and dine,
Steeping the liſt of beauties in thy wine,
And neighb'ring vermin with falſe gloſs outſhine.
Amongſt mankind a thouſand fops we ſee,
Who in their rambles learn no more than thee;
Croſs o'er the *Alps*, and make the tour of *France*,
To learn a paltry ſong, or antick dance;
Bringing their noddles and valizes pack'd
With myſteries from ſhops and taylors wreck'd:
But what may prejudice their native land;
Whoſe troops are raiſing, or whoſe fleet is mann'd,
Ne'er moves their thoughts, nor do they underſtand.

Thou, my dear Rattlehead, and ſuch as theſe
Might keep at home, and brood on ſloth and eaſe:
Whilſt others, more adapted to the age,
May vig'rouſly in warlike feats engage,
And live on foreign ſpoils, or dying thin the age.

To Mr. *Finch*, now EARL of *Winchelſea*,

Who, going abroad, had deſired ARDELIA *to write ſome* VERSES *upon whatever ſubject ſhe thought fit, againſt his return in the evening.*

Written in the YEAR 1689.

NO ſooner, *Flavio*, was you gone,
But, your injunction thought upon,
Ardelia took the pen;
Deſigning to perform the taſk,
Her *Flavio* did ſo kindly aſk,
E'er he return'd agen.

Unto *Parnaſſus* ſtrait ſhe ſent,
And bid the meſſenger, that went
Unto the Muſes court,
Aſſure them ſhe their aid did need,
And begg'd they'd uſe their utmoſt ſpeed,
Becauſe the time was ſhort.

The hasty summons was allow'd;
And being well-bred, they rose and bow'd,
And said, they'd post away;
That well they did *Ardelia* know,
And that no female's voice below
They sooner would obey.

That many of that rhyming train,
On like occasions sought in vain
Their industry t' excite;
But for *Ardelia* all they'd leave:
Thus flatt'ring can the Muse deceive,
And wheedle us to write.

Yet, since there was such haste requir'd;
To know the subject 'twas desir'd,
On which they must infuse;
That they might temper words and rules,
And with their counsel carry tools,
As country-doctors use.

Wherefore to cut off all delays,
'Twas soon reply'd, a husband's praise
(Though in these looser times)
Ardelia gladly would rehearse
A husband's, who indulg'd her verse,
And now requir'd her rhymes.

A huſband! echo'd all around:
And to *Parnaſſus* ſure that ſound
Had never yet been ſent;
Amazement in each face was read,
In haſte th' affrighted Siſters fled,
And unto council went.

Erato cry'd, ſince *Grizel*'s days,
Since *Troy*-Town pleas'd, and *Chevy-Chace*,
No ſuch deſign was known;
And 'twas their bus'neſs to take care,
It reach'd not to the publick ear,
Or got about the town.

Nor came where ev'ning beaux were met
O'er billet-doux and chocolate,
Leſt it deſtroy'd the houſe;
For in that place who could diſpenſe
(That wore his cloaths with common ſenſe)
With mention of a ſpouſe?

'Twas put unto the vote at laſt,
And in the negative it paſt,
None to her aid ſhould move;
Yet ſince *Ardelia* was a friend,
Excuſes 'twas agreed to ſend,
Which plauſible might prove.

That *Pegaſus* of late had been
So often rid through thick and thin,
With neither fear nor wit;
In panegyrick been ſo ſpurr'd,
He could not from the ſtall be ſtirr'd,
Nor would endure the bit.

Melpomene had giv'n a bond,
By the new houſe alone to ſtand,
And write of war and ſtriſe;
Thalia, ſhe had taken fees,
And ſtipends from the patentees,
And durſt not for her life.

Urania * only lik'd the choice;
Yet not to thwart the publick voice,
She whiſp'ring did impart:
They need no foreign aid invoke,
No help to draw a moving ſtroke,
Who dictate from the heart.

Enough! the pleas'd *Ardelia* cry'd;
And ſlighting ev'ry Muſe beſide,
Conſulting now her breaſt,
Perceiv'd that ev'ry tender thought,
Which from abroad ſhe'd vainly ſought,
Did there in ſilence reſt.

* *Urania* is the heavenly Muſe, and ſuppoſed to inſpire thoughts of virtue.

And ſhould unmov'd that poſt maintain,
Till in his quick return again,
Met in ſome neighb'ring grove,
(Where vice nor vanity appear)
Her *Flavio* them alone might hear,
In all the ſounds of love.

For ſince the world does ſo deſpiſe
Hymen's endearments and its ties,
They ſhould myſterious be;
Till we that pleaſure too poſſeſs
(Which makes their fancy'd happineſs)
Of ſtolen ſecrecy.

The EAGLE, the SOW, and the CAT.

THE Queen of Birds, t' encreaſe the regal ſtock,
Had hatch'd her young ones in a ſtately oak,
Whoſe middle part was by a Cat poſſeſt,
And near the root with litter warmly dreſt,
A teeming Sow had made her peaceful neſt.
(Thus palaces are cramm'd from roof to ground,
And animals, as various, in them found.)
When to the Sow, who no misfortune fear'd,
Puſs with with her fawning compliments appear'd,
Rejoicing much at her deliv'ry paſt,
And that ſhe 'ſcap'd ſo well, who bred ſo faſt.
Then ev'ry little Piglin ſhe commends,
And likens them to all their ſwiniſh friends;
Beſtows good wiſhes, but with ſighs implies,
That ſome dark fears do in her boſom riſe.

Such tempting fleſh, ſhe cries, will Eagles ſpare?
Methinks, good neighbour, you ſhould live in care:
Since I, who bring not forth ſuch dainty bits,
Tremble for my unpalatable chits;
And had I but foreſeen, the Eagle's bed
Was in this fatal tree to have been ſpread;
I ſooner would have kitten'd in the road,
Than made this place of danger my abode.
I heard her young ones lately cry for Pig,
And pity'd you that were ſo near and big.
In friendſhip this I ſecretly reveal,
Leſt pettitoes ſhould make th' enſuing meal;
Or elſe, perhaps, yourſelf may be their aim,
For a Sow's paps have been a diſh of fame.
No more the ſad, affrighted mother hears,
But overturning all with boiſt'rous fears,
She from her helpleſs young in haſte departs,
Whilſt Puſs aſcends to practiſe farther arts.
The anti-chamber paſs'd, ſhe ſcratch'd the door;
The Eagle, ne'er alarum'd ſo before,
Bids her come in, and look the cauſe be great,
That makes her thus diſturb the royal ſeat;
Nor think of mice and rats ſome peſt'ring tale
Shall, in excuſe of inſolence, prevail.
Alas! my gracious lady, quoth the Cat,
I think not of ſuch vermin: mouſe or rat
To me are taſtleſs grown; nor dare I ſtir
To uſe my phangs, or to expoſe my fur.
A foe inteſtine threatens all around,
And ev'n this lofty ſtructure will confound;

A peſtilential Sow, a meazled pork
On the foundation has been long at work,
Help'd by a rabble, iſſu'd from her womb,
Which ſhe has foſter'd in that lower room;
Who now for acorns are ſo madly bent,
That ſoon this tree muſt fall for their content.
I would have fetch'd ſome for th' unruly elves;
But 'tis the mob's delight to help themſelves:
Whilſt your high brood muſt with the meaneſt drop,
And ſteeper be their fall, as next the top;
Unleſs you ſoon to *Jupiter* repair,
And let him know the caſe demands his care.
Oh! may the trunk but ſtand till you come back!
But hark! already ſure, I hear it crack.
Away, away——The Eagle, all aghaſt,
Soars to the ſky, nor falters in her haſte:
Whilſt craſty Puſs, now o'er the eyry reigns,
Repleniſhing her maw with treach'rous gains.
The Sow ſhe plunders next, and lives alone;
The Pigs, the Eaglets, and the Houſe her own.
" Curs'd ſycophants! how wretched is the fate
" Of thoſe, who know you not, till 'tis too late!"

LOVE, DEATH, and REPUTATION.

REputation, Love, and Death,
(The laſt all bones, the firſt all breath,
The midſt compos'd of reſtleſs fire)
From each other would retire;
Through the world reſolv'd to ſtray,
Every one a ſeveral way;
Exerciſing, as they went,
Each ſuch power as fate had lent;
Which, if it united were,
Wretched mortals could not bear:
But as parting friends do ſhow
To what place they mean to go,
Correſpondence to engage,
Nominate their utmoſt ſtage;
Death declar'd, he would be found
Near the fatal trumpet's ſound;
Or where peſtilences reign,
And quacks the greater plagues maintain;
Shaking ſtill his ſandy glaſs,
And mowing human fleſh like graſs.
Love, as next his leave he took,
Caſt on both ſo ſweet a look,
As their tempers near diſarm'd,
One relax'd, and t' other warm'd;
Shades for his retreat he choſe,
Rural plains, and ſoft repoſe;
Where no dowry e'er was paid,
Where no jointure e'er was made;

No ill tongue the nymph perplex'd,
Where no forms the ſhepherd vex'd;
Where himſelf ſhould be the care,
Of the fond, and of the fair:
Where that was they ſoon ſhould know,
Au Revoir!——then turn'd to go.
Reputation made a pauſe,
Suiting her ſeverer laws;
Second thoughts, and third ſhe us'd,
Weighing conſequences mus'd:
When at length to both ſhe cry'd,
You two ſafely may divide,
To the *Antipodes* may fall,
And re-aſcend th' encompaſs'd ball;
Certain ſtill to meet agen
In the breaſts of tortur'd men;
Who by one (too far) betray'd,
Call in t' other to their aid:
Whilſt I tender, coy, and nice,
Rais'd and ruin'd in a trice,
Either fix with thoſe I grace;
Or abandoning the place,
No return my nature bears,
From green youth, or hoary hairs;
If through guilt, or chance, I ſever,
I once parting, part for ever.

The DECISION of FORTUNE.

A FABLE.

FOrtune well pictur'd on a rolling globe,
With waving locks and thin tranſparent robe,

A man beholding, to his neighbour cry'd,
Whoe'er would catch this dame muſt ſwiftly ride.
Mark how ſhe ſeems to fly, and with her bears,
All that is worth a buſy mortal's cares:
The gilded air about her ſtatue ſhines,
As if the earth had lent it all her mines;
At random here a diadem ſhe flings,
And there a ſcarlet hat with dangling ſtrings,
And to ten thouſand fools ten thouſand glorious things.
Shall I then ſtay at home, dull and content
With quarter-days, and hard extorted rent?
No, I'll to horſe, to ſea, to utmoſt iſles,
But I'll encounter her propitious ſmiles:
Whilſt you in ſlothful eaſe may chuſe to ſleep,
And ſcarce thy few paternal acres keep.
Farewel, reply'd his friend, may you advance,
And grow the darling of this lady Chance!
Whilſt I indeed, not courting of her grace,
Shall dwell content in this my native place,
Hoping I ſtill ſhall for your friend be known:
But if too big for ſuch acquaintance grown,
I ſhan't be ſuch a fond miſtaken ſot,
To think remembrance ſhould become my lot;
When you exalted, have yourſelf forgot.
Nor me ambitious ever ſhall you find,
Or hunting Fortune, who, they ſay, is blind:
But if her want of ſight ſhould make her ſtray,
She ſhould be welcome if ſhe came this way.

'Tis very like (the undertaker cry'd)
That ſhe her ſteps to theſe loſt paths ſhould guide:
But I loſe time whilſt I ſuch thoughts deride.
Away he goes, with expectation chear'd,
But when his courſe he round the world had ſteer'd,
And much had borne, and much had hop'd and fear'd,
Yet could not be inform'd where he might find
This fickle miſtreſs of all human-kind:
He quits at length the chace of flying game,
And back as to his neighbour's houſe he came,
He there encounters the uncertain dame;
Who, lighting from her gaudy coach in haſte,
To him her eager ſpeeches thus addreſt.
Fortune behold, who has been long perſu'd,
Whilſt all the men, that have my ſplendors view'd,
Madly enamour'd, have ſuch flatt'ries forg'd,
And with ſuch lyes their vain pretenſions urg'd,
That hither I am fled to ſhun their ſuits,
And by free choice conclude their vain diſputes;
Whilſt I the owner of this manſion bleſs,
And he unſeeking Fortune ſhall poſſeſs.
Though rightly charg'd as ſomething dark of ſight,
Yet merit, when 'tis found, is my delight;
To knaves and fools, when I've ſome grace allow'd,
'T has been like ſcatt'ring money in a croud,
To make me ſport, as I beheld them ſtrive,
And ſome obſerv'd (through age) but half alive;
Scrambling amongſt the vigorous and young,
One proves his ſword, and one his wheeling tongue,
All ſtriving to obtain me right or wrong:
Whilſt crowns and croſiers in the conteſt hurl'd,
Shew'd me a farce in the contending world.

Thou wert deluded, whilſt with ſhip or ſteed
Thou lately didſt attempt to reach my ſpeed,
And by laborious toil and endleſs pains
Didſt ſell thy quiet for my doubtful gains:
Whilſt he alone my real fav'rite riſes,
Who every thing to its juſt value prizes,
And neither courts, nor yet my gifts deſpiſes.

The HOG, the SHEEP, and GOAT,

Carrying to a FAIR.

WHO does not wiſh ever to judge aright,
And in the courſe of life's affairs,
To have a quick and far-extended ſight,
Though it too often multiplies his cares?
And who has greater ſenſe, but greater ſorrow ſhares?

This felt the Swine, now carrying to the knife;
And whilſt the Lamb and ſilent Goat
In the ſame fatal cart lay void of ſtrife,
He widely ſtretches his foreboding throat,
Deaf'ning the eaſy crew with his outragious note.

The angry driver chides th' unruly beaſt,
And bids him all his noiſe forbear;
Nor be more loud nor clam'rous than the reſt,
Who with him travell'd to a neighb'ring fair,
And quickly ſhould arrive, and be unfetter'd there.

This, quoth the Swine, I do believe, tis true,
And ſee we're very near the town;
Whilſt theſe poor fools of ſhort and bounded view,
Think 'twill be well when you have ſet them down,
And eas'd one of her milk, the other of her gown.

But all the dreadful butchers in a row
To my far-ſearching thoughts appear,
Who know indeed we to the ſhambles go,
Whilſt I, whom none but *Beelzebub* would ſhare,
Nor but his dam would milk, muſt for my carcaſe fear.

But tell me then, will it prevent thy fate?
The rude unpitying farmer cries;
If not, the wretch who taſtes his ſuff'rings late,
Not he, who through th' unhappy future pries,
Muſt of the two be held moſt fortunate and wiſe.

CUPID and FOLLY.

Imitated from the *FRENCH.*

CUPID, e'er depriv'd of ſight,
Young and apt for all delight,
Met with Folly on the way,
As idle, and as fond of play.
In gay ſports the time they paſs;
Now run, now wreſtle on the graſs;
Their painted wings then nimbly ply,
And ev'ry way for maſt'ry try:

Till a conteſt does ariſe,
Who has won th' appointed prize.
Gentle Love refers the caſe
To the next that comes in place;
Truſting to his flatt'ring wiles,
And ſoftens the diſpute with ſmiles.
But Folly, who no temper knows,
Words perſues with hotter blows:
Till the eyes of Love were loſt,
Which has ſuch pain to mortals coſt.
Venus hears his mournful cries,
And repeats 'em in the ſkies,
To *Jupiter* in council ſet,
With peers for the occaſion met;
In her arms the boy ſhe bears,
Bathing him in falling tears;
And whilſt his want of eyes is ſhown,
Secures the judges by her own.
Folly to the board muſt come,
And hear the trial and the doom;
Which *Cytherea* loudly prays
May be as heavy as the caſe:
Which, when all was juſtly weigh'd,
Cupid's wings now uſeleſs made,
That a ſtaff his feet muſt guide,
Which would ſtill be apt to ſlide;
This decree at laſt was read,
That Love by Folly ſhould be led.

To Lady *WINCHELSEA*,

Occaſioned by ſome VERSES in the

RAPE of the LOCK.

By Mr. *POPE*.

IN vain you boaſt poetic names of yore,
And cite thoſe *Sapphoes* we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit,
But doom'd it then when firſt *Ardelia* writ.
Of all examples by the world confeſt
I knew *Ardelia* could not quote the beſt,
Who, like her miſtreſs on *Britannia*'s throne,
Fights and ſubdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praiſe you but in vain eſſay;
Ev'n while you write, you take that praiſe away:
Light to the ſtars the ſun does thus reſtore,
And ſhines himſelf till they are ſeen no more.

ANSWER

To the foregoing VERSES.

DISARM'D with ſo genteel an air,
The conteſt I give o'er;
Yet *Alexander* have a care,
And ſhock the ſex no more.

We rule the world, our life's whole race,
Men but aſſume that right;
Firſt ſlaves to ev'ry tempting face,
Then martyrs to our ſpite.

You of one *Orpheus* ſure have read,
Who would like you have writ
Had he in *London* town been bred,
And poliſh'd to his wit;

But he poor ſoul thought all was well,
And great ſhould be his fame,
When he had left his wife in hell,
And birds and beaſts could tame.

Yet vent'ring then with ſcoffing rhymes
The women to incenſe,
Reſenting heroines of thoſe times
Soon puniſh'd his offence.

And as the *Hebrus* roll'd his ſcull,
And harp beſmear'd with blood,
They claſhing as the waves grew full
Still harmoniz'd the flood.

But you our follies gently treat,
And ſpin ſo fine the thread,
You need not fear his aukward fate,
The lock won't coſt the head.

Our admiration you command
For all that's gone before;
What next we look for at your hand
Can only raise it more.

Yet sooth the ladies I advise
(As me to pride has wrought)
We're born to wit, but to be wise
By admonitions taught.

FINIS.

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